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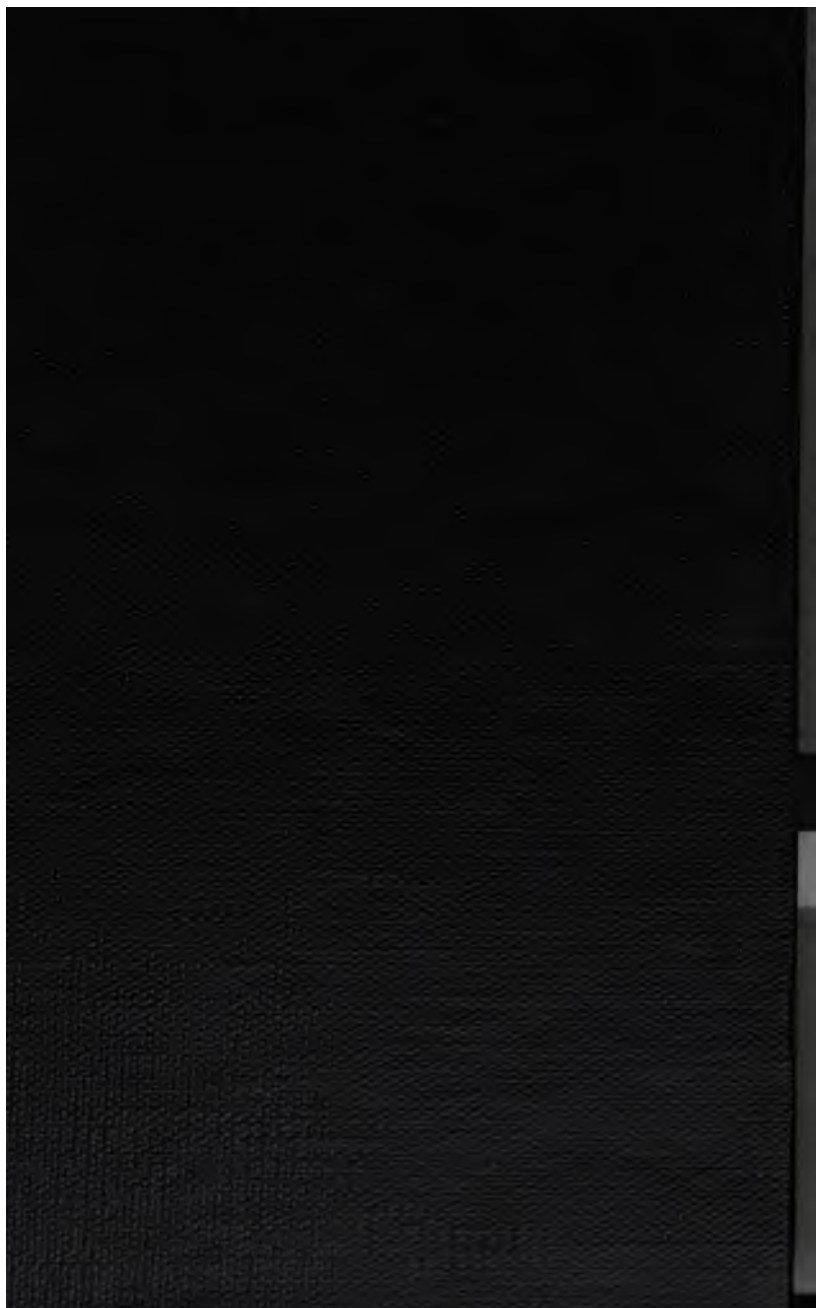
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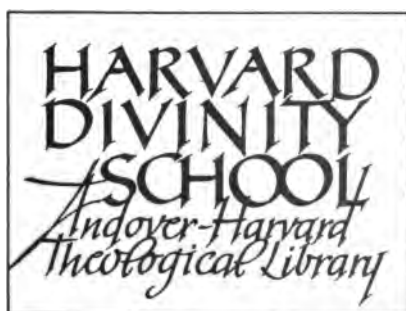
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Cauda Syon

ANCIENT LATIN HYMNS

OF THE

English and other Churches,

TRANSLATED

INTO CORRESPONDING METRES,

BY

JOHN DAVID CHAMBERS, M.A.,

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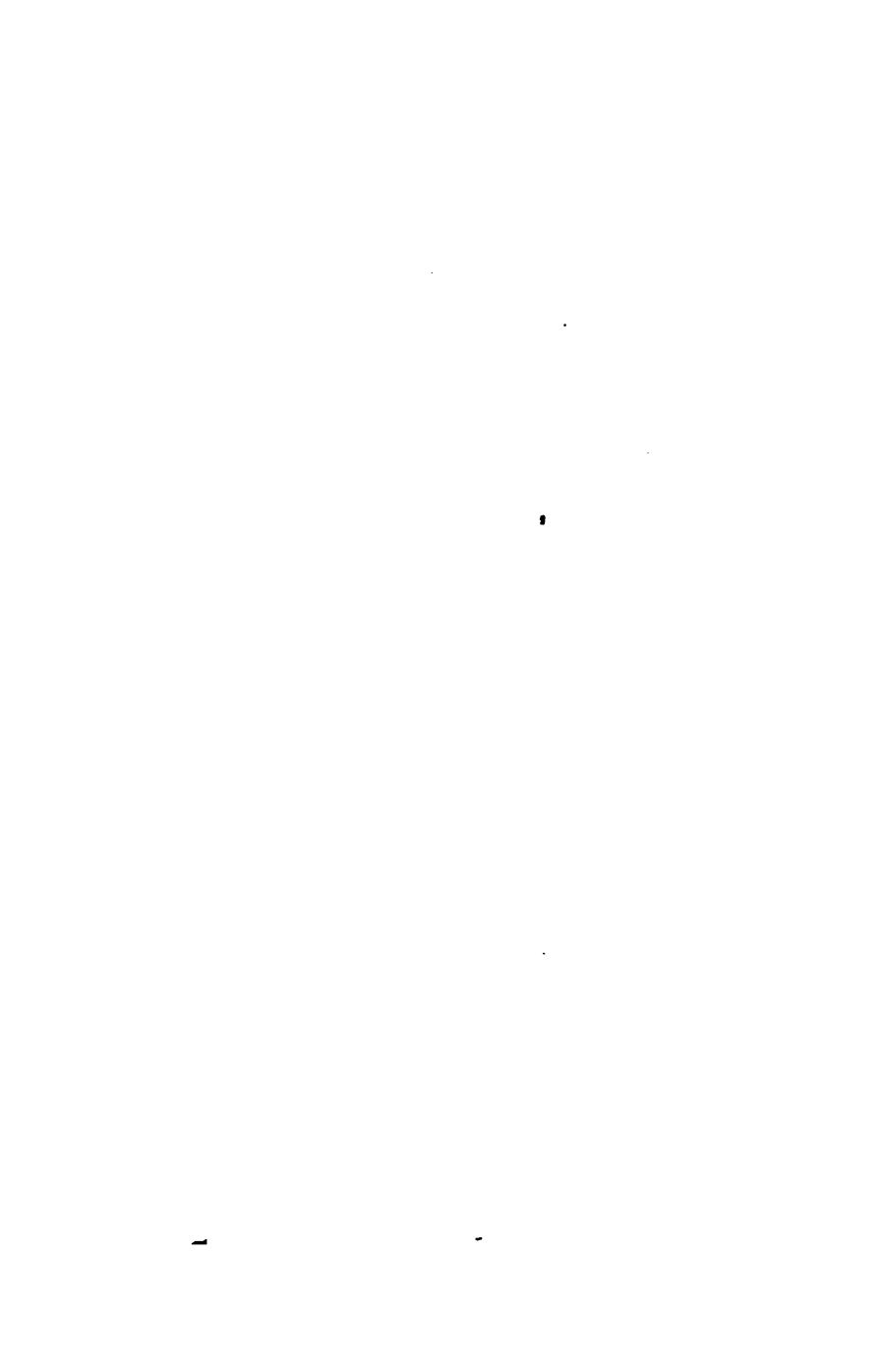
ANCIENT LATIN HYMNS

OF THE

ENGLISH & OTHER CHURCHES.

TRANSLATED.

Part II.





SUNDAY AT MATINS,

(From the *FIRST SUNDAY* after the *OCTAVE* of the
EPIPHANY, inclusive, up to *LENT*.

Primo dierum omnium.



FIRST Day of days ! wherein arrayed
In light and beauty, Earth was made ;
And life to give us, from the dead
Victorious our Creator sped !

Let us with joyful hearts arise,

And chafing slumber from our eyes,
Right early seek The Lord of Grace,
As erst the Prophet fought His Face ;

That He may hearken to our prayer,
Stretch forth His arm with kindly care,
And every past offence forgiven,
Restore us to our homes in Heaven ;

And as on this His sacred Day,
We here our thankful homage pay
Of praise and prayer, each peaceful hour
May o'er us amply, blessings shower.

Father of Majesty and Light !
Put every evil thought to flight ;
From deeds unholy and impure
Our frames, Thy workmanship, secure ;

Redeemer spare ! nor doom in Hell
Thy flock with vengeful fires to dwell ;
But wash our sinful stains away,
And grant us life in endless Day ;

Where, from all carnal bondage free,
And made for ever pure, to Thee
We may in adoration raise,
Our Hope ! perpetual songs of praise !

Lord ! Holy Virgin-born ! by Heaven
And Earth, to Thee be Glory given ;
To Father and to Holy Ghost,
Long as eternity shall last. Amen.

After the Purification is said

Father of Mercies ! hear our prayer ;
Coequal only Son ! give ear ;
Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete !
Reign throughout ages infinite. Amen.

(*From the FIRST SUNDAY after TRINITY to ADVENT,
as well on SUNDAYS as on WEEKDAYS, whenever
it is the ordinary office for the SUNDAY or WEEK-
DAY, at MATINS.*

Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes.



ET us arise from night and slumber waking,
In psalmody our hearts and voices raise ;
To God with all our powers sweet music
In hymns of praise. [making

So in full concert with Thy Saints to tell
Thy mercies, Lord ! so worthy may we be
To enter Heaven's bright courts, in bliss to dwell
For e'er with Thee.

The Blessed Trinity perform our prayer,
Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost Most High ;
Whose Glory all creation doth declare
Eternally. Amen.

(*SUNDAY at MATINS throughout the year, except when
otherwise directed.—(From the Paris Breviary.)*

Die dierum principe.



DAY of Earthly days the chief !
O Light in darknes ! Joy in grief !
Behold from His sepulchral prison
Christ, very Light of lights, hath risen !

Death and the powers infernal fear
As His imperial voice they hear ;
Shall we more cold and deaf than they
Refuse His summons to obey ?

While Nature wrapt in slumber lies,
Let us the Sons of Light arise,
And a Divine unwearied song
Throughout these matin hours prolong ;

And now by Law and Prophets taught,
And Psalms with light and fervour fraught,
While Earth's profaner sounds are still,
With sacred tones His temples fill :

O may the Gospel trump awake
Our languid hearts, our slumbers break ;
A new and Heavenward walk express,
Our lives new risen to holiness.

Dispense these blessings from above,
O God, Thou Fount of life and love !
Whose Spirit's quickening grace inspires
Thy law with new and living fires.

To Father and to Son e'er be
High Praise, and Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
Whose cheering influence to our hearts
Celestial light and warmth imparts ! Amen

SUNDAY AT LAUDS,

(From the FIRST SUNDAY after the OCTAVE of the
EPIPHANY, inclusive, up to SEPTUAGESIMA.

Eterne rerum Conditor.



TERNAL Founder of the Worlds!
Thou Ruler of the Day and
Night!
Who dost the changing hours dispose
For Man's refreshment and delight;

Shrill crows the harbinger of Morn,

Night's ever-wakeful sentinel ;

The traveller's lamp, who doth the dawn

Dividing night from night, foretell.

See, at his voice the Star of Day

Dispels the shadows from the sky,

And from their haunts of mischief scared,

The phantoms of the darkness fly ;

The mariner his strength renews,

The billows of the main subside ;

He sung, when our Salvation's Rock

His Church from error purified.

Arise we then with zealous hearts ;

The Cock each slumbering soul upbraids,

His clarion-call the sluggard chides,

The unwilling loiterer persuades.

Hope at his cheerful song returns,

Health o'er the sick man's couch it pours,

The robber sheathes his reeking blade,

And faith the apostate soul restores.

Jesu ! our faltering steps regard ;
 Visit, correct us as Thou wilt ;
 Look down, that we may fall no more,
 Remove the burthen of our guilt !
 Thou Light ! illumine every sense,
 The slumber of our souls arouse ;
 On Thee with earliest voice we call,
 To Thee perform our morning vows.
 Eternal Glory, Lord ! to Thee,
 Born of a Virgin Mother pure ;
 Father, and Holy Ghost, shall be,
 While ages infinite endure. Amen.

After the Purification.

To God The Father Glory be,
 Like Glory to His Only Son,
 And Spirit Paraclete ! to Thee,
 While endless years their course shall run. A

¶ On SUNDAYS and WEEKDAYS at LAUDS,
 TRINITY SUNDAY to ADVENT.

Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra.



EE ! vanished are the paling shades of nig
 And gleams with orient light the morni:
 While all our powers to Thee, the Lord of
 We suppliant cry.

On us, O Gracious God ! compassion shew—
 Our dulness cheer—impart Thy saving love ;
 And through the Father's grace on us bestow
 The realms above.

The Blessed Trinity perform our prayer,
 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost Most High,
 Whose Glory all Creation doth declare
 Eternally. Amen.

(*SUNDAY at LAUDS throughout the year, except when
 otherwise directed, according to the Paris Breviary.*

Ad templa nos rursus vocat.



NCE more the beams of orient light
 Thy flock unto Thy courts invite ;
 For all the gifts of this Thy Day,
 Their thankful orisons to pay ;

When Christ, on wings of victory borne,
 Rose glorious, and eclipsed the Morn ;
 And we His members fain would raise
 To Him triumphant songs of praise.

Lo ! in the cradle of His birth
 Revealed unto the astonished Earth
 He came ; Fair Child ! arrayed in light ;
 O wondrous deed of saving might !

And when, by traitorous rebels slain,
 Life for a guilty world to gain,
 Him raised to life the Father's care ;
 O what surpassing love was there !

When first the world, divinely planned,
 And framed by God's parental hand,
 Complete in pristine beauty stood ;
 He saw, and then pronounced it good !

But decked in fairer robes of white,
It met the approving Father's sight,
When dyed in that pellucid flood,
The Eternal Lamb's Atoning Blood !

With golden brilliance shines the Morn ;
Bright hues the awakening world adorn ;
And lift our quickened hearts and eyes,
To fairer scenes beyond the skies.

So, Brightness of His Father's Face,
Christ, Light of hearts, and Fount of Grace,
Bids us beneath His Manhood learn,
God in His Glory to discern !

Blest Trinity ! a beacon light
Thy Law, within our hearts indite ;
To help us shun the paths of ill,
And all Thy blest commands fulfil. Amen.



AT PRIME,

¶ *Throughout the Year.*

Jam lucis orto sydere.



THE Star of Light hath risen, and now
To God in suppliant prayer we bow ;
May He in every work and way,
From harm preserve us through the
day.

May He restrain our tongues in peace,
And make the din of strife to cease,
And kindly shield and close our eyes
From gazing on Earth's vanities.

O may our inmost hearts be pure,
From folly, word, and thought, secure ;
Let temperance all our pride dispel,
And every carnal passion quell :

That so when light shall fade away,
And night succeed the waning day,
We, by the world unstained, may raise
To Heaven our thankful songs of praise,

To God The Father Glory be !
Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee ;
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *At PRIME, according to the Paris Breviary.*

Jam lucis orto sydere.



THE Star of light hath risen, and now
To God in suppliant prayer we bow,
That He, the Fount of endless light,
Would guide our daily walk aright.

May tongue and hand abstain from ill ;
No empty thoughts our bosoms fill ;
Pure Truth within our mouths abide,
And Love in every heart reside.

As wane the hours, O Christ ! at hand
Our ever watchful champion stand ;
From ravening foes with sure defence
To guard each inlet of the sense.

Grant that the toil of all our days
Be e'er subservient to Thy praise ;
That all things in thy fear begun,
May through Thy favouring help be done.

Let not the flesh with tyrant sway,
Mislead the recreant soul astray ;
But abstinence each passion calm,
And all our rebel pride disarm.

Glory to God The Father be !
Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee ;
And to The Holy Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.



MONDAY AT MATINS,

¶ *From the EPIPHANY to LENT.*

Somno refectis artubus.



OUR limbs with grateful sleep refreshed,
With gladness we arise from rest ;
Look down and bless our words and
ways,
O Father ! as we hymn Thy praise.

Thee do our earliest accents sing,
To Thee our souls their homage bring,
That so our actions all may be,
O Holy Lord ! begun in Thee.

Now darkness yields unto the light,—
The Day-Star hath dispelled the night ;
So may the guilt which darkness brought,
Melt in Thy radiant beams to nought.

Suppliants before Thy face we fall,
On Thee, to cleanse our hearts, we call ;
So shall our anthems hymn Thy love
For ever in Thy courts above !

Lord ! Holy Virgin-born ! to Thee
Eternal Praise and Glory be ;
To Father and to Holy Ghost,
Long as eternity shall last. Amen.

After the Purification.

Most Gracious Father ! hear our prayer
Coequal Only Son ! give ear ;
Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete !
Reign throughout ages infinite ! Amen.

☞ *MONDAY at MATINS throughout the year, according to the Paris Breviary, unless otherwise directed.*

Deo canamus Gloriam.



GLORY to God ! Who when with li
Creation's second morn was bright
O marvel unto mortal eyes !—
Spread forth abroad the lofty skies.

Admiring, on Heaven's ample breast,
We view the floating vapours rest,
From whence, o'er Earth's far-teeming shores,
His rain our Heavenly Father pours.

Fair emblem of the grace, O Lord !
Thou dost unto Thy saints afford ;
Which pure and sweet celestial dews
May o'er their thirsting souls diffuse.

And they who trust in Jesu's Blood,
And quaff of that salubrious flood,
Shall, spurning Earth, with angel-flight,
Mount to the eternal courts of light.

Blest ! who in this terrestrial waste,
Of these Thy gifts of mercy taste ;
With memory of Thy love they burn,
And ceaseless love to Thee return.

Glory to God The Father be !
Like praise, Eternal Son ! to Thee,
And to The Holy Ghost, be given
For evermore by Earth and Heaven ! Amen.

(MONDAY at LAUDS, from the FIRST SUNDAY after
the OCTAVE of the EPIPHANY to LENT.

Splendor Paternæ Gloriæ.



BRIGHTNESS of Thy Father's Face!
Refulgent source of Light and Grace!
Thou Light of lights! Light's radiant Spring!
Thou Day, the day illumining!

Descend, Thou Very Sun Divine!
With ever-during brilliance shine;
And pour on every sense, we pray,
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

Father! to Thee we pay the vow,
Father of ceaseless Glory Thou!
Father of mighty Grace and Name!
O banish every deed of shame!

Direct each word and act aright,
And blunt the slanderer's tooth of spite,
Assist us in the hour of woe,
And patience to endure bestow.

With kindly governance control
In chaste and loyal frames the soul;
Let Faith with holy fervour glow,
Nor e'er the bane of falsehood know.

Christ be our sweet and daily food,
And Faith our drink in plenitude;
The Holy Ghost our bosoms bless
With His full cup of Holiness.

So let the day in joy move on;
Our modesty be like the dawn,
Our Faith like Noon, serene and pure,
No twilight e'er our souls obscure.

See ! Morn pursues its shining way ;
Great Morning ! all Thy beams display :
Son, with The mighty Father, One !
The Father wholly in The Son !
Glory to God The Father be !
Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee ;
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.

☞ *MONDAY at LAUDS throughout the year, un-
otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Nil laudibus nostris eges.



THOUGH throned our highest praise ab-
Thou Father ! dost Thy children love
And will that they, with filial prayer,
Should seek Thy Heavenly Grace to sh
How deep Thy secret counsels reach,
The silent shades of darkness teach ;
Thy healing mercy's genial ray
Glows in the splendours of the day !
O'erwhelmed beneath these marvels, Lord !
The voice is mute, the spirit awed ;
But love which thrills in every vein
Cannot from utterance refrain.
And it shall speak ; in thankful lays
To chant that Gracious Father's praise,
Who help in present need affords,
And promise of divine rewards.
To Him our fond affections rise,
Though flesh to earth the spirit ties ;
Jesu ! our guide and guardian be,
In that blest path that leads to Thee ! Amen.

TUESDAY AT MATINS,

¶ *From the OCTAVE of the EPIPHANY to LENT.*

Confors Paterni Luminis.



HOU Confort of Thy Father's throne!
Thee, Light of lights, true Day we
own,
And with our morning anthems greet;
O hear us from Thy mercy-seat!

All darknes from our minds dispel,
And turn to flight the hosts of Hell;
Thine own awakening Grace impart,
To cheer each dull and slothful heart.

Jesu! Thy pardon kind and free
Bestow on us who trust in Thee;
And as Thy praises we declare,
O with acceptance hear our prayer.

Lord! Holy Virgin-born! by Heaven
And Earth to Thee be Glory given;
To Father and to Holy Ghost;
Long as eternity shall last. Amen.

After the Purification.

Most gracious Father! hear our prayer;
Coequal Only Son! give ear;
Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete!
Reign throughout ages infinite! Amen.

¶ *TUESDAY at MATINS throughout the year, u.
otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Fubes, et in præceps aquis.



E spake ! and gathering into one,
Behold the floods impetuous run ;
Till stripped of watery veils, the lai
Doth to the air uncovered stand !

This teeming Earth hast Thou, O God !
On us Thy family bestowed :
One world is ours, O may one chain
Of Charity our hearts constrain !

In`forrowing exile here we roam ;
Yet thou shalt bring Thy wanderers home,
Who, worthy Thee, as brethren dear,
Have lived in holy concord here.

But all who with malignant guile
Their brother injure or revile,
Outcasts before thy vengeance driven,
Shall ne'er approach the Courts of Heaven.

Lo ! Earth long travailing in pain
Can scarce the impious crew sustain ;
And inly panting, longs with speed
From that dire burthen to be freed.

Thee, now Thy supplicants intreat
This our Adoption to complete,
Which Thy sweet Spirit's foretaste blest
Predestines for our final rest.

Eternal Praise and Glory be
To God The Eternal One, yet Three ;
Who, e'er to reign in faithful hearts,
Fraternal Charity imparts. Amen.

(*TUESDAY at LAUDS, from the FIRST SUNDAY after
the OCTAVE of the EPIPHANY to LENT.*

Ales diei nuntius.



DAY'S herald bird, with descant clear,
Proclaims the orient light is near;
And Christ Who wakes the souls of men,
Invites us unto life again.

"Take up your beds!" The Saviour cries,
"From dull and lifeless ease arise;
"In sober chastity and fear
"Watch ye, for I The Lord am near!"

Suppliant on Jesu's Name we call,
Before His Throne repentant fall;
Each contrite heart doth vigil keep,
Aroused from dead and earthly sleep.

O Christ! our sinful slumbers wake;
Night's cold and slavish fetters break;
Thy freedom to our souls restore,
New light on every sense outpour!

Glory to God The Father be!
Like Glory, Only Son! to Thee;
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite! Amen.

☞ *TUESDAY at LAUDS throughout the year, unless other
wise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Te Principem Summo.



THOU God ! beyond all earthly things
Dost bid us love Thee, King of Kings !
Then that our brother cherished be,
In fond affection next to Thee !

Regard Thy Church from Heaven above,
Built up on Thine unchanging love,
Where many, of one heart and mind,
In Thy One Body are combined—

Where Faith, and Truth her holy mate,
On Thee in loveliest concord wait ;
Whence envious spite is banished far,
And vexing strife's unholy war.

O Fount of Peace ! around us twine
Thy bands of Charity divine ;
Teach us our brother's joys to share,
His burthens and His griefs to bear.

Eternal Praise and Glory be
To God, The Eternal One, yet Three ;
Who doth one mind to brethren give
Within His House of Peace to live. Amen.

WEDNESDAY AT MATINS,

(From the FIRST SUNDAY after the OCTAVE of the
EPIPHANY to LENT.

Rerum Creator omnium.



REATOR of the world ! look down,
Almighty Ruler, from Thy throne ;
From sloth and worldly slumber free
Thy servants, who repose in Thee.

O Holy Christ ! our prayer receive,
In pity all our faults forgive ;
As we our true confession make,
O hear us for Thy mercy's sake !

Our hearts and hands on high we raise,
Like as the Prophet of old days
For help Divine hath bid us plead,
Or holy Paul in hour of need.

Our evil deeds to Thee are known,
To Thee our secret guilt we own ;
Repentant at Thy feet we pray,
O purge our sin and shame away !

Lord ! Holy Virgin born ! to Thee
Eternal Praise and Glory be ;
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Long as eternity shall last. Amen.

After the Purification.

Most Gracious Father ! hear our prayer ;
Coequal Only Son ! give ear ;
Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete !
Reign throughout ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *WEDNESDAY at MATINS throughout the year, unless otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Miramur O Deus Tuæ.



GOD Supreme ! in rapt amaze
On Thy celestial works we gaze,
Adorning Heaven's refulgent height
With brilliant orbs of sparkling light.

The glowing Sun prefides o'er day,
The Moon o'er Night with paler ray ;
The starry host around the pole,
In glittering ranks resplendent roll.

But e'en the Sun, the radiant crown
Of Heaven, doth know his going down ;
The Moon her certain periods knows,
The glistening Stars their ordered close.

They in their circling courses borne,
Extinguish and relight the morn ;
But Thou dost e'er unchanged remain ;
Thy years, Thy Truth, can never wane !

Let then no troubled heart despair,
Watched o'er by Thy parental care,
Which health unfailing shall secure,
And maketh our Salvation sure.

Supremest Praise and Glory be
O God Triune, yet One ! to Thee !
Who in Thy bosom bid'st us pour
Our cares and griefs for evermore. Amen.

(*WEDNESDAY at LAUDS, from the FIRST SUNDAY
after the OCTAVE of the EPIPHANY to LENT.*

Nox et tenebræ et nubila.



E glooms of Night ! ye clouds and shade,
O'er Earth in dim confusion spread !
The Light is here ! Behold the dawn !
Christ cometh, haste ye and begone !

Earth's dusky veil is rent away,
Pierced by the sparkling solar ray ;
Bright hues o'er Nature's face return,
Waked by the quickening glance of Morn.

O Christ ! to Thee our Heavenward gaze,
With pure and earnest hearts we raise ;
Now to our prayers and hymns give ear,
And with Thyself our senses cheer.

Our souls, with cares and sins o'ergrown,
Are cleansed by Thy sweet Light alone ;
Thou Eastern Star of Heavenly sheen !
Illume us with Thine eye serene !

Lord ! Holy Virgin born ! to Thee
Eternal Praise and Glory be ;
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Long as eternity shall last. Amen.

¶ *WEDNESDAY at LAUDS throughout the year, un-
otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Promittis et servas datum.



THOU Lord ! dost promise ; firm and fu-
O God ! Thy promises endure ;
And we betimes this morning claim
That pledge, for evermore the same.

Man, faithless and unstable, breaks
The covenant which he lightly makes ;
As doth the broken reed betray
The hand which seeks its treacherous stay.

Blest ! who in Thee alone confides,
And in Thy sheltering bosom hides ;
Safe in this ark, when storms arise
He all their wintry rage defies.

Then let no heart with doubt be torn,
For Thou by Thine own self hast sworn ;
Hope on this firm assurance placed,
E'en here may joys immortal taste,

In spirit make all Heaven its own,
Enraptured stand before the Throne,
And drink the streams, which fair and broad,
Make glad the City of The Lord.

O Fount of Grace ! for evermore
We Thee, Blest Trinity ! adore ;
Our only Hope ! Thy suppliants aid !
On Thee alone our trust is stayed ! Amen.

THURSDAY AT MATINS,

(From the FIRST SUNDAY after the OCTAVE of the
EPIPHANY to LENT.

Nox atra rerum Contegit.



ARK Night beneath her sable wings
Conceals the tints of earthly things;
Before Thee, righteous Judge of all,
We contrite in confession fall !

Let sin no more within us reign,

O purge away each mental stain ;
Thy sovereign grace O Christ dispense,
To keep us guiltless of offence.

Behold the stricken conscience mourn,
By thoughts of sins unpardoned torn ;
It yearns to quit the darksome load,
And turn to Thee, The Saviour God :

Do Thou dispel our inward gloom,
With all Thy Light our souls illumine ;
That so in peace Thy flock may rest,
With Thine enlivening presence blest.

Lord ! Holy Virgin born ! to Thee
Eternal Praise and Glory be ;
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Long as eternity shall last. Amen.

After the Purification.

Most Gracious Father ! hear our prayer ;
Coequal Only Son ! give ear ;
Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete !
Reign throughout ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *THURSDAY at MATINS throughout the year, unless otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Isidem creati fluctibus.



HIS Day, behold ! the waters bear
The roving fish, the fowls of air ;
All fleeting creatures formed to die,
And man's corporeal wants supply.

But other sustenance must feed
The immortal soul's celestial need ;
By God's own quickening Word it lives,
And Faith its vital vigour gives.

Faith, which through Christ's prevailing blood
O'er Earth poured forth a healing flood ;
And with resistless prowess won
The nations to obey The Son.

To holy hearts its gladfome ray
To highest Heaven reveals the way ;
And stirs the aspiring soul to claim
Unfading crowns of deathless fame.

Through it the martyred saints of old,
The ravening lions' rage controlled ;
Tyrants defied, and e'en with smiles
Gazed at the blazing funeral piles !

O'er us, O Lord ! Thy radiance shed,
While thus our earthly path we tread ;
Rich fruits of mercy gathering here,
Our heavenward pilgrimage to cheer ! Amen.

[*THURSDAY at LAUDS, from the FIRST SUNDAY
after the OCTAVE of the EPIPHANY to LENT.*

Lux ecce surgit aurea.



BEHOLD the golden morn arise !
The paling night forlakes the skies,
The misty shadows melt away,
Which led our erring sense astray.

Outpour Thy gifts, serene Light !
And make us faultless in Thy sight ;
Ne'er may we utter words of guile,
Dark thoughts our bosoms ne'er defile.

So may the day speed on ; our tongue
No falsehood know, our hands no wrong ;
Our eyes from evil gaze refrain,
No guilt our guarded bodies stain.

Behold ! The Allseeing from on high
Surveys us with a watchful eye ;
Each day our every act He knows,
From early dawn to evening's close.

Glory to God The Father be !
Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee ;
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now, and through ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *THURSDAY at LAUDS throughout the year, i
otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Dignas quis O Deus Tibi.



WHAT mortal voice to Thee, O Lord
Can due and fitting praise afford ;
Whose beams dispel the shades of night
And bring Salvation's paths to light

Thy gift is Faith ; Thou dost require
This all our homage to inspire ;
This makes our mental errors whole,
And lifts to highest Heaven the soul.

Rest of Thy Spirit, O how vain
Doth all the pomp of rites remain !
The pure, though secret, prayer shall rise
A sweeter offering in Thine eyes.

O then let heart and voice consent
Their thankful tribute to present !
And Thy Salvation to partake,
Each mouth of Truth profession make.

Thou ! Who canst ne'er the proud endure,
But lov'st the simple and the pure,
Give to our waning faith increase,
And make each rebel thought to cease.

Father ! supremest Praise to Thee ;
So to The Son high praises be,
In Whose dear Blood our trust we place ;
Praise to The Spirit of Thy Grace ! Amen.

alejs

FRIDAY AT MATINS,

(From the FIRST SUNDAY after the OCTAVE of the
EPIPHANY to LENT.

!

In Trinitatis Unitas.

1t,



THOU Trinity of Unity !

Great Ruler of the World ! To Thee
We chant our canticles of praise ;
O listen to our early lays !

Now joyful from the couch we rise,
Though darkness veils the silent skies ;
O make our mental failings whole,
Thou great Physician of the soul !

If aught of sin this night defiled
The soul, by Satan's arts beguiled ;
Regard from Heaven Thy dwelling-place,
And cleanse it by Thy special grace.

Let pureness every frame possess,
No laggard sloth our hearts oppress ;
Nor Sin's cold leprosy with ill
The fervour of our spirits chill.

Redeemer ! in Thy saving might,
Illume us with Thy healthful light ;
That in our walk, from day to day,
From Thee we never more may stray.

Lord ! Holy Virgin born ! to Thee
Eternal Praise and Glory be ;
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Long as eternity shall last. Amen.

¶ *FRIDAY at MATINS throughout the year, unless otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Jam sanctius moves opus.



GREATER holier work this day,
Thy wondrous counsels, Lord ! disp
Which for Thy new-made world pre
A Chief, to be Thy herald there.

Thou formest Man ; with heavenly fire
Dost from Thy sacred mouth inspire
His frame, and quickened by Thy hand,
Bid him Thy living image stand.

And he o'er ocean's wide domain,
O'er all the realms of Earth, shall reign ;
Yet mindful of his lot must be,
And humbly walk, O God ! with Thee !

But ah ! what headstrong pride o'ertakes
His rebel heart ; Thy yoke he breaks ;
Infernal lifts his head on high,
Vile dust attempts with God to vie !

O then what sorrows deep and dread
This drear and ruined world o'erspread !
To sinners, Christ ! impart Thine aid,
Or hope from every heart must fade !

Thee, Father ! all Thy creatures laud,
And Thee, O Son ! in vast accord ;
To Thee, in Whom we breathe and live,
Like praise, O Holy Ghost ! we give. Amen.

(*FRIDAY at LAUDS, from the FIRST SUNDAY after the
OCTAVE of the EPIPHANY to LENT.*

Eterna Cæli Gloria.



TERNAL Glory of the Heaven !
Thou surest Hope to mortals given !
Son of the Highest ! God most blest !
Pure Offspring of a Virgin chaste !

Uplift us with Thine arm of might,
So may our souls rise pure and bright ;
So with the praise of God inflame,
And speak thanksgivings to His Name !

Refulgent beams the Morning Star,
And scatters orient light afar ;
The darkness of the night departs,
O Holy Light ! illumine our hearts ;

Within our senses ever dwell,
All worldly darkness thence expel ;
And long as days and life endure,
Preserve our minds devout and pure.

The Faith of old, by Saints possessed,
Root deep within our inmost breast ;
Let Hope with joy triumphant glow,
And Charity in fervour grow.

To God The Father Glory be !
Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee ;
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now, and through ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *FRIDAY at LAUDS throughout the year, unless other directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Ultricibus nos undique.



WHEN Thou, O God ! Thine own
Dost with Thy penal shafts corre
Who but Thyself, O gracious L
Can comfort to our griefs afford ?

The world affects to soothe our pain,
But ah ! its boasted salves are vain ;
Mock remedies, which ne'er bestow
Relief, but aggravate our woe.

Thy chastening scourge howe'er severe,
Leaves Hope to mitigate our fear ;
For all Thou mak'st us, Lord ! endure,
Shall work of our disease the cure.

The passions which within us rage,
And all their rebel pride assuage ;
Those real ills which vex the soul,
And Christ ! Thou only canst make whole.

Ah ! tarry not ! abroad, within,
Press on the fierce assaults of sin ;
O be Thy Blood our only stay,
Nor leave us to our foes a prey !

Thou hear'st the voice of our distress,
Bright Hope returns our path to bless !
Thy Death shall every terror calm,
And Death of all its fears disarm !

Glory, Great Trinity ! to Thee,
Who Thy beloved chastenest, be ;
So of Thy mercies from the heart,
The memory ~~never~~ shall depart ! Amen.

SATURDAY AT MATINS,

(From the FIRST SUNDAY after the OCTAVE of the
EPIPHANY to LENT.

Summæ Deus clementiæ.



REAT God of boundless mercy hear !
Thou Framer of this earthly sphere !
One, in eternity of might !
In Whom the immortal Three unite !

O listen to our thankful lays
Of mingled penitence and praise ;
And set our hearts from error free,
More amply to rejoice in Thee !

Our reins and hearts in pity heal,
And with Thy chastening fires anneal ;
Gird Thou our loins, each passion quell,
And every worldly lust expel.

Now as our anthems, upward borne,
Awake the silence of the morn,
Enrich us with Thy gifts of Grace,
From Heaven Thy blissful dwelling-place !

Most Gracious Father ! grant our prayer !
Coequal Only Son ! give ear ;
Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete !
Reign throughout ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *SATURDAY at MATINS throughout the year, unleſs
otherwiſe directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Tandem peractis O Deus.



'T length, O God ! Thy work is done,
The Sixth Great Day its courſe hath run
Thou ſtay'ſt Thine hand, and fair and mee
Pronounceſt Thy new world complete.

By Thee Thine own Seventh Day is bleſt,
And hallowed to eternal reſt ;
Yet ſtill another work of might
Doth Thy creative hand invite.

For Thee while all Thy creatures laud,
And Thee, in emulous accord,
Extol the Earth, the Seas, the Stars ;
One ſinner all that concert mars !

Theſe hearts of ſtone, O Saviour ! break,
A heart of fleſh within us make ;
That rich in fruits of love, our lays
May help to ſwell that hymn of praiſe !

Theſe anthems moſt Thine ear delight
When act and voice in one unite ;
O ne'er thoſe orifons ſhall fail,
But at Thy throne of grace prevail.

Eternal Praiſe and Glory be
To Him, The Triune Deity ;
Who by His Fiat all things made,
On Whom the Univerſe is ſtayed ! Amen.

¶ *SATURDAY at LAUDS from the FIRST SUNDAY after
the OCTAVE of the EPIPHANY to LENT.*

Aurora jam spargit polum.



OW Morn is o'er the zenith spread,
And Day upon the world is shed ;
To Earth light's glittering arrows dart :
May every evil work depart.

Night's phantoms yield unto the Day ;
May thus the souls' guilt melt away ;
Whate'er of sin the darknes brought
To harm us, vanish into naught.

That so the Morning, last and great,
Which we in trembling hope await,
May o'er us dawn serene and bright,
As in this anthem we unite ;

To God The Father Glory be !
Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee ;
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now, and through ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *SATURDAY at LAUDS throughout the year, unless other-
wise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Rerum Creator omnium.



THOU by Whom the worlds were made,
In these our toils impart Thine aid ;
Redeem our lives from sin and shame,
And make them worthy of Thy Name !

Thou only, Lord of Grace and Might !
 Canst make us pleasing in Thy fight ;
 Our Lawgiver, Thy people draw
 To tread the pathways of Thy law !

What perils here beset our way !
 Be of our faltering steps the stay ;
 That we with surer feet may strive,
 And at the wished-for goal arrive.

O happy goal ! where cloudless peace
 And true repose shall never cease !
 And of Thy joys, as from a river,
 Thou mak'st Thy flock to drink for ever !

Our souls, O Holy Trinity !
 Devoutly pant and thirst for Thee !
 Saved by Thy Grace, on us, O Lord !
 Bestow th' eternal great Reward ! Amen.

¶ *At MATINS on a VIGIL.*

(From an Anglo-Saxon Hymnary.)

Surgentes ad Te Domine.



O Thee we rise, O Lord of might !
 In these dark hours of silent night ;
 To Thee our vigil due we pay,
 And our forefathers' rule obey ;

The order which to us they told,
 Our heritage from times of old ;
 And keeping these our watches meet
 To Thee, Most Holy Paraclete !

Bright Compeer of The Father's throne
With Christ ! Thy quickening gifts we own ;
In modes unnumbered, Spirit blest !
Who art a Mystic King confessed.

Thy servants, frail in flesh, behold,
Whom once that subtle Fiend of old
Did by his artful wiles deceive,
And with Thy hallowing grace relieve.

May no polluting guilt enslave
The flock bestowed on Thee, to save ;
Which Thou hast deigned, O Christ The Good !
To ransom with Thy precious Blood.

Good Shepherd ! ever kindly keep
From every ill Thy wandering sheep ;
And on the shoulders of Thy love,
O bear them to Thy Courts above !

O'erthrown and wounded before Thee,
Far let the Prince of Demons flee ;
And from his ravening jaws, the prey
With conquering prowess, rend away.

To Christ The Lord be joyful praise,
Let Angel choirs the anthem raise,
All voices chant in mighty laud,
Thrice Holy ! to The Eternal God !

Glory to Thee ! Almighty One !
So let The Father with The Son
And Holy Ghost exalted be,
With threefold praise eternally. Amen.



AT TERCE

¶ *Throughout the year. The Daily Hymn.*

Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus.



COME, Holy Ghost ! Who ever O
Art, with The Father and the Sc
E'en now Thine influence sweet is
And deign our bosoms to fulfil.
May lips, tongue, mind, strength, &
The Honour of the Eternal Name ; [proc
The fire of Love its flame impart,
To kindle every human heart.

Most Gracious Father ! hear our prayer ;
Coequal Only Son ! give ear ;
Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete !
Reign throughout ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *At TERCE throughout the year, unless otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

O Fons Amoris Spiritus.



FOUNT of Love ! Thou Spirit ble
Thou source of all that's pure and b
E'en now our inmost souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire !

Whose bond of Charity in One
Unites The Father with The Son ;
Knit too our hearts to Thee, we pray,
In bands of mutual peace for aye !

To God The Father Glory be !
Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee ;
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now, and through ages infinite ! Amen.



AT SEXT

☞ *Throughout the year. The Daily Hymn.*

Rector Potens ! Verus Deus.




LMIGHTY Ruler ! God of Truth !
Who guid'st the changing scenes of
Day,
With golden beams illuming Morn,
And kindling Noon with fiery ray ;

O quench the baneful flames of strife,
Bid every hurtful passion cease,
Vouchsafe unto our bodies health,
And keep our hearts in perfect peace.

Most Gracious Father ! grant our prayer !
And Thou Coequal Only Son !
Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete !
Reign through eternal ages, One ! Amen.

¶ *At SEXT throughout the year, unless otherwise directed
(Paris Breviary.)*


Jam Solis excelsum Fubar.

EHOLD ! The radiant Sun on Earth
With noontide splendour decks
Expands his golden vest, and flings
Bright shafts o'er all created things

O Christ ! our truer Sun, illumine
With healing rays our earthly gloom ;
And cause our Charity to grow,
Till it like perfect day shall glow.

To God The Father Glory be !
Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now, and through ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *At SEXT, according to an Anglo-Saxon Hymn*

RAY we at this the Noontide Hymn
Beseeching Christ's Almighty Power
That He would bid us to the Father
Of His Most Holy Flesh and Blood

May worthily His praise be sung
By every nation, clime, and tongue,
Who, o'er all worlds sole monarch crowned
Reigns in the highest Heavens enthroned.

Now be His aid on us conferred,
By wondrous Angels ministered;
And may they ever guard us well,
Long as in life on Earth we dwell.

Glory to Thee Great Trinity !
One and Coequal Deity !
Before all worlds began to be,
And now and everlastingly. Amen.



AT NONE

☞ *Throughout the year. The Daily Hymn.*

Rerum Deus tenax Vigor.



GOD ! of all the strength and stay,
Who dost Thyself unmoved abide,
And all the changing scenes of Day
In their ordained succession guide.

Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our life no sunset see,
But death to us an holy door
To everlasting Glory be.

O Father ! we these gifts intreat,
And Thou Coequal, Only Son !
Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete !
Reign through eternal ages, One ! Amen.

¶ *At NONE throughout the year, unless otherwise directed.*
(Paris Breviary.)

Labente jam Solis rota.



THE Sun hath downward turned his way
 And unto eve declines the day ;
 So life with quickening course descends
 And towards its fixed conclusion tends

Nailed to the Cross, Thine arms of Grace
 O Christ ! the ransomed world embrace ;
 Grant us to love that Cross of Thine,
 And die in that embrace divine !

To God The Father Glory be !
 Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee,
 And to The Spirit Paraclete,
 Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.



SUNDAYS AND WEEKDAYS AT VESPERS,

(*From the FIRST SUNDAY after the OCTAVE of the
EPIPHANY to LENT, and from TRINITY SUNDAY
to ADVENT.*

Lucis Creator optime.



REATOR of The Light, Supreme !
Bright Parent of the morning beam !
Who when the Dayspring had its
birth
Didst lay the pillars of the Earth ;

Who, blending Morn with Evening grey,
Hast in Thy wisdom named them Day ;
Now o'er the world night's shadows fall,
O hearken to Thy suppliant's call !

Let not Thy flock, by sin oppressed,
Lose Thy reward of endless rest ;
Nor e'er with earthly lures beset,
Thee and eternity forget.

O may our cry to Heaven ascend !
Give us the life that hath no end !
From peril all our path secure,
And make our hearts devout and pure !

Most Gracious Father ! hear our prayer ;
Coequal Only Son ! give ear ;
Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete
Reign throughout ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *SUNDAY at VESPERs throughout the year, unless otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

O luce Qui mortalibus.



GOD! enshrined in Heavenly might
Beyond the ken of mortal sight; [qu
Where, awed, e'en saints before T
And Angel hosts their faces veil;

While these nocturnal glooms profound
Thy servants here on Earth surround,
May beams from Thine eternal Day,
Chase all our worldly night away.

Day with celestial splendours fair!
Which now for us Thou dost prepare;
And faintly shadoweth here below,
The flaming Sun's meridian glow.

Thou lingerest! Ah! Thou golden dawn!
Thou lingerest! long-expected Morn!
When, quit of this encumbering clay,
Shall we behold that wished-for Day?

Then clogged by fleshly bands no more,
The soul, O God! to Thee shall soar;
Before Thy blissful Vision bend,
And love and serve Thee without end!

Great Trinity! Thou Source of Grace,
O fit us for that happy place;
This brief and misty twilight clear,
And make Thine endless Day appear! Amen.



AT COMPLINE

[*Throughout the year, SUNDAYS and WEEKDAYS, except in DOUBLE FEASTS and from the beginning of LENT to the morrow of HOLY TRINITY.*

Te lucis ante terminum.



O Thee before the close of day,
Creator of the world, we pray;
With all Thy wonted clemency
Our Princely Guard and Keeper be.

Far may unholy visions fly,
No fiend of darkness venture nigh;
Do Thou repel the infernal foe,
And peace and purity bestow.

Almighty Father! hear our cry,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord Most High;
Who, with The Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth reign throughout eternity! Amen.

¶ *At COMPLINE throughout the year on SUNDAYS and WEEKDAYS, unless otherwise directed. — (Paris Breviary.)*

Grates peracto jam die.



OUR thanks for this completed day,
O God! to Thee we meekly pay;
And as the glooms of night descend,
Before Thy footstool suppliant bend.

Thy pardon for the day's offence,
To us Thy penitents dispense ;
And while our eyes to slumber yield,
Thy flock from harmful weapons shield.

For Satan round our earthly home
Doth as a ravening lion roam ;
From him, beneath Thy sheltering wings,
Protect Thy servants, King of Kings !

O when shall that bright morn appear,
Which hath no eve, our hearts to cheer !
O when that home, those peaceful bowers
Which know no grief, no foe, be ours !

Glory to God The Father be !
Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee ;
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.



MONDAY AT VESPERS,

*on the FIRST SUNDAY after the OCTAVE of the
EPIPHANY to LENT.*

Immenſe Cæli Conditor.



CREATOR of the Heavens ! Whose
arm

Primeval Chaos thus to calm,
In twain the weltering waters rent,
And parted by the Firmament ;

Upper air the vapours placed,
In flowing streams the landscape graced,
That moisture might the heat assuage,
And Earth abide from age to age ;

Mercy now to every heart
Thine own unfailing grace impart ;
Thine sins of old returning, e'er
Gain their former empire there.

Faith, with living radiance bright,
Shine abroad celestial light,
Vain and worldly joys displace,
And vanquish all that's false and base.

O Thou Gracious Father ! grant our prayer ;
Thou equal Only Son ! give ear !
Be with Thee, Spirit Paraclete !
Be thou throughout ages infinite. Amen.

☞ *MONDAY at VESPERs throughout the year, & otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Factamur heu! quot fluctibus.



OST on the wave, by tempests driv
On us shines Hope alone from Hea
We thither lift our wistful eyes,
And heave our deep and anxious si

Thou, Father ! dost our vows befriend,
And Thine Almighty Arm extend ;
As on Thy powerful aid we rest,
Our fainting souls arise refreshed.

The ills which now Thy flock endure
Thou shalt with sovereign mercy cure ;
From Egypt's bondage set us free,
And soon our stern Avenger be.

Then our frail flesh, with lustre, Thou
Shalt from Thy radiant Flesh endow ;
And make Thy Glory to appear,
Reward of all our labours here.

O happy toil ! O labour light
Which such celestial gifts requite !
Who, Thine immortal joys to share,
But would this short-lived sorrow bear ?

Praise to The Father and The Son !
Like Honour, Holy Ghost ! be done
Uniting All in One, to Thee,
O God ! throughout Eternity ! Amen.

TUESDAY AT VESPERS,

¶ *From the FIRST SUNDAY after the OCTAVE of the
EPIPHANY to LENT.*

Telluris ingens Conditor !



THOU Framer of this earthly Sphere !
Whose Fiat made the land appear ;
Th' encumbering waters drove aside,
And fixed the ground unmoved to
abide ;

That so the soil might herbage yield
And flow'rets fair to deck the field,
And golden fruit and harvests bear,
And pleasant food for man prepare ;

- The wounds of sin which parch the soul,
With Thy refreshing grace make whole ;
From guilt and shame our hearts release,
And calm our passions into peace ;

Teach us Thy holy will to obey,
To turn from every evil way ;
That we Thy flock from peril freed
May on Thy choicest bounties feed !

Most gracious Father ! hear our prayer ;
Coequal Only Son ! give ear ;
Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete !
Reign throughout ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *TUESDAY at VESPERS throughout the year, u
otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

O quam juvat fratres Deus.



GOD! what joys around are shed,
When Christ our One and living He
Who vital strength to all imparts,
Doth with one spirit move our heart

How sweet to sing in thankful lays
Together in one house His praise ;
On Heaven, as with a host of prayer,
A welcome violence to dare.

Let each in this fair home delight,
Here in fraternal peace unite ;
O woe to him who will not fear
To scatter seeds of discord here !

For loss shall unto him be gain,
Who doth the love of Christ retain ;
His warfare earns the victor's crown,
His trials profit while they frown.

Grant, blessed Trinity ! that we
In mutual love may worship Thee ;
Help to each other here afford,
Then reign together with The Lord ! Amen.

WEDNESDAY AT VESPERS,

*from the FIRST SUNDAY after the OCTAVE of the
EPIPHANY, to LENT.*

Cœli Deus Sanctissime.



MOST Holy God ! The Lord of Heaven !
Who this Thy glorious light hast
given,
To deck with glowing tints on high
The shining zenith of the sky ;

The Fourth great Day, Who bright and clear
Didst form the Sun's refulgent sphere ;
and with the changing Moon ordain
The courses of the starry train ;

Whereby of darkness and of light
To fix the boundaries aright,
and give each month a noted Sign
To mark its origin divine ;

With all Thy light our souls illume, -
To chase away our mental gloom !
From error's chain our hearts release,
and give the burthened conscience peace.

Most Gracious Father ! hear our prayer ;
Unequal Only Son ! give ear ;
Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete !
Reign throughout ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *WEDNESDAY at VESPERS throughout the year, unless otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Horres superbos nec tuam.



THOU dost, O God ! the proud o'erthrow,
Thine honour on none else bestow ;
O let not man with impious aim
Presume Thine attributes to claim !

Thy Grace shall ne'er its genial dews
O'er hard and thankless hearts diffuse ;
As withered grafs, without Thine aid,
Parched by the scorching drought they fade.

But, e'en as servants gazing stand
Intent upon their Master's hand,
We anxious fix our waiting eyes,
Where high the Heavenly Mountains rise.

And if on this our toilsome way,
Thou dost Thy promised help delay ;
Hope as an anchor, true and sure,
Shall every faltering heart secure.

Father ! Supremeſt praise to Thee !
To Thee, The Son ! like homage be ;
Who God The Holy Ghost imparts,
The pledge of Glory, to our hearts ! Amen.

THURSDAY AT VESPERS,

*From the FIRST SUNDAY after the OCTAVE of the
EPIPHANY to LENT.*

Magnæ Deus Potentiæ.



ALMIGHTY God ! whose sovereign
will

Bade living forms the waters fill ;
To part assigned a dwelling there,
And part uplifted into air ;

O'er some outspread the seas ; the rest
With dew and rain from Heaven refreshed ;
So from one mighty Parent born,
Each its own station might adorn ;

O grant ! that in the cleansing flood
Baptized of Thine atoning Blood,
We, set from death and sorrow free,
Henceforth may not depart from Thee !

O ne'er may crime the conscience grieve,
Nor pride the uplifted soul deceive ;
The contrite keep Thou from despair ;
The proud from endless ruin spare !

Kind Father ! hear from Heaven on high,
Coequal Only Son ! our cry ;
And Thou, Blest Spirit Paraclete !
Who reign through ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *THURSDAY at VESPERs throughout the year, unless otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

O Fortis O clemens Deus.



GOD of Mercy ! God of Might !
Unfailing Source of health and light !
True Faith to all Thy people grant,
And deep within our hearts implant.

This, this shall give us strength and life,
This arm us for the ghostly strife ;
This buckler shall protect us well,
And quench the fiery shafts of Hell.

O'ershadowed by Thy Sacred Name,
In Faith our prayers Thy promise claim ;
Whereon our only hope relies,
Sole pledge of life beyond the skies !

E'en now, for that Name's sake, O Lord !
Help to our fainting souls afford ;
Nor let a life depraved and vain
A Faith so pure and holy stain !

Praise we The Father, Praise The Son,
Like Honour, Holy Ghost ! be done
To Him Who sacred Truth imparts
To illumine the darkness of our hearts ! Amen.

FRIDAY AT VESPERS,

[*From the FIRST SUNDAY after the OCTAVE of the
EPIPHANY to LENT.*

Plasmator hominis Deus.



CREATOR! Who from Heaven Thy
Throne
Ordainest all things, God alone!
By whose decree the teeming Earth
To reptile and to beast gave birth;

Who mighty brutes, at Thy behest
Of life and energy possessed,
Hast given to man; in turn to pay
Obedience to his master sway;

Forgive Thy servants, gracious Lord!
Each sinful thought and act and word,
Which conscience may have e'er defiled,
Or hath in aught our steps beguiled.

Diffuse Thy joy through every heart,
Thy kind and bounteous grace impart;
From guilty strife Thy flock release,
Make fast the gentle bands of Peace!

Most Gracious Father! hear our prayer;
Coequal only Son! give ear;
Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete!
Reign throughout ages infinite! Amen.

☞ *FRIDAY at VESPERS throughout the year, unless otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Lugeti Pacis Angeli.



ANGELS of Peace ! ye Seraphs mourn !
God deigns a mortal to be born ;
The form of sinful man He wears,
And all our guilt and sorrow bears.

O miracle of Love and Grace !
O blindness of our fallen race !
The Lord of Innocence is slain ;
Shall finners of their griefs complain ?

O Christ ! Thy Cross and wounds and shame
Retrieved us from the quenchless flame ;
Consume, afflict us, here below,
But save us from eternal woe !

Though flesh against God's will rebel,
Yet fix it in our hearts to dwell ;
And give us strength to keep the road
Which Thy dear feet, O Jesu ! trode.

Healed by Thy wounds, and in the flood
Baptized, of Thine all-cleansing Blood,
Grant that our hateful sins may ne'er
For Thee anew the Cross prepare !

To God, Who gave His Only Son,
To Him, The Victim, laud be done ;
Like praise, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee
Enkindling that pure Altar, be ! Amen.

SATURDAY AT VESPERS,

¶ From the FIRST SUNDAY after the OCTAVE of the
EPIPHANY to LENT.

Deus Creator omnium.



MAKER of all things ! God Most High !

Great Ruler of the starry sky !

Who, robing day with beauteous light,

Hast clothed in soft repose the Night,

That sleep may wearied limbs restore,

And fit for toil and use once more ;

May gently soothe the careworn breast,

And lull our anxious griefs to rest ;

We thank Thee for the day that's gone,

We pray Thee now the night comes on ;

O help us sinners as we raise

To Thee our votive hymn of praise !

To Thee our hearts their music bring,

Thee our united voices sing,

To Thee our rapt affections soar,

And Thee our chastened souls adore.

So when the parting beams of day

In evening's shadow fade away,

Let Faith no wildering darkness know

But night with Faith effulgent glow.

O sleepless ever keep the mind !

But guilt in lasting slumber bind ;

Let Faith our purity renew,

And temper sleep's lethargic dew.

From every carnal passion free,
O may our hearts repose in Thee ;
Nor envious fiend with harmful snare,
Our rest with sinful terrors scare !

Christ with The Father ever One !
Spirit ! of Father and of Son,
God over all, of mighty sway,
Shield us Great Trinity ! we pray. Amen.

¶ *SATURDAY at VESPERS, from the MORROW of THE
HOLY TRINITY to ADVENT.*

O Lux ! Beata Trinitas !



LIGHT ! O Trinity Most Blest !
Chief Unity ! Supreme and Best !
E'en as the fiery Sun departs,
Outpour Thy beams upon our hearts !

Thee with our hymns at dawn we praise,
To Thee the evening prayer we raise ;
And Thou our glorious theme shalt be,
Adored throughout eternity !

Now darkness cometh, Lord, do Thou
A night of quiet rest bestow ;
When morning breaks, from Heaven Thy throne,
On us most graciously look down.

O Christ ! the chains of sin unbind,
From all defilement cleanse the mind,
From guilt that's past our souls relieve,
And all our evil deeds forgive !

We pray Thee hear Thy suppliants' call,
O help us, Saviour ! ere we fall ;
Christ Jesu ! King of boundless might !
Shield us from every ill this night !

To God The Father Glory be !
Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee ;
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *SATURDAY at VESPERs throughout the year, unless otherwise directed.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Supreme motor cordium.



THOU Ruler of the human heart !
Who dost Thy hallowed gifts impart,
And from Creation's hour, endure
The just with graces ever new ;

Faith, Hope and Charity appear
In one sweet bond united here ;
But Charity, when life is o'er,
Alone abides for evermore.

Thou Charity ! Great Verity !
Eternal Light ! O when shall we
These vexing toils and troubles past
Enjoy Thy Sabbath rest at last ?

Midst many a trial, many a woe,
We here the seeds of Glory sow ;
But in our hands in triumph there
Shall soon a glorious harvest bear.

Triune, Almighty God ! increase
In us the fruits of love and peace ;
Hereafter Thou, Just Judge ! in Heaven
Shalt crown the gifts Thyself hast given ! Amen.

¶ For SATURDAY EVENING.

O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata.



HOW fair and how great
Must those sweet Sabbaths be,
Which ever celebrate
Heaven's joyful company !

What rest the wearied find !

What crowns the victors gain !
When o'er all things supreme,
God all in all shall reign !

What King ! what Court is there !

How vast that Palace is ;
What peace, what rest from care,
How sweet those solaces !

Oft would its citizens
Tell of that high estate,
If their bliss unto us
Words could communicate.

The true Jerusalem

Is on that happy shore ;
Whose peace hath no alloy,
Whose joys last evermore ;
Where the glad spirit freed
Naught shall e'er want again,
Yet less than all its need
Ne'er shall the wish attain !

There shall be lost in bliss
Troubles and miseries ;
There the saints ever chant
Syon's sweet melodies ;

And devout thanks for aye
 For Thy kind clemency,
 Lord, Thy redeemed shall pay
 Joyfully unto Thee.

Sabbaths shall not to new
 Sabbaths there pass away ;
 Ceaseless the hymns be
 Of them that keep holyday ;
 Ne'er shall those strains of joy
 Close their soft harmony,
 Which we and Angels shall
 Sing everlastingly.

O let us raise from Earth
 Each thought above the skies,
 Seeking with eager feet
 Rest in that Paradise ;
 So to Jerusalem,
 From long captivity,
 Homeward from Babylon
 Hastening triumphantly ! Amen





AT MATINS,

On SUNDAYS and WEEKDAYS throughout ADVENT

Verbum Supernum prodiens.



UPERNAL Word ! Thou Effluence
bright !

Thou Offspring of The Father's might
Who, Saviour, on the world arose,
When Time was verging to its close

Our bosoms with Thy beams illumè,
And with Thy kindling love consume,
That when Thy summons dread we hear,
Guilt be no longer harboured there.

So when, our Judge, with piercing eyes,
Thou deeds and hearts shalt scrutinize ;
With vengeance smite each secret foe,
And kingdoms on the just bestow ;

Oh may we not, still unforgiven,
With sinners from Thy face be driven ;
But with the Saints in Thy domain
Eternal purity attain !

Laud, Honour, Virtue, Glory, be
To God The Father ; Son ! to Thee ;
And to The Holy Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.

☪ *At MATINS on SUNDAYS and WEEKDAYS throughout
ADVENT.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Instantis Adventum Dei.



O haste Thine Advent from the skies,
O God ! our fervent vows arise ;
We would with song and welcome meet
Thy gifts of promised mercy greet

The Eternal Word doth flesh assume,
Doth not abhor the Virgin's womb ;
Becomes Himself a lowly slave,
From bondage His redeemed to save.

He cometh ; merciful and meek
O Syon ! haste, Thy Lord to seek ;
With heart no more obdurate, cease
To spurn, uncared, His proffered Peace.

For throned in clouds, with aspect stern,
He soon shall, Judge of Earth, return ;
And His true members through the air
Aloft to Heaven in triumph bear.

Disperse our sins, the brood of night,
O Christ ! with Thine advancing light ;
And as the old Adam hence departs,
Form Thou the new within our hearts !

To Him Who came His own to free,
The Eternal Son, all Honour be ;
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS on SUNDAYS and WEEKDAYS through
ADVENT.*

Vox clara ecce intonat.



ARK ! what a thrilling voice invades
With piercing sound these earthly shades
Let slumber far away be driven, [Hea
Christ in His might shines forth fr

Now let each torpid soul arise,
Which sunk in guilt and wounded lies ;
The new-risen Star, with healing ray,
Shall chase disease and sin away.

The Lamb with messages of peace
To guilty captives brings release ;
O for this boon let every voice
With mingling songs and tears rejoice !

So when again His Light shines clear,
And trembling Earth is girt with fear,
May He our guilt from vengeance spare,
And shield us with His kindly care.

Laud, Honour, Virtue, Glory, be
To God The Father ; Son ! to Thee ;
And to The Holy Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.

(*At LAUDS throughout ADVENT.—(Paris Breviary.)*)

Jordanis ecce prævia.



H, hark ! through Jordan's echoing bounds
The Baptist's warning voice resounds ;
Before the herald's mighty cry
Let sloth and listless slumber fly !

Their Maker's Advent, man to free,
Expectant Earth and Air and Sea,
E'en now with conscious joy elate,
In longing ecstasy await.

Cleanse we our hearts with reverent care,
Our God to meet, His way prepare ;
And make each swept and garnished breast
Fit sojourn for the Royal Guest.

Thee, blessed Jesu! Thee alone,
Our Strength and Comforter we own;
Frail man without Thy cheering aid
E'en as the withered herb must fade.

Now to the sick Thy saving hand
Extend, and bid the prostrate stand;
Reveal Thy Face, our hearts illumine,
And Earth shall smile with vernal bloom!

To Him Who came His own to free,
The Eternal Son, all Honour be;
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last! Amen.



AT VESPERS,

¶ *In ADVENT up to the NATIVITY.*

Conditor Alme fiderum.



HOU Framer of the starry Heaven!
Eternal Light to mortals given!
O Christ! The World's Redeemer
dear,
In mercy our petitions hear!

Who, grieving for the fatal curse
Which doomed to death the Universe,
Didst bid Thy dying creatures live,
And pardon to the guilty give.

Earth waned unto her evening hour,
When Thou, a Bridegroom from his bower,
Thy Virgin Mother's spotless shrine,
Cam'ft forth in dignity Divine.

To whose Almighty Majesty
All things created bend the knee,
The realms of Heaven and Earth obey,
And own, content, Thy sovereign sway ;

The Sun, which sinks each eve to rest,
The Moon in pallid lustre drest ;
And glittering Stars, which faithful move
In their appointed paths above.

O Holy Christ! we pray Thee hear!
Who shalt The Judge of men appear ;
And while on Earth in time we dwell,
Protect us from the assaults of Hell!

Laud, Honour, Virtue, Glory, be
To God The Father ; Son! to Thee ;
And to The Holy Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite! Amen.

[*At VESPERS on SUNDAYS and WEEKDAYS in
ADVENT.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Statuta decreta Deo.



HE times of old by God decreed
At length to their fulfilment speed ;
And, fruit of thousand wistful years,
In Heaven the dawn of Day appears.

Led by their father's crime astray,
 Forlorn his wretched offspring lay ;
 O'er man, who fate in grief aghast,
 Black Death its fearful shadow cast.

He, by the second death detained,
 To everlasting fires ordained,
 Awaited in despairing gloom
 The Judge's just and awful doom.

Ah ! who his ruin can repair,
 Or help that fatal loss to bear ;
 To those deep furrows, ere he die,
 What hand a healing salve apply ?

Thou Christ ! and Thou O Christ ! alone,
 O God ! descending from Thy throne,
 Couldst to Thy fallen child once more
 His form and comeliness restore.

Rain down ye Heavens The Mighty Son !
 Ye skies ! shed forth The Righteous One !
 And from thy teeming womb, O Earth !
 Give to the world's Salvation birth !

High Praises evermore to Thee,
 The Father's Word made Flesh ! shall be ;
 So to The Father, and no less
 We, Holy Ghost ! to Thee address ! Amen.

¶ *At COMPLINE throughout ADVENT. — (P
 Breviary.)*

In noctis umbra desides.



N shadowy night, whilst downy sle
 In slumber doth the senses steep,
 To Thee O God ! our hearts awa
 Their loyal aspirations make.

Desire of nations ! Heavenly Word !
The world's Salvation ! Mighty Lord !
O hear our penitential sighs !
And bid our fallen souls arise.

Redeemer come ! and burst the chain
Which doth on earth Thy flock detain ;
And, closed by Adam's crime of old,
To us the gates of Heaven unfold !

To Him Who came His own to free,
The Eternal Son, all praises be ;
With Father and with Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

☞ *At VESPERS the LAST WEEK in ADVENT.*

Veni, Veni, Emmanuel.



COME ! Come Thou Emmanuel !
Redeem Thy captive Israel,
Who sad and exiled and forlorn,
Doth her long absent Saviour mourn ;
Joy ! Joy ! now shall Emmanuel
Be born for thee, O Israel !

Come, Branch of Jesse ! and bring rest
Unto the prisoners and oppressed ;
From Hell's abyss, and lurid shore,
And from the gulf, Thine own restore !
Joy ! Joy ! now shall Emmanuel
Be born for Thee, O Israel !

Come Orient ! come ! serene and clear,
 Our spirits by thine Advent cheer ;
 The gloomy shades of night disperse,
 And heal the dark primeval curse ;
 Joy ! Joy ! now shall Emmanuel
 Be born for thee, O Israel !

Come Key of David ! and in might
 Unclose the heavenly realms of light ;
 Our path unto the skies make plain,
 And shut the gates of Death's domain
 Joy ! Joy ! now shall Emmanuel
 Be born for thee, O Israel !

O come, come now, Adonai !
 Who to Thy flock in Sinai
 Didst erst Thy Law in clouds of flame,
 And Glorious Majesty proclaim ;
 Joy ! Joy ! now shall Emmanuel
 Be born for Thee, O Israel !





AT MATINS,

[*In THE NATIVITY of the LORD, and in the
VIGIL of the EPIPHANY at MATINS.*

Christe Redemptor omnium.



CHRIST ! Redeemer of the world,
Son of the Father ! Only One !
Begotten all ineffably,
Alone ! ere being had begun !

Thou Light ! The Father's Brightness
Unfailing Hope of all the Earth ! [Thou !
O hear the prayers Thy servants now
To Thee throughout the world pour forth !

Remember, Author of our health !

That hour when erst in ages gone,

Born of a Virgin undefiled,

Thou didst our mortal form put on ;

For in this happy day we own

Recurring in the circling year,

Thy Mission from Thy Father's throne,

Alone, the ransomed world to cheer !

And now the Earth and Seas and Sky,

All things that in them move and live,

To Him Who sent Thee from on high,

Melodious praise exulting give.

And we, who in 'Thy Blood new born

Have washed our sinful stains away,

Exulting in Thy Natal Morn,

Pour forth a new and festal lay.

All Glory, Gracious Lord ! to Thee

Born of a Virgin ever pure ;

Father and Holy Ghost shall be

While ages infinite endure ! Amen.

¶ *At MATINS on CHRISTMAS DAY.—*

Breviary.)

Sanctus desinant suspiria.



ALMED be our griefs, hushed eve
For God hath heard our vows on
Heaven's gates expand, and man to
Behold our promised Peace appear

Far echoing through the vault of night,
 Celestial choirs their songs unite ;
 Right joyous are their festal strains :
 " A God is born ! on Earth He reigns ! "

E'en now as to His hallowed bed
 Their path the wakeful shepherds tread,
 Speed we, with salutation meet,
 His chaste Nativity to greet.

And O behold ! what marvel lies
 Displayed before our ravished eyes ;
 The Straw, the Crib, the Mother mild,
 The swathing bands, The Infant Child !

Art Thou The Christ ? The Mighty Son,
 The Brightness of The Eternal One ?
 Who Earth's expanse of Sea and Land
 Bears in the hollow of His Hand ?

'Tis thus ; for Faith can pierce the cloud
 Wherewith Thou dost Thy presence shroud ;
 Prostrate, with Angels evermore,
 I gaze, I tremble, and adore !

What precepts from that lowly 'chair
 Thou, silent Teacher ! dost declare !
 The world's allurements to refuse,
 And all that flesh rejects, to choose.

Implant Thy love in every breast,
 Calm all our passions into rest,
 O Child Divine ! this Holy Morn
 Now in our very hearts be born ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS on the DAY of THE NATIVITY and
the SIXTH DAY; on the FEAST of THE C
CUMCISION at VESPERS and LAUDS; an
VESPERS on the VIGIL of the EPIPHANY.*

A Solis ortus cardine.



FROM climes which see the Sun arise,
To where Earth's utmost border lies
Christ, our Redeemer, let us sing,
Of Mary Virgin born a King !

Blest Maker of all worlds ! He came
Clad in a lowly servant's frame ;
By His own Flesh all flesh to save,
And freedom to His creatures gave.

Celestial graces bright illume
That chasteft Mother's holy womb ;
She bears a Son, the Maiden mild, .
By earthly contact undefiled.

Her modest breasts' unstained abode
Becomes the Temple of Her God ;
Inviolatè, by Man unknown,
She by a Word conceived the Son !

That wondrous Child she brings to birth
Whom Gabriel announced on Earth ;
Whom John while yet unborn adored,
And owned His Maker and His Lord.

The lowly couch of straw He bore,
The manger He did not abhor,
A little milk His infant fare,
Who feedeth e'en each bird of air !

Lo ! the celestial choir rejoice ;
 Angels exalt to God their voice ;
 To shepherds now revealed appears
 Their Shepherd, Framers of the Spheres !

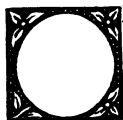
Lord ! Holy Virgin born ! to Thee
 Unceasing Praise and Glory be ;
 With Father and with Holy Ghost,
 Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

—

¶ *At MATINS on the OCTAVE of THE NATIVITY.—*

(From the Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries.)

Audi Redemptor gentium.



REDEEMER of the nations ! hear
 The Glory of Thy Natal Morn ;
 Thou Who in Bethlehem didst appear
 From God, of Mary Virgin born !

Christ ! Lord of Virtues ! Man no part
 In Thy mysterious birth can boast ;
 One in Divinity Thou art,
 And Fellow with the Holy Ghost !

Thy powers the Universe restore,
 Deliver all who trust in Thee ;
 And mighty in the ghostly war
 Us sinners from destruction free !

'Thee born of God, a God we view,
 In that corporeal frame enshrined ;
 And like to God, the Manhood true
 In wondrous mystery combined.

Now faints in humble faith adore,
 And Angels worship in amaze,
 Born of a body chaste and pure,
 The Shepherd of great Judah's race !

Light on the loft by Thee is poured,
 True branch of Jesse's ancestry !
 By carnal taint unfullied, Lord !
 Thou art what Thou hast willed to be !

O Joy of this Thy Natal Day !
 Thee Man, yet born of God, we own ;
 Enthroned in Thy paternal sway
 Let all confess The mighty Son !

We praise and worship evermore
 The Father with The Son Supreme ;
 God, Who from distant Egypt's shore
 Was called, His people to redeem.

Renewed, O Holy Ghost ! by Thee,
 Our eyes this blessed Light perceive ;
 So following Lord ! Thy steps shall we
 Redeemed, in joys eternal live !

Laud, Honour, Virtue, Glory, be
 To God The Father and The Son,
 And Holy Paraclete to Thee,
 While endless ages onward run ! Amen.



(For CHRISTMAS DAY and up to THE CIRCUMCISION
(York, Hereford, and other Breviaries) ; at COM-
PLINE and other times.

Corde natus ex Parentis.



FFSPRING of Th' Eternal Father !
Ere from naught the worlds arose ;
Wondrous Alpha and Omega !
Who, of all things Fount and Close,
Doth what is, hath been, hereafter
Shall be, at His will dispose ;
Evermore from age to age !
At His word came forth Creation,
He decreed, and Earth was made ;
Land and Sky, the depths of Ocean,
Threefold Fabric, He arrayed ;
All that e'er, with life and motion
Sun and Moon from Heaven surveyed ;
Evermore from age to age.
He of Whom consentient fages
Sung inspired in times of old ;
Whom of yore in truthful pages
Far-eyed Prophet Seers foretold,
Shines forth, promise of past ages,
Christ ! Whose praise is manifold !
Evermore from age to age.
Blest Nativity ! when teeming
With her Fruit of priceless worth,
Bright with grace The Virgin beaming,
Our Salvation brought to birth ;
And Her Child, all worlds redeeming,
Shewed His Countenance to Earth
Evermore from age to age !

Ring ye Heavens with acclamation !
 Angel choirs attune your lays !
 Every Virtue, Princedom, nation,
 Echo forth your Maker's praise ;
 Naught be mute in all Creation,
 Every voice its anthem raise !
 Evermore from age to age.

Him, let youth and age applauding
 With the lisping infant throng,
 Matrons, virgins, praise affording,
 Guileless maidens, hail with song ;
 And with heart and voice according
 Loud the adoring strain prolong ;
 Evermore from age to age.

Justest Judge of dead and living !
 King of righteousness divine !
 At Thy Father's right hand sitting,
 In Whom princely virtues shine ;
 Who, from thence in clouds descending,
 Shall to worlds their doom assign,
 Evermore from age to age ;

Christ ! to Thee and to The Father,
 And, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
 Hymns and Music, Laud and Honour,
 And perpetual thanks shall be ;
 Glory, Victory, Virtue, Power,
 Now henceforth eternally !
 Evermore from age to age. Am

¶ *At PRIME up to the OCTAVE of the EPIPHANY.—*
(York Breviary.)

Agnoscat omne seculum.



ET thankful worlds confefs, from Heaven
 The grace of Life to Earth is given ;
 And freed from Satan's yoke of pain
 Redemption hath appeared to men.

Isaiah's strains prophetic meet
 In that blest Virgin all complete ;
 An Angel's voice th' event revealed,
 The Holy Ghost the boon fulfilled !

¶ *At TERCE.*

For Lo ! to Mary's teeming womb
 The Faithful Seed, The Word, hath come,
 And He Whom worlds cannot comprife
 Within a maiden's bosom lies !

Now springs a flower from Jesse's root,
 The Virgin stem puts forth its fruit,
 Bears a rich Offspring at her side,
 Yet doth a Virgin pure abide !

¶ *At SEXT.*

See ! in a lowly manger placed
 The Lord of Life vouchsafes to rest ;
 Who with The Father built the spheres
 Swathed by a Mother's care appears !

He gave His righteous Law to men,
 He spake the wondrous precepts Ten,
 Yet deigns our mortal flesh to bear,
 The fetters of the law to wear !

¶ *At NONE.*

The Ancient Adam's foul offence
 Doth the New Adam purely cleanse ;
 What he in swelling pride debased,
 Heavenward the lowly Christ hath raised.

Now Light, now is Salvation born ;
 Darknefs dispelled, and Death o'erthrown !
 Approach ye nations ! trust The Lord !
 Lo ! Mary hath brought forth your God !

All Glory, Gracious Lord ! to Thee,
 The Virgin-born, for ever be ;
 To Father and to Holy Ghost,
 On Earth, and by the Heavenly Host ! Amen.

¶ *For THE NATIVITY at TERCE.—(According to a
 Anglo-Saxon Hymnary.)**Christe hac Hora Tertia.*

CHRIST ! our Lord, in this Third Hour
 Fulfil us with Thy Grace and Power,
 And fervid in sweet Charity,
 Bring us and ours most near to Thee.

May He, The Paraclete, our God,
 Within our hearts make His abode ;
 In this same Hour wherein in flame,
 On the Apostolic Choir He came.

Grant this, Thou God in Trinity !
 One and Coequal Deity !
 To Whom Praise, Glory, Virtue, be
 Now and throughout Eternity ! Amen.

¶ *At SEXT.*

Sexta ætate Virgine.



HOURE the Sixth great Age had ran,
Of Virgin womb waft born for man ;
Grant when the last Eighth Age shall come
That we may reach a glorious home !

And as this Hour, O Saviour blest !
Thou on the mystic well didst rest,
Bedew us with that Fount of Thine,
And light us with Thy Sun Divine !

Grant this, Thou God in Trinity !
One and Coequal Deity !
To Whom Praise, Virtue, Glory, be
Now and throughout Eternity ! Amen.

¶ *At NONE.*

Hora Nona quæ canimus.



JESU ! hearken as we sing
At this Ninth Hour to Thee our King !
Which Thy most sacred Death hath made
To mortals ever consecrate !

This Hour out from Thy wounded side
Welled forth Thy Church, a noble tide ;
Now to the Sainted Thief in light
By Thy sweet Grace Thy flock unite !

Grant this, Thou God in Trinity !
One and Coequal Deity !
Before all worlds began to be,
And now, and everlastingly ! Amen.

AT VESPER,

¶ On the *VIGIL* of *THE NATIVITY* of *THE*
and on the *DAY* of *THE NATIVITY*; an.
SIXTH DAY.

Veni Redemptor gentium.



REDEEMER of the nations c
Appear Thou Son of Virgin
Admire ye realms of lower
For Godlike is His wondro
He, of no mortal man conc

By mystic influence received,
The Word of God our flesh is made,
O'er woman's fruit is honour shed !

The Virgin's breast an Offspring hides,
Unharm'd her modesty abides ;
There Virtue's banners shine abroad,
Within His Temple dwells our God !

Proceeding from His chamber, He,
That Royal Court of Chastity,
Of twofold substance, Giant Son !
Prepares His mighty course to run.

Forth from The Father He proceeds,
Again unto the Father speeds ;
His goings e'en to Hell extend
And at God's throne returning end !

To Thy great Father equal, Son !
O gird Thy carnal vesture on ;
The frailties of our mortal flesh,
With Thine unfailing strength refresh.

Thy Manger Lo ! refulgent beams,
Night with unwonted lustre teems,
Which never more shall darkness know,
But shine with Faith's immortal glow.

Glory to God The Father be !
Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee ;
And to The Holy Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *At COMPLINE in THE NATIVITY.*

Salvator Mundi Domine.



SAVIOUR of the world ! Whose care
Hath saved us in the Day that's past,
Protect us through the coming night,
And save us long as time shall last.

Thy gracious presence now vouchsafe,
And mercy to our prayers accord ;
O blot out all our past offence !
And lighten Thou our darkness, Lord !

May slumber ne'er the soul oppress,
No vexing foes our rest invade ;
And by no spot of sin, we pray,
The guarded flesh impure be made.

Restorer of our every sense !

Our hearts we lift in prayer to Thee,
That when again from sleep we rise
Our souls devout and pure may be !

Glory to God The Father give,
Like Glory to His Only Son,
And Holy Spirit Paraclete,
While endless years their courses run !



AT MATINS,

☞ *S. STEPHEN'S DAY.*

Martyr Dei qui unicum.



MARTYR of God ! Who in
His only Son victorious t
With vanquished foes t
strove,
And won a conqueror's pa

O may Thy prayer devout and pure,
Forgiveness for our guilt procure !
From sin's contagion keep us whole,
From life's vain sorrows purge the soul !

Now from all fleshly shackles freed,
No fins Thy Heavenly walk impede ;
So may a Saviour's love release
Our earth-bound souls, and grant us peace.

To God The Father Glory be,
Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee,
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.

(*At MATINS, FEAST S. STEPHEN.—(Paris Breviary.)*)

O Qui tuo dux Martyrum.



PRINCE of Martyrs ! thou whose name
Denotes a crown of faintly fame,
Of flowers immortal and divine,
To thee a deathless wreath we twine.

Red with thy blood's redundant stream,
How fair the stones which bruise thee seem !
Nor, circling round thy sacred head,
Could stars a brighter radiance shed.

Each wound thy placid brow displays,
Streams glorious, with unearthly rays ;
Till as the Angels round the Throne,
Thy face with heavenly lustre shone.

To Christ, for thee a Victim slain,
Thou dost lay down thy life again ;
His earliest witness, Him in death
Confess with thine expiring breath.

Thou next to Thy celestial Guide
 Didst stem the Red Sea's stormy tide,
 And in thy steps the Martyr host
 Attain the Heavenly Canaan's coast.
 Lord Jesus ! endless Glory be,
 Almighty Virgin-born, to Thee !
 And to The Spirit Paraclete,
 Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.

☞ *FEAST of S. STEPHEN at LAUDS and VESPER*
(Paris Breviary.)

Sancte Dei pretiose.



HOLY Stephen ! Protomartyr !
 Precious in Thy Saviour's fight !
 Who with Charity's firm armour
 Panoplied in Heavenly might,
 Didst thy foes' unpitying rancour
 With forgiving prayer requite ;
 Thou, celestial standard-bearer !
 In the foremost rank hadst place ;
 Of the truth undaunted preacher,
 Witness first of saving grace !
 Living Stone, Foundation, Pillar,
 And of patience Ground and Base !
 Steel to pierce thee had no mission ;
 Thou by crushing stones wert slain ;
 So to holy circumcision
 All thy body doth attain ;
 In thy crown of blest fruition
 Blood doth every jewel stain !

Thou the rough ascent didst level
 First, to Heaven's eternal door ;
 First, made smooth by Christ's own travail,
 Tread the narrow pathway o'er ;
 Winnowed grain, elected vessel,
 Gathered to Christ's threshing floor !

First, before thine eyes expanding
 Ope the portals of the sky ;
 Jesus thou beholdest standing
 Next His Father, throned on high ;
 He for Whom thou art contending
 Lives ; to thee is ever nigh !

Ever may thy kind petition
 To thy brethren aid afford ;
 And for this our intercession
 O may Christ, our gracious Lord,
 Pardon grant us, and possession
 Of the eternal great reward !

Where the blest, in choirs harmonious,
 Ever chant in joyful strain ;
 And the spirits of the righteous
 Unto cloudless light attain ;
 As they view their monarch Jesus
 Throned in peerless beauty reign.

Glory be to God and praising,
 Who Thee with immortal flowers
 Crowned, His Protomartyr raising
 To the starlit heavenly bowers ;
 Christ ! may'st Thou, our foes abasing,
 Make his blissful portion ours ! Amen.

¶ *At SECOND VESPERS, FEAST of S. STEPH*
(Paris Breviary.)

Miris probat sese modis.

WHAT kindness e'en to mortal foes
 Divineſt Charity beſtows ;
 Her gracious ſmile and frown ſev
 Alike how lovely they appear.

Firm ſtood The Saint ! and prayer he made
 And ſtoned and dying ſtill he prayed ;
 His wounds, as eloquent they bleed,
 E'en for his ſavage murderers plead.

God from His Throne ceſtial heard,
 He marked His Martyr's dying word ;
 Saul, cauſe and witneſs of his death,
 He gave to that expiring breath.

With ſhattered limbs behold Him lie !
 Rejoiced for Jeſus thus to die ;
 " Chriſt " he exclaimed " my ſpirit take,
 I lay it down for Thy dear ſake."

Then peaceful death drew gently nigh,
 In ſlumber ſealed his wearied eye ;
 Quit of this mortal coil, his way
 He wings unto the realms of Day !

Thy lot in this terreſtrial ſtate,
 Was on thy God's own poor to wait ;
 Now honoured gueſt of Chriſt thy Lord,
 Thou fitteſt at the Heavenly board !

And in that shining nuptial vest
Thy blood-empurpled garments, drest,
With Him, The Lamb once slain, for e'er
Shalt in His Bridal Banquet share.

Great God ! if Thou the courage give
What may not faintly hearts achieve !
May we attain his blest estate
Whose triumph now we celebrate ! Amen.

[*HYMN of S. STEPHEN.—(From an Anglo-Saxon
Hymnary.)*

Stephano Primo Martyri.



O Stephen, First of Martyrs, raise
O brethren ! choral hymns of praise ;
Which as in sweet accord we sing
May strength to true believers bring.

He following first, his lifeblood shed
Where Christ the glorious way had led ;
With love to death enduring, shewed
To other saints the Heavenward road.

He by the Apostles chosen, abroad
To speak the praises of their Lord,
Death's bloodstained banner bore away,
And foremost gained the realms of day.

O glory bright beyond compare !
O blessed memory ! passing fair !
Stephen attains the rich reward
To tread the footsteps of His Lord !

His upraised eye with ken serene,
 Views Son and Father throned in sheen ;
 He living hails in Heaven's domain
 Whom here insulting foes had slain.
 But Lo ! with swelling rage malign
 And armed with stones the Jews combine ;
 They rush in crowds, with savage joy,
 Christ's noble foldier to destroy.
 But he, with gaze beyond the sky,
 Breathes forth his placid soul on high ;
 And for his foes to be forgiven,
 Makes fervent orison to Heaven ;
 " O God of all ! Creator kind !
 May'st Thou forgive their malice blind ;
 The crime Thine eye beholdeth, spare,
 For this Thy dying Martyr's prayer."
 Lord ! Holy Virgin-born ! by Heaven
 And Earth to Thee be Glory given ;
 To Father and to Holy Ghost,
 Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

AT MATINS,

¶ *FEAST of S. JOHN THE EVANGEL.*

Annue Christe ! seculorum Domine !




CHRIST ! Thou Lord of \
 Bestow on us, we pray,
 For this Thy servant's sake
 To Thee endeared for aye
 That all the heinous sins

Which have offended Thee,
 Through his availing prayer,
 Forgiven all may be.

O kind Redeemer ! save
 The creatures of Thy grace,
 Sealed nobly with the light,
 That beameth from Thy face ;
 Nor suffer us to fall,
 To Satan's wiles a prey,
 For whom Thou didst on Earth,
 Death's costly ransom pay.

Pity Thy flock enthralled,
 By Sin's captivity ;
 Forgive each guilty soul,
 And set the bondmen free ;
 And all Thou hast redeemed
 With Thine own precious Blood,
 Bring to eternal joys,
 Thou Monarch kind and good !

O Jesu ! Saviour blest !
 Christ ! gracious Lord ! to Thee
 All Glory and all Truth,
 Honour and Empire be ;
 So to The Father Laud,
 And Holy Paraclete,
 With Whom Thou reignest God !
 Through ages infinite ! Amen.



¶ *At MATINS, FEAST of S. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.*
(*Paris Breviary.*)

Te quem præ reliquis.



MORE than all the rest
Beloved of Christ Thy Lord !
Thou with His friendship blest
Who Man, was yet Thy God,

And fellow of His care
Didst in His Passion share
And witness of His Glory bear !

Thy privilege how grand,
To whom on earth 'twas given
To touch with reverent hand
The Word, The Lord from Heaven !
To hear His words, with eye
Of love to view Him nigh,
To enjoy His sweet society !

With what delight 'twas fraught
When He to thee confides
With trustful love the thought
His inmost bosom hides ;
When on the mountain He,
God Man, in Majesty,
Himself arrayed in His Divinity !


Thou didst on Jesu's breast
In peaceful joy recline,
And from that fountain blest
Drink living joys Divine,
In silent richness shed
O'er all thy senses spread
Thy God descended on thy head !

Thou from that plenteous Spring
 Doft all thy heart refresh ;
 Inebriate the rapt foul
 Deferts the laggard flefh ;
 And when in foft repose
 Thou didft thine eyelids clofe,
 All Heaven before thy vifion rofe !

O facred converse thine !
 O joys ! which thou alone
 Didft tafte in mutual love
 Before to man unknown !
 Divineft love ! which flowed
 Unruffled e'er, and glowed
 Painless within its pure abode !

So wert thou loving e'er,
 And e'er beloved fhalt be ;
 And on thy forehead bear
 Pure Virgin modefty !
 The fweet and radiant grace
 Which decks the Angelic race
 Refulgent beameth from thy face.

Hence oft this theme is thine,
 Full oft thofe ardent ftrains ;
 All that thou fay'ft is Love,
 His Love throughout thee reigns ;
 In rapture o'er thy foul
 Entrancing vifions roll :
 Thine ecftacies brook not control !



Now to The Father praise,
 Like praise O Son ! to Thee ;
 And to The Holy Ghost,
 From Both proceeding, be ;
 Faith which unchanged and sure
 From founts divinely pure
 We drink, for ever to endure ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS, FEAST of S. JOHN THE EVANGELIST
 and at SECOND VESPER.*

Exultet cælum laudibus.



E Heavens exult with joyful praise !
 Earth ! echo back the thankful lays ;
 This festal tide in sweet accord,
 The Apostles' glorious deeds we laud.

O righteous judges of the Earth !
 True lights which o'er the world shone forth !
 We praise ye all with hearts sincere,
 As suppliants now we worship here.

For to your mighty word 'twas given,
 To close and ope the doors of Heaven !
 And from their guilt by your decree
 To set repentant sinners free.

So to your precepts was assigned
 The health and welfare of mankind ;
 May ye our sinful lives once more
 To life and holiness restore ;

That Christ, Th' avenging Judge of doom,
 When He at Time's last end shall come,
 May grant us for His mercy's sake.

■ *Of joys eternal to partake.*

To God The Father Glory be !
 Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee ;
 And to The Spirit Paraclete,
 Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.

(At LAUDS, FEAST of S. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.
(Paris Breviary.)

Quem nox quem tenebræ.



HAT God Whom deepest night
 In ambient darkness shrouds,
 Veiled in approachless light
 Beneath o'ershadowing clouds,
 Left His weak creatures' fight
 Be blinded as they gaze,
 O'erwhelmed by that terrific blaze ;

 Himself His Form to thee,
 Beloved of God, revealed ;
 And in this life to see
 His Glory unconcealed ;
 His secret counsels He
 Did to thy view unfold ;
 Thou dost Heaven's inmost Courts behold !

 Borne as on Eagles' wings,
 Rapt far beyond the skies,
 To Heaven thy spirit springs
 Above the stars to rise ;
 In vain that Glory flings
 Bright bolts thy way to impede ;
 On Very God thy soul doth feed.

Thou see'st the Mighty Son,
 God, like to God, displayed ;
 And from the Father born
 Before the worlds were made,
 To Earth a servant gone,
 E'en from the Father's breast,
 In the chaste Virgin's womb to rest !

So thus to man extends
 The love of God Most High !
 To us His way He wends,
 And lays His Glory by ;
 Made Flesh for us descends
 An exile to our shore,
 To Heaven us exiles to restore !

High Mysteries to the Seer
 Of ancient times unknown !
 But thou, the day-beam clear
 Which on our darkness shone,
 That Fount didst make appear,
 Whence Life begins its course,
 And holy Light's primeval source !

Now to The Father praise,
 Like praise O Son ! to Thee,
 And to The Holy Ghost,
 From Both proceeding, be ;
 Faith, which unchanged and sure
 From springs divinely pure
 We drink, for ever to endure ! Amen.

(*At FIRST and SECOND VESPERS, FEAST of S. JOHN
THE EVANGELIST.—(Paris Breviary.)*)

Sit qui rite canat.



OME rightly celebrate
 Thy holy virgin fame ;
 Some praise renowned and great
 Thine Apostolic name ;
 And some would thee instate
 Among the Prophet Choir ;
 Christ's Martyr doth our lays inspire.
 With Him thou wast assailed
 By foes with savage force,
 In spirit with Him nailed
 Unto the painful Cross ;
 Thy sympathy bewailed
 His piteous travail there ;
 Thou didst with Him those sorrows share.
 In His expiring throe
 When hanging on the Tree,
 His childless mother's woe
 He soothed, by proffering thee ;
 Doth thee on her bestow,
 And her to thee intrust,
 Virgin to virgin, as was just.
 What pledge could earth afford
 So precious and Divine ?
 True Mother of Thy Lord !
 Yet also truly thine !
 A son to her restored,
 Thou dost with filial care
 The loss of Him, Thy God, repair !

He, outcast and alone
 His eyesight quenched in death,
 His will to thee made known
 With His expiring breath ;
 And from that hallowed throne
 Which crimson currents streak,
 Did to the listening nations speak.

O Christ's companion true !
 May I my steps incline,
 That pathway to pursue,
 Where Love conducted thine !
 His Grace my soul endue,
 With Him the Cross to bear,
 And in His precious death to share ! Amen.

AT MATINS,

¶ FEAST of THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia.



HE triumphs of the faints,
 Their joys beyond compare,
 Their noble deeds of might,
 Ye friends ! let us declare ;
 My soul desires to greet,
 With sacred anthems meet,
 This band of victors best and rare.

These in its bosom placed,
 A thankless world abhors ;
 Its drear and thirsty waste,
 Its parched and withering flowers,
 They all behind them cast,
 And Heavenward followed Thee,
 Jesu ! Thou King of sweet benignity.

'Twas they who for Thy Name
 Men's terrors cast aside,
 And all their wrath o'ercame,
 The cruel scourge defied ;
 Before their tempered frame
 The hook and falchion bend,
 Nor can their inmost bosoms rend.

They by the sword are slain
 Like lambs, a harmless flock ;
 No murmur sounds, no pain
 Their constancy can shock ;
 For each with dauntless soul,
 In silent firmness whole,
 Hath built his patience on The Rock.

What voice can e'er make known,
 What tongue of might declare,
 For Thine own Martyrs' crown
 What gifts Thou dost prepare !
 Their blood flows redly down,
 And nobly are they dight
 With their ensanguined laurels bright.

Thee, Deity Supreme
 And One ! we meekly pray,
 From sin our souls redeem,
 And purge our ills away :
 Grant to Thy servants peace,
 So Glory we for aye
 Will give Thee until Time shall cease. A

¶ *At MATINS and SECOND VESPERS, FEAST of
 HOLY INNOCENTS.—(Paris Breviary.)
 Salvete Flores Martyrum.*



MAIL ! Martyr Flowers ! in childh
 dawn,
 Ere blushed the prime of opening r
 Cropped by the falchion's stroke un
 As rosebuds by the ruthless wind !
 Firflings of Christ ! Ah victim train !
 Ah tender flock untimely slain !
 E'en at the ensanguined altar gay,
 Guileless with crown and palm ye play !
 O bootless crime ! O cruel deed !
 Sweet infants vainly doomed to bleed !
 Christ, from the carnage far conveyed
 Is rescued from the murderer's blade.
 Unscathed, He lives amid the flood
 Of His dear slaughtered brethren's blood ;
 The sword, which Hebrew parents mourn,
 Harms not The Mighty Virgin-born !
 So Moses erst, in Egypt's land,
 The impious monarch's dire command
 Escaped ; and thence, in bonds enslaved,
 Type of The Christ, His Israel saved.

Ye mothers ! stanch your tears ; no more
These pledges of your love deplore ;
They follow, fair and joyful train,
The Lamb for their salvation slain !

Jesu ! all Glory unto Thee,
Born of a spotless Virgin, be ;
To Father, and to Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

*At LAUDS and SECOND VESPERS, FEAST of THE
HOLY INNOCENTS.*

Rex gloriose martyrum.



ALL Glorious King of Martyrs Thou !
Crown of Confessors here below !
Whom, casting earthly joys away,
Thou guidest to celestial Day,

O quickly lend a gracious ear
And listen to our suppliant prayer !
As we their sacred triumphs chant
Forgiveness to our errors grant.

In Martyrs' Victor, Thou art e'er
In Thy Confessors prone to spare ;
E'en now our guilty pride o'erthrow
And all Thy pardoning grace bestow !

To God The Father Glory be !
Like Glory Only Son ! to Thee !
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.

AT FIRST VESPER,
 (FEAST of THE CIRCUMCISION.—(Paris
Breviary.)

Debilis cessent elementa legis.



ET the departing Law's weak sanctions
 cease !

Too long its terrors have distressed
 our hearts ;

Jesus the unbroken covenant of Peace
 And Love imparts !

From that True Sun His Father, purest Ray
 Of cloudless splendour, clear and undefiled !
 He doth in Blood the guilt of Sin display
 A spotless Child !

See ! from His wounded members currents flow
 Enough to cleanse Creation's crimes and shame ;
 Streams which for us devote to pains and woe
 That tender frame.

This Holy Day, O Child ! hath won for Thee
 A Name which prostrate nations shall adore ;
 Who Jesus called, didst Jesus deign to be
 For evermore.

High Praise unto The Father ; to The Son .
 Like Praise, Who by His Blood redeemed mankind .
 Like Honour Holy Ghost ! to Thee be done
 With Both combined. Amen.

(At MATINS, FEAST of THE CIRCUMCISION.—
(Paris Breviary.)

Felix Dies quem proprio.



HAPPY Day ! with joy arrayed,
Which Jesu's Blood hath sacred made !
O blifsful Morn ! when Chrift began
His travail in redeeming Man !

Scarce born, fee from his infant veins
A milk-like current softly drains ;
A foretaste of His death He feels ;
A prelude of His Love reveals !

Arrived on Earth, His Father's will
He haftes obedient to fulfil ;
Foreftalls His Hour with duteous fpeed,
E'en now doth as a Victim bleed ;

Himself the criminal He makes,
Guiltlefs the penalty partakes ;
Law-maker, doth the Law obey
To free us from its deadly fway !

E'en as on Chrift the ftroke descends,
That Law with all its terrors ends ;
Love's holier rule begins its reign
And fhall unchangeable remain !

Jefu ! 'from every breaft efface
What comes not of Thy cleansing grace ;
Thy Name put in our inward parts,
Inscribe Thy Law upon our hearts ! Amen.

¶ *At VESPERS, FEAST of THE CIRCUMCISE*
(*Paris Breviary.*)

Victis sibi cognomina.



YRANTS their empty titles take
From nations which they subject
More nobly Thou from those, C
To freedom by Thy power restit

To none but Thine can man appeal
His fatal maladies to heal;
Naught else can dying souls restore,
And life impart for evermore.

Thy Name with countless blessings fraught,
By Thine own Blood so dearly bought,
O let not sins insane and base,
From our apostate hearts efface!

Be this our glory, pain and shame
To suffer for this Sacred Name;
E'en Death shall ne'er appalling be,
But lovely, when endured for Thee!

O Thou, Whom we may reverent call
Jesus! The Saviour! Lord of all!
O hearken! as with thankful voice
We in Thy Glorious Name rejoice!

Jesu! all Glory unto Thee,
Born of a spotless Virgin, be;
To Father and to Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last! Amen.

(*At VESPERS, on SATURDAYS from THE CIRCUM-
CISION to THE PRESENTATION; and from the
EPIPHANY to SEPTUAGESIMA.—(Paris Breviary.)*)

Verbum quod ante secula.



ORD ! from the Father's bosom born,
Before Creation's earliest dawn ;
Who Man, in Time, to avert our doom,
Didst issue from a Virgin's womb !

Thou hast, with might transcendent, burst
The ancient Adam's bonds accurst ;
All that he lost to us restored,
And Hope returns with Thee, O Lord !

E'en as a finner pain and care
Thou dost already learn to bear ;
Thine infant cries an earnest give
That worlds shall be redeemed and live !

Poor ; yet Thy poverty and woe
On us eternal wealth bestow ;
Thou mournest ; but Thy cleansing tears
The world of guilt and anguish clears.

Mean cloth Thy sacred limbs enfolds,
A stall Thy narrow cradle holds ;
Man art thou proud, and God endure
The swathing rags, the manger poor ?

Jesu ! all Glory unto Thee,
Born of a spotless Virgin, be ;
To Father and to Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

¶ *At VESPERs, on SUNDAYS from THE CIRCUMCISION
to THE PRESENTATION ; and from the EPIPHANY
to SEPTUAGESIMA.*

Christus tenebris obstitam.



'ER dark Judæa's gloomy shores
Christ His enlightening Gospel pours ;
O blinded race ! whose hearts of stone
Refuse those heavenly truths to own !

E'en from the grave, before their eyes,
As God He makes the corpses rise ;
Lo ! speech unto the dumb returns,
The lame man walks, the blind discerns.

Perverse His proofs they oppose,
Their ears unto His precepts close ;
Enamoured of the deadly night
They shun the healthful rays of light.

We seek Thy beams, O Sun Divine !
In Whom The Father's glories shine ;
May ne'er that darkness, deep and dread,
O'er our obdurate souls be shed !

Jesu ! all Glory unto Thee,
Born of a spotless Virgin, be ;
To Father and to Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS, on SUNDAYS from THE CIRCUMCISION
to THE PURIFICATION, and up to the EPIPHANY.*

Divine crescebas Puer.



N wisdom, stature, Heavenly grace,
Thou growest, Holy Child ! apace ;
So trained to die ; for this Thy life
Inures Thee to Thy mortal strife.

The Son of God, of Glory shorn,
Consents of peasants to be born !
The builder of the Eternal Courts
Now to an humble cot resorts !

The hands which framed the lofty skies
He there to servile toil applies ;
The upholder of the starry spheres
A mean artificer appears !

Jesu ! all Glory unto Thee,
Born of a spotless Virgin, be ;
To Father and to Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.



AT FIRST AND SECOND VESPERS,

☞ *In THE EPIPHANY and throughout the OCTAVE.*

Hofis Herodes impie.



WHY Herod, impious tyrant ! fear
That Christ, thy Maker should
appear ?
He need dethrone no earthly foe
Who can celestial crowns bestow.

Led by the Star's prophetic ray
The Magi hasten on their way ;
To Light by light direct their feet,
Their God with godlike offerings greet.

The limpid depths of Jordan's wave
That Heavenly Lamb with reverence lave ;
Where sins, not His, from us to-day
That cleansing laver washed away.

In wondrous modes His power is shewn ;
His might the blushing waters own,
And change, at His command outpoured,
Their nature, to obey their Lord !

All Glory Lord ! to Thee be given,
Revealed this Day to Earth from Heaven !
Like Glory to The Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally ! Amen.

¶ *At FIRST VESPERS, the EPIPHANY.—(Breviary.)*

Quæ Stella Sole pulchrior ?



WHAT Star is this, whose Orb c
Excels the Sun ? Its beams pr
The new-born King, and m
Unto the birthplace of a God !

As truthful sung the ancient Seers,
In Jacob, Lo ! a Star appears ;
The Eastern nations in amaze
Awed, at the wondrous portent gaze !

In Heaven its boding rays are bright ;
Within, intenser beams of light
The Magi's glowing hearts incline,
To seek the Giver of the Sign.

Their fervour brooks no cold delay,
Nor toil nor danger stop their way ;
They leave, uncared, at God's command,
Their kindred, home, and native land !

Like that sweet Star, O Christ ! allure
Our hearts, our faltering steps assure ;
Disperse the mists which o'er us roll,
And shine on every darkened soul.

To God The Father, Praise we yield,
True Light ! to Gentile realms revealed ;
So to The Son like Honour be,
And Holy Ghost eternally ! Amen.

*At MATINS in the DAY of the EPIPHANY.—
(According to the Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries.)*

Jesus refulsit omnium.



O ! Jesus to the world appears,
The Gentiles with Redemption cheers ;
Let all the faithful, as is meet,
His wondrous acts with honour greet.


Whose birth the Star's bright rays revealed,
Resplendent in th' ethereal field ;
And guide the Magi in the way,
To Him Who in the manger lay.

Prostrate the Infant they adore,
With linen meanly swathed o'er ;
Confess Him Very God, and bring
A mystic tribute to their King.

When thirty circling years were gone,
 Then perfect manhood He put on,
 And sought the Fount of Baptism, free
 From taint of all impurity.
 How blest was John, who feared to lave
 That Saviour in the cleansing wave,
 Whose Blood should be the mighty mean
 To wash the offence of Nature clean !
 The Father's mandate, from the skies,
 His Royal Sonship testifies ;
 The Spirit's power upon His head
 In plenitude of Grace is shed.
 Be Thou, with suppliant hearts we pray,
 O Christ ! our everlasting stay ;
 Whose wonder-working word divine
 Bade waters redden into wine.
 On us in mercy here below,
 Thy help and comfort e'er bestow ;
 Exalt us, raised from Death's domain,
 With Thee above the Stars to reign.
 Due Praise Great Trinity ! to Thee,
 All Honour, Power, and Glory be ;
 Whom all created things adore,
 Now henceforth and for evermore. Amen.

☪ *At MATINS in the EPIPHANY.—(From the Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries.)*

Nuntium vobis fero de Supernis.

“  O Earth from Heaven glad tidings I unfold
 The Angel cries “ Christ Lord of worl
 is born
 In Bethlehem Judah, as the Seers foretold
 ‘ This hallowed Morn ! ’ ”

Him do the joyful Choir of Angels sing,
 The Star declares ; Him Eastern Princes greet,
 And mystic gifts in adoration bring,
 Oblations meet ;

Incense to God, and Myrrh to grace His tomb,
 For tribute to their King, a Golden store ;
 One they revere, three with three offerings come,
 And Three adore.

All Glory to The One yet Triune Lord,
 To God and to His Royal Offspring give ;
 So to The Spirit, which of Both outpoured,
 True hearts receive. Amen.

(*At LAUDS in the DAY of the EPIPHANY and in the
 OCTAVE.*

A Patre Unigenitus.



FROM God, to visit Earth forlorn
 Descends The Son, The Virgin-born !
 He hallows Baptism by His Cross,
 Of life to all His Church the source.

From highest Heaven His path began,
 He took the form of mortal man ;
 Creation by His Death restored,
 And shed the joys of Life abroad.

Saviour ! to Thee in prayer we bend,
 With all Thy pardoning grace descend ;
 And radiant o'er our every sense,
 Thy beams to faithful hearts dispense.

Abide with us, O Lord of Light !
Disperse the glooms of mental night ;
From all defilement cleanse the soul,
With heavenly medicines make us whole.

Thou once we know didst sojourn here,
Thou shalt again, we trust, appear ;
E'en now Thy guardian shield extend,
Thy flock with sceptred arm defend !

All Glory Lord ! to Thee be given
This Day revealed to Earth from Heaven !
Like Glory to The Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS on the DAY of the EPIPHANY.—(P
Breviary.)*

Linquunt testa Magi.



O ! the pilgrim Magi
Leave their Royal Halls,
And, with love devoutest,
Bethlehem's lowly walls
Seek with eager footsteps ;
While firm Faith, which rests
Built on Hope unswerving,
Triumphs in their breasts !
O what joys extatic
Thrilled each heart, from far
When, to guide their footsteps,
Gleamed that Beacon Star,
O'er that home so holy
Pouring down its ray,
In His Mother's bosom
Where The Infant lay !

There no ivory glifens,
 Glows no regal gold,
 Nor doth gorgeous purple
 Those fair limbs enfold ;
 But His Court He keepeth
 In a stable bare,
 His Throne is a manger,
 Rags His purple are.

Costly pomps and pageants
 Earthly kings array ;
 He, a mightier Monarch,
 Hath a nobler fway ;
 Straw though be His pallet,
 Mean His garb may be,
 Yet with power transcendent
 He all hearts can free !

At His crib they worship
 Prostrate on the floor ;
 And a God, there present,
 In that Babe adore ;
 Let us to that Infant
 We, their offspring true,
 Hearts with faith o'erflowing
 Give, our tribute due.

Holiest Love presenting
 As Gold, to our King ;
 To the Man pure bodies,
 Myrrh-like, chafely bring ;
 Unto Him, as Incense,
 Vow and prayer addrefs ;
 So with offerings meeteft,
This our God confefs !

Glory to The Father,
 Fount of Light alone ;
 Who unto the Gentiles
 Made His Glory known ;
 Equal Praise and Merit
 Blessed Son ! to Thee ;
 And to Thee, sweet Spirit !
 Evermore shall be ! Amen.

¶ *At SECOND VESPERS of the EPIPHANY.—(Breviary.)*

Huc vos O Miseri.



O Bethlehem, sinners ! haste
 Your senseless idols leave,
 Which deaf and dumb, debased
 And blinded vows deceive ;
 For see ! before your eyes
 The shining towers arise,
 Where Very God an inmate lies !
 Lo ! Eastern Kings are fain
 To travel first the road ;
 The prophets are made plain ;
 And e'en the dark abode,
 Where wrapt in error's gloom,
 The Gentiles wait their doom,
 His wondrous beams of light illumine.
 Now Jews and Gentiles all,
 Once separated quite
 By that partition wall,
 In amity unite,
 With Him One Body made ;
 And thus to all conveyed,
 God's favour is to each displayed.

How deep Thy counsels are !
 O God ! Thy plans how vast !
 O wondrous love which far
 Its first degree surpassed !
 Judæa ! through thy disgrace,
 The outcast Gentile race
 Win Life and Glory in thy place !

Now from the olive root
 Its native boughs decay ;
 Degenerate, void of fruit,
 Adulterous offspring, they ;
 With wonder we behold
 New shoots supplant the old,
 Strange flowers and foliage unfold !

The noble olive Stem
 Bears us its branches fair ;
 Ne'er, barren like to them
 May we their ruin share ;
 O God ! Whom we adore,
 Thine ancient Branch restore,
 Keep Thou the engrafted evermore !

To Him, Who us doth raise,
 His members so to be,
 We give O Father ! Praise,
 Like Praise O Son ! to Thee
 Our living Head ! and Laud
 To Holy Ghost accord
 Who in those members life restored. Amen.

¶ *At FIRST VESPERS, THE OCTAVE of THE
EPIPHANY (THE BAPTISM of THE LORD).—
(Paris Breviary.)*

Clamantis ecce vox sonans.



HE Herald's cry with thrilling sounds
From Jewry's rocks and waftes rebounds;
Repentant mortals, burthened long
With guilt, unto the Baptist throng.

With sinners who for pardon sigh,
Behold ! The Lamb of God draw nigh ;
That spotless Lamb, Whose Blood alone
Shall for the sins of Earth atone.

Though veiled in flesh with prescience true
The Lamb His Sun of Glory knew ;
And trembleth to Baptise The Lord
Who Baptism should to him afford.

Yet man to God's behests must bend
Though He to them may condescend ;
For thus, as was His sovereign will,
He must all righteousness fulfil.

O John ! to Him obedience yield
Whom God unto thy soul revealed ;
Thou cleansing dost to flesh impart,
He with His Spirit bathes the heart !

All Glory Jesu Christ ! to Thee
Who dost from guilt Creation free ;
So Father ! we Thy Name adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore ! Amen.

[*At COMPLINE, the OCTAVE of the EPIPHANY*
(BAPTISM of THE LORD.)—(Paris Breviary.)

Non ablunt lymphæ Deum.



HE waters cleanse not Thee, O Lord !
 Thou virtue dost to them afford ;
 And by Thy hallowing touch endue
 With power corruption to subdue.

Behold ! the promised Fount is here,
 Which hearts shall from pollution clear ;
 O marvel ! while the flesh is laved,
 The soul is from destruction saved !

For plunged beneath that cleansing tide,
 In robes with royal purple dyed
 The soul is clad, and brightly glows,
 Pure as the untrodden virgin snows.

Filled with The Holy Ghost, on Earth
 The Virgin to a God gave birth !
 Filled with The Holy Ghost are we
 New-born in water, Christ ! to Thee !

All Glory Jesu Christ ! be Thine,
 From guilt The Ransomer Divine ;
 So Father ! we Thy Name adore,
 And Holy Ghost for evermore ! Amen.

[*At LAUDS in the OCTAVE of the EPIPHANY*
(BAPTISM of THE LORD.)—(Paris Breviary.)

Emergit undis et Deo.



MERGING Lo ! from Jordan's flood
 God Man directs his prayer to God ;
 The palace gates of Heaven expand,
 The Holy Ghost appears at hand !

Dovelike descending, richly shed
It rests upon His sacred Head ;
The Father's Voice His Offspring names,
His well-beloved Son proclaims !

So in the Font are souls renewed,
With virtue by His Flesh endued ;
New-born with Him, His fellow heirs,
All Heaven is opened to their prayers ;

They, Dove-like, from all guile are clear,
In converse simple and sincere ;
The Spirit in their hearts abides,
And every thought and action guides.

O Christ ! Who in the hallowed wave
Dost sinners from corruption save ;
Cleansed in Thy Blood, with virtues decked,
Thy flock from every foe protect !

All Glory, Jesu Christ ! to Thee,
Who dost from guilt Creation free ;
So Father ! we Thy Name adore,
And Holy Ghost ! for evermore ! Amen.



AT VESPERS,

¶ SATURDAY before SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

(Paris Breviary.)

Te læta Mundi Conditor.



CREATOR ! Majesty Divine !

One endless blissful rest is Thine ;

Unceasing strains of festal song

To the celestial choirs belong.

But we, imperfect and impure,

Must still Thy discipline endure ;

Nor may this mournful exile cheer,

With Syon's hymns, our country dear !

Thy promise is, our contrite sighs

Shall find compassion in Thine eyes ;

So help us Lord ! those sins to weep

Which Thee alas ! so distant keep.

Then Hope our sorrows shall console,

And Faith the bruised heart make whole ;

Till Thou restore us, ne'er to cease,

Those joyous strains, that perfect peace.

All Glory to The Father be,

Like Glory, Only Son ! to Thee,

And to The Holy Ghost be given,

Now and henceforth by Earth and Heaven ! Amen.

AT MATINS,

☞ *SEPTUAGESIMA.—(From the Anglo-Saxon and other early English Hymnaries.)*

Alleluya piis edite laudibus.



LLELUYAS found ye
In strains of holy laud ;
Sing ! citizens of Heaven
Sweet psalmody to God ;
Alleluyas evermore
Of loving praise outpour !

So may we for ever
With denizens of light,
And all their hymning choirs
In echoing songs unite ;
Alleluyas evermore,
Of loving praise outpour.

You shall the noble City
Of God receive on high,
Which ever joyful wakes
To strains of melody ;
Alleluyas evermore
Of loving praise outpour.

To that blest home return ;
Take ye its joys for aye ;
And to The Lord ascribe
A glory-giving lay ;
Alleluyas evermore
Of loving praise outpour !

Thee Christ ! we celebrate,
 Thy Glory we proclaim ;
 And hail Thee, Lord of might,
 In songs of glad acclaim ;
 Alleluyas evermore
 Of loving praise outpour !

Thou art the Light and Joy
 Of Heaven's star-decked domain ;
 Where victors Thee their Prince
 Extol in ceaseless strain ;
 Alleluyas evermore
 Of loving praise outpour.

There find the wearied rest,
 Rich store of Heavenly food ;
 And drink sweet draughts, refreshed
 From an exhaustless flood ;
 Alleluyas evermore
 Of loving praise outpour.

We in melodious strains,
 The world's Creator sing ;
 And with o'erflowing hearts,
 Our laud and music bring ;
 Alleluyas evermore
 Of loving praise outpour.

Thee Christ ! we celebrate,
 Thy Glory we proclaim ;
 And hail Thee, Lord of Might,
 In songs of glad acclaim ;
 Alleluyas evermore
 Of loving praise outpour ! Amen.

¶ In SEPTUAGESIMA.—(From the ancient English
Hymnaries.)

Alleluya dulce carmen.



LLELUYA ! Song of sweetness !
Voice of everlasting joy !
Alleluya ! Laud and gladness
The celestial choirs employ ;
As oft they sing that hallowed lay,
Dwelling in God's House for aye !

Alleluya ! Joyous Mother,
Salem, of the saints on high !
Alleluya ! one to other
All thy citizens reply ;
We exiles still must vigil keep
Here by Babel's rivers weep.

Alleluya ! yet we dare not
Sing unchecked that festal strain ;
Alleluya ! sins to spare not
Must we from that hymn refrain ;
The time of penitence so near
Bids us mourn in holy fear,

Now Thy Godhead meekly praising,
Blessed Trinity ! we pray,
Give to our eyes enraptured gazing
High in Heaven Thine Easter Day ;
Where, O serene and happy shore !
Alleluyas cease no more ! Amen.

[*At MATINS, SEPTUAGESIMA.—(From the Paris
Breviary.)*

Rebus creatis nil egens.



CHRIST ! in Thine all-blissful state
Thou hast no need of things create ;
Yet in Thy secret counsels weighed
By Thee were Earth's foundations laid.

What was not, Thou didst will to be ;
And Nature's realms came forth to Thee,
In one vast unison to raise
To their Creator hymns of praise.

But while the Earth, in all things good,
Before Thee clothed in beauty stood,
Thou didst, Artificer Divine !
Another nobler world design.

The Saviour doth its fabric frame,
Built on His Grace and mighty Name,
And Word, which evermore to stand,
Fills every nation, every land.

This world shall He when Time is past
Exalt to Heaven ; and made at last
The Confort of His Throne and Board,
Present, His Spouse Elect, to God.

O'er both these worlds Thou dost preside
O Father ! both preserve and guide ;
To both O Son ! Thy Grace supply,
And both O Spirit sanctify ! Amen.

¶ *At VESPERS, SEPTUAGESIMA.—(From the
Breviary.)*

Vos ante Christi tempora.



YE ! ere Christ had sojourned her
His faithful friends and followers
Who with the Saints in Glory sh^e
Forefathers of believers were !

O how may fitly be expressed
The burning faith which ye possessed !
How reckoned all the longing sighs
Of Hope, ye waisted to the skies !

As pilgrims, strangers upon earth,
Ye deemed its pomps of little worth ;
The spirit not the letter fought,
And on the promised bliss ye thought.

On God alone your hearts intent,
Were on the Eternal Mansions bent !
O Christ ! may we with all their love,
Seek our true heritage above !

Praise we The Father and The Son ;
To Thee Who linkest Both in One,
Equal with Both, like praises be
O Spirit ! everlastingly ! Amen.





AT FIRST VESPERS,
THE FEAST of THE FIVE WOUNDS.—
(Paris Breviary.)

Prome vocem mens canoram.



MY soul ! thy lamentation
 Now in saddest tones outpour ;
 All the dying tribulation
 Of The Crucified deplore ;
 Which He for His lost Creation,
 Spotless Victim ! freely bore.

He the murderer's fury braveth,
 Him our guilt to death betrays ;
 With His stripes our flesh He saveth,
 Us from Hell His sorrows raise ;
 He our bruises gently laveth
 And our agonies allays.

His riven Hands with might prevailing
 All our chains in funder force ;
 Of delight and health unfailing,
 Is each bleeding Wound the source ;
 E'en the spikes, His Feet impaling,
Clasp us firmly to His Cross.

See ! the soldier's weapon cleaveth
 That death-stricken hallowed Side ;
 Blood and Water forth It giveth ;
 Rich and ever-streaming tide !
 Water which our guilt relieveth,
 Blood wherein our crowns are dyed !
 From those Springs divinely flowing
 Christ ! life-giving draughts afford,
 Thirst refreshing, health bestowing,
 And hereafter our reward ;
 So with ceaseless rapture glowing
 Ransomed worlds shall hail Thee Lord ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS, FEAST of the FIVE WOUNDS.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Quæ Te pro populi.



CHRIST ! what peerless love
 Thee, innocent and pure
 Drew from Thy Throne above
 For sinners, death to endure !
 Of guilt how vast the weight,
 Thou didst in man's estate
 Priest Victim freely expiate !
 The Nails which fiercely tear
 Thy fair and hallowed Feet,
 From Satan's deadly snare
 Our rescue make complete ;
 Those riven and bleeding Hands,
 Dissolve the ancient bands,
 Wherewith enthralled Creation stands.

Deep in Thy teeming Side
 Is thrust the piercing spear ;
 To bear us, far and wide
 It opes that Bosom dear ;
 Thence Blood and Water flow,
 On human sin and woe,
 Health, freedom, cleansing to bestow !
 O Founts of deathless life !
 Wellsprings of Peace and Rest !
 O Way with blessings rife !
 Into Thine inmost breast !
 O saving rent benign !
 Which cleft that Rock Divine
 Unlocked that heart's most loving shrine.
 O Father ! if our guilt
 Thine angry frowns excite,
 To those His Wounds Thou wilt
 We pray, avert Thy fight ;
 When Thou dost chasten Earth,
 To arrest Thy bolts of wrath,
 May He, our Judge, His Hands put forth !
 O Father ! through His Cross,
 His Wounds, His healing pains,
 To Heaven direct our course
 Where He in Glory reigns ;
 That with Thy Son to Thee,
 And with Thy Spirit, we
 May render thanks eternally ! Amen.





AT FIRST VESPERS,

¶ In the *FIRST SUNDAY* in *LENT*, and
up to the *THIRD SUNDAY*.

Ex more docti mystico.



IN solemn course, as holy law
Prescribes, we keep the F
more ;

The ten days, noted order n
Four times in mystic round c

The Law and Prophets first made known
This rule to Earth in ages gone,
Which Christ, The Framers and The Guide
Of Times and Seasons, sanctified.

Now use we in abstemious mood
Discourse and drink and earthly food ;
Curtail superfluous mirth and sleep,
Strive close and holy watch to keep ;

Far chase all evil thoughts away
Which erring hearts to sin betray ;
No place for Satan, tyrant foe,
To spread his crafty wiles allow.

Speak we in reverent awe to Heaven,
Each cry aloud to be forgiven ;
And, so to appease His vengeful wrath
Our tears before the Judge pour forth.

How oft the sins we should amend
Thy loving mercy, Lord ! offend ;
Pour on us, from Thy Throne above,
The riches of Thy pardoning love.

Behold ! we here before Thee stand,
Frail creatures of Thy forming hand ;
O give not to a stranger's claim,
The honour of Thy glorious Name !

The slavish bands of sin release,
And all the good we ask increase,
So us unto Thyself restore,
To please Thee here and evermore.

Bestow our prayer blest Trinity !
Grant, undivided Unity !
That all the gifts Thy Fast imparts,
May profit our repentant hearts ! Amen.

AT MATINS,

¶ *In the FIRST and SECOND SUNDAYS in LENT, and
DAILY throughout those weeks.*

Summi largitor præmii.



DISPENSER of the gifts of Heaven !
Sole Hope to Thy creation given !
Thy servants' prayers with favour
greet
Devoutly offered at Thy feet !

Our heinous sins the conscience smite,
We have offended in Thy sight ;
O quickly may Thy cleansing grace
All these impurities efface.

If Thou deniest, who can give ?
O mighty King ! our guilt relieve ;
And cause us gracious Lord ! this day
To Thee with spotless hearts to pray.

Receive our tribute, we beseech,
The Fast which Thou hast deigned to teach, .
That we with joy that mystic fare,
Thy Paschal Sacraments, may share.

Bestow those gifts O Trinity !
Supreme and wondrous Deity !
Who dost for evermore abide
One God unchanged and glorified ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS on SUNDAYS and DAILY through the two first weeks of LENT.*

Audi benigne Conditor.



MERCIFUL Creator ! hear !

Regard our mingled tears and prayer,
Heavenward to Thee devoutly sent,
In this our holy Fast of Lent !

Heartsearcher kind ! well known to Thee
Is all our frail infirmity ;

Repentant now we seek Thy face,
Impart Thy blessed pardoning Grace.

Much have we sinned in Thy fight ;
Spare all who own their guilt aright ;
In honour of Thy Name, once more
To health our ailing souls restore.

Grant that the body's outward sense
Be chastened by fit abstinence ;
That so the fasting spirit be,
From every guilty blemish free.

Bestow our prayer, blest Trinity !
Grant, undivided Unity !
That all the gifts thy Fast imparts
May profit our repentant hearts ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS in LENT.—(According to the Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries.)*

Jam Christe Sol Justitiæ.



CHRIST ! Thou Sun of Justice ! come
Pierce with Thy rays our mental gloom
With virtue light our souls once more,
And unto Earth Thy Day restore !

The time acceptable is here ;
 Make our repentant hearts sincere ;
 Convert us with Thy kindly care,
 Whom Thy long-suffering mercies spare.

Grant that for all our deep offence,
 We offer Thee meet penitence ;
 That Thy benign and sovereign grace
 May these our heinous sins efface.

Thy Day draws near, that Day of bliss
 When teeming Nature blooms afresh ;
 May we rejoice therein, O Lord !
 To Thy sweet favour then restored.

Kind Trinity ! Thee evermore
 The Universal worlds adore ;
 And new create, by Thee forgiven,
 We raise this new-made song to Heaven ! Amen

☞ *At LAUDS on WEEKDAYS during LENT.—(P
 Breviary.)*

Solenne nos Jejunii.



THE solemn Fast of Lent is here
 And bids us shed the timely tear ;
 The Priest imploreth, and around
 Sad voices through the temples sound

But ah ! no plaintive sobs and cries
 T' appease an angry God suffice,
 Unless the bruised heart within,
 Be likewise penitent for sin.

No ashes strewn, no visage pale
Nor mourning garments aught avail,
If while the body thus lament,
The heart be not with sorrow rent.

Let tears o'er every cheek stream forth,
To mitigate His fearful wrath ;
Left, all our sad transgressions scanned
On us He lay His vengeful hand.

O Judge ! so merciful, so strict,
O spare Thy people to afflict !
Time for repentance while we live
And a repentant spirit give.

Bestow our prayer, blest Trinity !
Grant, undivided Unity !
That all the gifts Thy Fast imparts,
May profit our repentant hearts ! Amen.

☞ *At TERCE on WEEKDAYS throughout LENT.—*
(According to the Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries.)

Dei fide quâ vivimus.



HE Faith of God which we receive,
The eternal Hope which we believe,
For all His Charity and Grace,
Christ in His Glory let us praise !

Who was at this Third Hour of dread,
A Victim to His Passion led ;
And bearing meek The Cross of Pain,
His wandering sheep restored again.

We therefore humbly make our prayer,
That freed by His redeeming care,
He from this world may us deliver,
Who blots the record out for ever !

Glory to Thee, Great Trinity !
One and Coequal Deity !
Before all worlds began to be,
And now and everlastingly ! Amen.

¶ *At SEXT on WEEKDAYS throughtout LENT.—*
(According to the Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries.)

Quâ Christus Horâ sitiit.



HIS Hour when Christ our Lord athir.
Was lifted on The Crofs accurst,
May He, as we His praise exprefs
Give us the thirst of Righteousness.

And hunger which of Him create
He with Himself shall satiate ;
Whereof enough to have is sin,
And more to crave shall Glory win.

O may The Holy Ghost inspire
With gracious gifts our hymning choir ;
Each carnal appetite to chill,
And lukewarm hearts with fervour fill.

Glory to Thee, Great Trinity !
One and Coequal Deity !
Before all worlds began to be,
And now and everlastingly ! Amen.

(At NONE on WEEKDAYS throughout LENT.—
(According to the Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries.)

Ternis ter Horis numerus.



HE Time of thrice three Hours complete
For acts of Holy faith is meet ;
Now in the Trinity's blest Name,
The gift of pardoning grace we claim.

Now the confession of the Thief
From Christ obtained a kind relief ;
So may our prayers and praises win
For us remission of our sin.

For Death is by The Cross o'erthrown,
And after darkness breaks the morn ;
So may our guilt be hid in night,
Our bosoms glow with heavenly light !

Glory to Thee, Great Trinity !
One and Coequal Deity !
Before all worlds began to be,
And now and everlastingly ! Amen.

AT COMPLINE,

(In LENT up to THE PASSION of THE LORD.

Christe Qui Lux es et Dies.



CHRIST ! Thou art our Light ! our
Day ! [away,
Thy beams chase night's dark shades
Who art Thyself The Very Light
Thou sheddest, ever blest and bright !

Most Holy Lord ! we pray Thy power
 May shield us in the midnight hour
 O give us calm repose in Thee !
 A quiet night from terrors free ;

May deadly slumber ne'er oppress,
 No secret foes our souls distress ;
 Nor Satan's wiles the flesh allure,
 And make us in Thy fight impure.

Grant that our eyes due sleep may take,
 Our hearts to Thee for ever wake ;
 May Thy Right Arm protect and guide
 Thy servants, who in Thee confide.

Look down our Guardian ! O repel
 The Tempter, and his malice quell ;
 Instruct Thy people in all good,
 The purchase of Thy precious Blood.

Remember Lord ! our griefs, we pray,
 Pent in this cumbering corse of clay ;
 Thou ! Who dost e'er our souls defend,
 Be with us our Eternal Friend !

To God The Father Glory be !
 Like Glory Only Son ! to Thee !
 And to The Spirit Paraclete,
 Now and for ever as is meet ! Amen.

☞ *At COMPLINE during LENT.—(Paris Brevi.*

O Splendor Eterni Patris !



BRIGHTNESS of Thy Father !
 Eternal ! Christ The Very Day !
 Thou pure effulgence of The Ligh
 O put our mental shades to flight !

The radiance of The Sun is gone,
The darkness in its turn comes on ;
The day Thou hast with favour blest,
Bestow a night of peaceful rest.

The wearied eye let slumber sleep,
The mind with Thee its vigil keep ;
Thy mighty arm O Lord ! extend,
And us Thy loving flock defend.

The flesh with its encumbering load,
Retards us on our earthly road ;
O set the spirit's pinions free
To wing its Heavenward flight to Thee !

Our Only Hope ! O Christ do Thou
Give ear unto our suppliant vow ;
Be all Thine aid on us bestowed
For whom Thy Blood, a ransom, flowed.

To God The Father Glory be,
Like Glory Only Son ! to Thee ;
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.

*At FIRST VESPERS in the THIRD SUNDAY
in LENT and DAILY up to THE PASSION of THE
LORD.*

Ecce tempus idoneum.



BHOLD ! the accepted time appear ;
The medicine for our sins is here,
By which in heart and work and word,
We have offended Thee our God !

How kind, and merciful, His care,
Who hath till now vouchsafed to spare ;
Nor would, that loft and unforgiven,
We should from Him in guilt be driven.

Before Him now with flowing tear,
With Fast and penitential prayer
We fall, and works of mercy meet
Devoutly offer at His feet.

So may He purge us from all ill,
So with adorning virtues fill,
And with the Angel host unite,
For ever in the realms of light.

All blessing Father ! unto Thee !
Like blessing Only Son ! to Thee,
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *At FIRST VESPERS (according to York use) on
THIRD SUNDAY in LENT and DAILY up to :
PASSION.*

Jam ter quaternis trahitur.



OW thrice four hours have passed aw
And unto eve declines the day ;
The sinking Sun proclaims, that light
Again must yield unto the night.

We therefore with the holy Sign
Would safely guard our bosom's shrine ;
Left that deceiving Serpent dare,
To intrude his hateful presence there.

Firm let the watchful soul be stayed
In Chastity's bright arms arrayed ;
And, Soberness her comrade meet,
The assaults of every foe defeat.

O ne'er may surfeit dull the sense,
Or stir within the flesh offence ;
No sloth the unwary soul beguile ;
Nor aught its purity defile.

Bestow our prayer Blest Trinity !
Grant Undivided Unity !
That all the gifts Thy Fast imparts,
May profit our repentant hearts ! Amen.

¶ *At MATINS in LENT on the THIRD SUNDAY
and DAILY up to THE PASSION.*

Clarum decus Jejunii.



WHAT honour hath the Fast of Lent !
Which Heaven itself to Earth conveyed ;
And Christ, Who framed the firmament,
By His own Fast hath sacred made.

So Moses, dear to God, became
The chosen herald of His law ;
Elias thus, on car of flame
Exalted, God's own presence saw.

So Daniel, lion conqueror, knew
God's mysteries in coming years ;
So John, the Bridegroom's comrade true,
Renowned in holy lore appears.

O help us, God of love ! we pray,
 Their paths of abstinence to choose ;
 With fortitude our souls array,
 And joy through every heart diffuse.

Grant this O Father ! through The Son ;
 Grant this for Thy fair Spirit's sake,
 Who, Threefold Majesty, yet One,
 Of endless Glory dost partake ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS in the THIRD WEEK in LENT*
DAILY up to THE PASSION.

Jesu Quadrigenariæ.



ESU ! Who this our Lenten tide
 Of abstinence hath sanctified ;
 And, helpless souls from death to save
 This Fast, a sacred medicine, gave ;

That holy discipline once more
 Might yet to Paradise restore
 Thy creatures, whom enticing lust
 Had down to endless ruin thrust ;

Be with Thy Church, in saving power,
 In this her penitential hour,
 When, for the sins of bygone days,
 She in remorse and sorrow prays.

O Lord ! to all our past offence
 Thy gracious pardon now dispense ;
 Henceforward, kindest Guardian ! deign
 To keep us from those sins again.

So cleaned in spirit in Thine eyes,
By this our fasting sacrifice,
May we Thy Paschal joys prepare,
With meet and reverent love to share.

May this, O Father ! through The Son
For Thy Good Spirit's sake, be done,
Adored through all Eternity,
In Honour One, in Person Three ! Amen.

¶ *At VESPERS in LENT (according to Worcester use).*

Deus Pater piissime.



GOD ! O Father kind and best !
What we should ask of Thee, suggest ;
And when Thy servants rightly pray
O ne'er Thy loving gifts delay.

A heart in penitence brought low,
And streams of sorrowing tears bestow,
To wash the sinful conscience clear
From all the shame and guilt we fear.

The Grace of Faith in us renew,
And with unfailing strength endue ;
So ne'er our constancy shall fail,
Though very Antichrist assail.

Grant us pure Wisdom to attain,
And fervent Charity to gain ;
O surest Heaven-descended sign !
Of them that please Thy will divine.

Now Thy sweet promise we believe,
How they that ask shall more receive ;
So may Thine own free mercy grant,
All other gifts Thy servants want.

All Glory, Majesty, and Power,
Through countless ages evermore,
To Thee, O Father ! Son ! to Thee,
And Spirit Paraclete ! shall be ! Amen.



AT FIRST VESPERS,

On SUNDAY in THE PASSION of THE LORD.
and DAILY up to THE SUPPER of THE LORD.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.



HE Royal Banner forward goes,
The mystic Cross refulgent glows
Where He in flesh, our flesh W
made
Upon the Tree of pain is laid.

Behold ! the nails, with anguish fierce,
His outstretched hands and vitals pierce !
Here, our redemption to obtain,
The Mighty Sacrifice was slain !

Here the fell spear His wounded Side
With ruthless onset opened wide ;
To wash us in that cleansing flood,
Thence mingled Water flowed and Blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old :
“Unto the nations, Lo !” saith he
“Our God hath reigned from the Tree !”

O Tree ! in radiant beauty bright,
With regal purple meetly dight,
Thou chosen Stem ! divinely graced,
Which hath those holy Limbs embraced !

How blest thine arms beyond compare !
Which Earth’s eternal Ransom bare ;
That Balance where His Body laid,
The spoil of vanquished Hell outweighed !

Hail ! wondrous Altar ! Victim hail !
Thy glorious Passion shall avail,
Where death Life’s very Self endured,
Yet life by that same Death secured !

Thee Mighty Trinity ! One God !
Let every living creature laud ;
Whom by The Cross Thou dost deliver,
O guide and govern now and ever ! Amen.

¶ *At VESPERS, SATURDAY and SUNDAY in
FOURTH WEEK of LENT.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Fando Quis audivit ? Dei.



WHO can hear ? what tongue report
The mighty deeds which God hath wrought
With awe the trembling spirit quails,
Faith halts astounded, utterance fails !

O Jesu ! Lamb without a stain !
Before the world's foundation slain !
Victim ! by ancient rites foreshewn,
Thou longest for our guilt to atone.

But ah ! on earth why art Thou laid ?
Why thus with anxious fear dismayed ?
What meaneth that ensanguined dew
Which doth Thy trembling frame imbrue ?

'Tis human guilt, tremendous weight !
Whose horrors all Thy Spirit sate ;
For suffering in the sinner's stead
Thou dost Thy Father's vengeance dread.

From that sad Cup Thy senses shrink,
Which Thou unto the dregs must drink,
Or else that deadly draught remain,
For us through endless years to drain.

But love shall conquer all Thy fear,
Thou shalt Thy Father's will revere ;
Alone, for us, of Thy free will
Thou yieldest to the powers of Hell !

And now to shame, and scorn, and force,
The Scourge, the thorny Crown, the Crofs,
Atoning blood-stained Victim ! Thou
Dost all Thy sacred Person vow !

To God Who gave His Only Son !
To Him, The Offering, Praise be done ;
Like Praise O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
Enkindling that pure Altar, be ! Amen.

AT COMPLINE,

*SUNDAY in THE PASSION and DAILY up to
THE SUPPER of THE LORD.*

Cultor Dei memento.



HILD of God ! remember thou
Sacred Dew is on thy brow ;
Thee the Font doth new create,
Chrism and Laver renovate.

When sleep calls thee, ere thy head
On thy couch is chastely laid,
Face and bosom duly sign
With the figured Crofs divine.

Crofs, which from pollution shields,
Crofs, whereto the darkness yields ;
Hallowed by whose symbol blest
Calmly shall the spirit rest.

Vexing dreams ! far distant fly !
 Evil visions ! rove not nigh !
 Arch deceiver ! hence ! avaunt !
 Cease with craft our paths to haunt.

Serpent ! who with many a wile,
 And with thousand folds of guile,
 Dost with fraudulent art deceive,
 And each pious bosom grieve ;

Hence ! for Christ Himself is near,
 Haste ! depart ! for Christ is here ;
 Lo ! The Sign which well ye knew
 Scares thee and thy rebel crew.

Now the body spent with toil
 Sinks to wonted rest awhile ;
 But to Christ our thoughts shall keep
 Faithful in the hours of sleep.

Glory to The Father be,
 Christ True King ! the like to Thee !
 And unto The Paraclete,
 Throughout ages infinite ! Amen.

AT MATINS,

¶ On SUNDAY in THE PASSION of THE
 and DAILY up to THE SUPPER of THE LORD

Pange linguâ gloriosi Prælium.



MY tongue ! rehearse the glory
 Of that famed and wondrous w
 O'er the Cross, victorious Troph
 Now Thy lays triumphant pou
 Where, though slain, the Saviour
 Vanquished Hell for evermore.

He, for our first father mourning
 Captive in the toils of Hell,
 Who, the fatal apple tasting,
 Lured, to Death a victim fell,
 Did that Tree in mercy marking,
 All its baneful power dispel.

Thus the work of man's salvation
 Must in order be complete ;
 Thus the craft of the temptation
 Foil the tempter's own deceit ;
 And the foe bring reparation
 His own mischief to defeat.

So, the appointed Time arriving,
 On that consecrated Morn,
 From The Father's bosom issuing,
 Made our Flesh, of Glory shorn,
 From a Virgin's womb proceeding
 Was the world's Creator born !

Wailing, to the narrow manger
 See ! The Heavenly Child conveyed ;
 In mean rags the Holy Stranger
 By that Maiden Mother laid ;
 Who in swathing bands from danger
 Hath His Royal limbs arrayed.

Unto God Supreme be ever
 Glory, Honour, as is meet ;
 With The Son unto The Father,
 And The Sacred Paraclete ;
 Whose are boundless Laud and Power
 Throughout ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *At MATINS on SUNDAYS and WEEKDAYS during
THE PASSION up to THURSDAY, THE SUPPER of
THE LORD.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Opprobriis Jesu satur.



ESU ! by cruel taunts distressed,
Beneath that burthening Wood oppressed
True Isaac ! Victim doomed to die,
Thou climb'st the steep of Calvary !

With riving nails and gestures fierce,
Thy Hands, Thy sacred Feet they pierce ;
Uplifted high, to worlds displayed ;
A wondrous spectacle Thou'rt made !

Eternal Sire ! how far above
All praise was this Thy boundless love !
To death Thy guiltless Son to give,
That we, the guilty, still might live !

No blood but His of peerless worth
Could cleanse the heinous sins of Earth ;
No hecatomb of meaner price,
To avert Thy vengeful wrath suffice.

But now The Cross hath soothed our pains,
Released us from eternal chains,
And in one covenant ne'er to cease,
Linked Earth and Heaven in bonds of peace !

To God Who gave His Only Son,
To Him, The Victim, Praise be done ;
Like Praise O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
Enkindling that pure Altar, be ! Amen.

(At MATINS in THE PASSION.—(From an Ancient English Hymnary.)

Rex Angelorum præpotens.



KING ! by Angel hosts obeyed,
Yet poor for guilty mortals made,
That they of endless wealth possessed,
Might share with Thee Thy Heaven of
[rest;

Grant us to keep in hallowed course,
Memorial of Thy sacred Cross;
And thanks to Thee devoutly pay,
For Thy great mercy of this day.

Thou ! Who didst bitter scorn sustain,
The Gall, the Spitting, Scourge, and Chain,
And Death ; and hast on us bestowed
In endless life a bright abode !

Now radiant in Thy realms above,
Remember us with ceaseless love,
And grant us with the Thief to rise,
And taste the joys of Paradise !

O Gracious Father ! now to Thee
And Son, and Holy Spirit be,
By Hell, and Earth, and starry Heaven,
Fear, Adoration, Homage, given ! Amen.

(At MATINS in THE PASSION.—From an Ancient English Hymnary.)

Rex Christe factor omnium.



CHRIST ! our King ! by Whom were framed
The worlds, and this Thy flock redeemed,
Be to the vows and praise intent,
Which we before Thy Throne present.

Creator of the starry sphere !
Thou didst in garb of Flesh appear ;
And in that lowliest habit deign,
To endure indignity and pain.

Thou'rt bound ! in sunder thus to burst
The fetters of a world accursed ;
To innocence Thy taunts and shame
A guilty Universe reclaim.

Thy grace exhaustless and benign,
Thy bounties lovely and divine,
With peaceful violence, the yoke
Which galled our first forefather, broke.

Saviour ! they nail Thee to the Cross ;
And Earth Thou shakest in her course !
E'en as Thou breathest forth Thy Soul,
O'er nature floods of darkness roll !

Now in Thy Father's Glories bright,
Resplendent Victor ! throned in might !
With Thy blest Spirit's guard and stay,
Uphold us, Mighty King ! we pray. Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS on SUNDAY in THE PASSION and up to
THE SUPPER of THE LORD DAILY.*

Lustra sex Qui jam peracta.



OW are thrice ten years completed,
Finished is His earthly course ;
Freely to His Passion yielded,
Born to save mankind from loss,
See The Lamb, on high uplifted,
Hangs a Victim on the Cross !

His the Vinegar, Gall, Spitting,
 Reed and Scourge, the Nails and Spear !
 From His gracious Wounds descending
 Flow that Blood and Water dear,
 Which Earth, Skies and Ocean laving,
 Shall from all pollution clear !

Faithful Crofs ! of Trees the noblest
 On this Earth that e'er have stood ;
 None like Thee in all the forest
 Bears such leaf and flower and bud ;
 Sweet the Nails, the Burthen sweetest
 Which reclined on Thee, sweet Wood !

Bow thy branches, Tree of Greatness !
 Give thy rigid sinews ease ;
 O relax thy native stiffness !
 Bid thy cruelty to cease ;
 Spread those Royal Limbs with kindness,
 O'er thine outstretched arms in peace !

Thou, right worthily elected
 Earth's Redemption to sustain,
 Hast a shipwrecked world conducted
 Safely into port again ;
 With that sacred Blood anointed
 Of The Lamb for sinners slain !

Unto God Supreme be ever
 Glory, Honour, as is meet ;
 With The Son unto The Father
 And The Sacred Paraclete ;
 Whose are boundless Laud and Power
 Throughout ages infinite ! Amen.

¶ *At MATINS in THE PASSION.—(From an Ancient
English Hymnary.)*

Auctor Salutis Unicus.



HOU Only Saviour ! Mighty Lord !
Whose love a ruined world restored ;
Bless now O Christ ! in yearly course,
To us the Glory of Thy Cross.

Who Spitting, Stripes, the Chain, the Spear,
And cruel buffetings didst bear ;
And will to ascend the Cross of pain
For us Salvation to obtain.

Thus Death by Death was overthrown,
Our Life recovered by Thine own,
And Satan vanquished, crafty foe !
The minister of death and woe.

All-glorious now, at God's Right Hand,
Thou dost a hallowed Victim stand ;
Hear our petitions ! spare our guilt,
For which Thy precious Blood was spilt.

Henceforth may we unflinching run
That holy course by Thee begun ;
And, shield from all offence and loss,
Lift up the Banner of The Cross !

Bestow our prayer, Blest Trinity !
Grant, Undivided Unity !
That all the Gifts Thy Cross imparts,
May profit our repentant hearts. Amen.

*'t LAUDS in SUNDAYS and WEEKDAYS during THE
PASSION.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Dum Cbriste confixus Cruci.



HILE on the Crofs, O Chrif! in death
Thou heaveft Thine expiring breath;
O may we fix our mournful eyes
Intent on that great Sacrifice!

Serpent, with envenomed fang,
thrilled us with a deadly pang;
Soon as Faith a God difcerns
fixed there, our health returns.

The heirs of Heaven are born again,
We doft Thou all Thy martyrs train;
On this pledge of love profound,
Holy Faith fecurely ground.

With a virtue all Thine own,
Monarch feated on Thy Throne,
Outftretched arms and welcome free
Draweft every heart to Thee!

Us now, with eager feet,
Afte unto that Mercy Seat;
Embrace The Crofs; and in the wave
Shine all-cleaving Blood to lave!

Hope of all the human race!
Crofs of Glory and of Grace!
Rooted in our hearts remain,
Shine for evermore to reign! Amen.



ON HOLY THURSDAY.—(*According to the
Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries.*)

Tellus et æthera jubilent.

ET Earth and Skies rejoicing sing,
The Supper of The Mighty King;
When the First Adam's dying soul
Was by the Bread of Life made whol

That Eve, when He Who all things made
A Mighty Mystery displayed;
His own dear Flesh and precious Blood,
Transformed to soul-supporting Food.

From the High Feast behold Him rise,
A wondrous sight to mortal eyes;
The grace of lowliness reveal,
And at the feet of Peter kneel.

His servant pale with wonder turns,
When he The Lord of Hosts discerns
Down from the festal board descend,
To him with cloth and water bend.

O Simon! take the laver blest!
See mystic emblems here expressed;
The Highest doth the lowest bear,
Let ashes then for ashes care!

The Cleanser, to the Feast restored,
Pours forth the honey of His Word;
Yet notes the base and traitorous guest;
The guilt he harbours in his breast.

Fierce Wolf! dost thou, O Judas vile!
This gentle Lamb with kisses beguile?
Those Royal Limbs to scourges give
By which the worlds are cleansed and live?

But now the heart and flesh indeed
From long captivity are freed;
He consecrates the Christm of Life,
With hope for wretched mortals rife.

To Him Who came His flock to save
From death, victorious o'er the grave,
Father and Holy Ghost be given
All Glory both by Earth and Heaven! Amen.





ECCE HOMO!

Exite Filiae Syon.



SYON'S daughters ! haste ! for
The Prince of your Salvation
Like Solomon, in royal show,
Comes forth unto His nation
A shining purple Robe He wear
A Jewelled Crown and Sceptre b

He is The peaceful Solomon,
No laurel bough He swayeth ;
But Jesus, God's Eternal Son,
The olive branch displayeth ;
To rebels, pledge of endless peace,
He proffers pardon and release.

Resplendent is His diadem,
But Ah ! with thorns it teemeth ;
The Red Sea nurtured every gem
Which there so brightly beameth ;
Like lamps they glitter from afar,
For drops of His own Blood they are !

The regal Sceptre in His Hand
 Which law to Earth delivers,
 Is yet no proud imperial wand,
 But e'en a Reed which quivers ;
 For He no rod of iron needs,
 To rule the hearts for which He bleeds.

The Robe which heathens o'er Him threw
 With gorgeous colours tinted,
 Is but a beggar's vest, its hue
 No Tyrian worm imprinted ;
 For He Who said " A Worm am I "
 Stamped with empurpling Blood the dye !

Let us before The King of kings
 Bow down and homage render ;
 With Him despise all mortal things,
 And earthly pomp and splendour ;
 His Members bear His pain and scorn,
 Whose Head endured the twisted thorn! Amen.





FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

☾ *AFTERNOON or EVENING.*

Stabat Mater dolorosa.



O! The Mother standeth fearful
By the Cross, forlorn and tearful,
Where her dying Offspring hung
And the piercing sword, deep driv
Hath, aghast and sorrow-riven
All her soul with anguish wrung

O how sad and fore distressed
 Was that Mother ever-blest
 Of The Sole-begotten One !
 How she grievèd, so bereavèd,
 When she all the pangs perceivèd
 Of Her meek and Royal Son !

Who could e'er refrain from weeping,
 That had seen Christ's Mother keeping
 Vigil, in that hour of woe ?
 Who, upon the grief amazing
 Of that Son and Mother gazing,
 Must not sympathy bestow ?

For His people's sins in anguish
 She beheld her Jesus languish,
 And His limbs the scourges tear :
 Her sweet Son from judgment taken,
 Dying, and of all forsaken,
 Yield to God His Spirit there.

Ah, Mother ! fount of kind affection,
 May I feel thy deep affliction—
 With thee all His woes deplore :
 With the love of Jesus burning,
 Let my bosom share thy yearning
 To bewail Him and adore.

Deeply in my heart indented
 Be the stripes which then tormented
 Him, Thy Holy Crucified ;
 All the wounds Thy Child which covered,
 And the pains for me He suffered,
 Let my heart with thee divide !

May I with thee weep sincerely,
With thee whilst I live, most dearly

For The Crucified condole :
By The Crofs myself to station,
And partake thy lamentation,
Is the longing of my soul.

Virgin ! among Virgins peerless !
Mourn no longer sad and cheerless ;

Be it mine those griefs to share :
By His Death my life to fashion
All the sorrows of His Passion,
And the Scourge with Him to bear.

With His wounds so penetrated—
With The Crofs in spirit fated—

With the love which He has borne
Kindling and enflamed, O yield me,
Virgin ! all thine aid to shield me
In the awful Judgment Morn.

May the guardian Crofs direct me,
And the Death of Christ protect me,
And His nurturing Grace control :
So when flesh in death shall perish,
He with Glory decked shall cherish
In His Paradise my soul. Amen.

ORISON of THE HOLY CROSS.

Salve ! Salve ! Rex Sanctorum.



AIL ! Thou Monarch of Confessors !
King of Saints ! Hope of transgressors !
Crucified as an offender ;
Very Man, yet God of Splendour !
With tottering knees, with Soul oppressed ;

O how poor and bare they made Thee !
 When upon The Crofs they laid Thee ;
 All a jeft, and a derifion,
 Yet of Thine own free permiffion ;
 With members tortured and diftrefled.

Jefu ! Hail ! Who life haft given,
 And in that dread combat ftriven ;
 Whofe dear limbs, by force extended,
 Were upon the Tree fufpended,
 All agonized, in fad unrefl.

On that Crofs, defpifed and bleeding,
 Racked and pierced, for mortals pleading,
 Let me near Thee take my ftation,
 Fill me with Thy confolation,
 O grant my longing heart's requeft !

First, with pure and deep affection,
 May I fly to Thy protection ;
 By no toil or foes affrighted,
 Saved and cleaned, with Thee united,
 Fold me in Thine embraces bleft ! Amen.

¶ *To THE SACRED MEMBERS of CHRIST'S
 BODY.*

Ave Caput Chrifti gratum.



HAIL ! O sweeteft Head of Jefus !
 Wreathed with thorn ; Whofe torture
 frees us ;
 Grant Thou, that no evil doing
 Lure us to eternal ruin,

Hail ! Right Hand, which pierced, in anguish
With that throbbing wound doth languish ;
At that Right Hand place us ever,
Whom Thy Passion doth deliver !

Hail ! Left Palm of Jesus, Hail Thee !
See ! with cruel hands they nail Thee !
From our ravening foes deliver
Us, frail progeny of Eva.

Hail ! dear Side, spear-rent and bleeding ;
Hail ! sweet streams, from thence proceeding !
Through this life O may they speed us !
And to life eternal lead us !

Hail ! Wound, which Thy Right Foot paineth,
But each contrite heart sustaineth ;
Oft as It Thou kindly viewest
Thou our hope of life renewest.

Hail ! Wound, through Thy Left Sole stricken,
Which doth souls in virtue quicken !
Guard us, Thy protection granting
From all foes our steps supplanting.

Hail ! dear Flesh, Which foes are baring
And with ruthless scourges tearing ;
Ne'er from life, by Thee protected,
Be Thy chosen flock rejected !

By the Death which Thou our lover
Jesu ! on the Cross didst suffer,
May we rise to Light eternal,
Where Thou reign'st in joys supernal ! Amen.

¶ *To THE WOUNDED SIDE of CHRIST.*

Ave Vulnus Lateris Nostri Salvatoris.

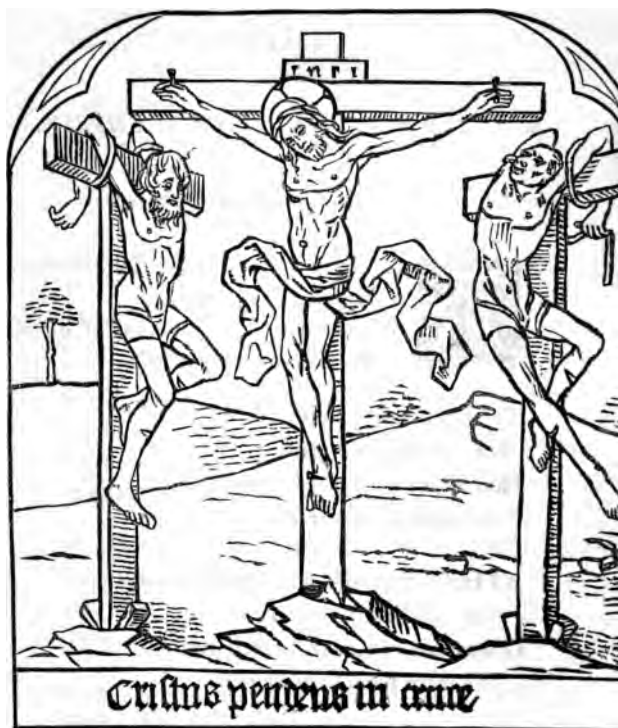


ALL Hail ! to Thee my blessed Saviour's
kind and wounded Side,
Whence flowed of Water and of Blood
the rich and mingled tide ;

To us sad finners be it e'er
the solace of our grief,
Heal all the sores of guilt, and give
our ghostly woes relief.

All Hail ! that large and teeming Wound
that blisful Side within,
O wash the nations from their guilt,
and make them pure therein !

So from the second death of Hell
shall all Thy flock be free,
And in the Vision of our God
our hearts rejoice in Thee !



HOURS OF THE PASSION.

¶ *At MATINS Hymn.*

In Passione Domini.



HY wondrous Passion Life, O Lord !
 Hath to our dying souls restored ;
 And e'er shall sweet relief impart,
 To solace every aching heart.
 Henceforth be in our memory borne
 The Agony, the bitter Scorn,
 The Thorny Crown, the Hour of fear,
 The Nails, the Cross, the piercing Spear ;

Those sacred Stripes replete with woe
To which all gratitude we owe ;
The Vinegar, the Gall, the Reed ;
And death's own bitterness indeed ;

May these our contrite spirits fate,
And with Thy love inebriate ;
All grace and holiness instil
And with the fruits of Glory fill.

We Thee, The Crucified, adore,
And from our inmost hearts implore,
Unto the Sainted Choirs above
Unite us in Thy Heaven of love !

All Laud and Honour be to Christ
Who sold, betrayed, and sacrificed,
Died guiltless on the bitter Cross
To save us from eternal loss ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS HYMN.*

Christum Ducem Qui per Crucem.



CHRIST' our Leader, and Redeemer
By His own Cross from foes and shame,
Brethren pouring strains adoring
Let us now welcome with acclaim.

By the deep woe of Thy death throe,
By all the Blood which Thou hast shed,
By Thine Unction to compunction
O Jesu ! may our hearts be led.
By those blissful scars distressful,
Spittings, scourgings, stripes, and pain ;
Endless pleasure without measure
Christ ! for our ransomed souls obtain !

Sad and tender our hearts render,
 With those Thy gory wounds and tears ;
 Therein laving us and saving
 Thou Ruler of the starry spheres !

To the fashion of Thy Passion
 Saviour our contrite hearts incline !
 Faithful giving ever-living
 Joys Supernal and Divine !

All Laud and Honour be to Christ
 Who sold, betrayed, and sacrificed,
 Died guiltless on the bitter Cross
 To save us from eternal loss ! Amen.

¶ *At PRIME of THE PASSION.*

Tu Qui velatus facie.



HOU ! Who, though veiled Thy glorious F
 Wast yet The Sun of Righteousness,
 Though mocked by bowing knees in scorn
 And with relentless scourges torn ;

We seek Thee in adoring prayer,
 O guard us with Thy favouring care !
 And in Thy loving clemency
 Bring us to Glory and to Thee !

All Laud and Honour be to Christ
 Who sold, betrayed, and sacrificed,
 Died guiltless on the bitter Cross
 To save us from eternal loss. Amen.

¶ *At TERCE of THE PASSION.*

Tu Qui hac Hora Tertia.



THOU Who at this Third Hour of dread
To cruel punishment wast led
O Christ ! whose suffering shoulders bore
The Cross, that we might grieve no more ;

A heart e'en so to love Thee give,
That we a holy life may live ;
And win eternal rest above
In Heavenly homes of joy and love.

All Laud and Honour be to Christ
Who sold, betrayed, and sacrificed,
Died guiltless on the bitter Cross
To save us from eternal loss ! Amen.

¶ *At SEXT of THE PASSION.*

Crucem pro nobis subiit.



THE Cross for us The Saviour bore ;
Thereon suspended, thirsting sore ;
Jesus ! Whose sacred Hands and Feet
The Nails relentless penetrate !

Honour and Benison betide
The Son of God ! The Crucified !
Who by His Agony and Pain,
From exile brought us home again.

All Laud and Honour be to Christ
Who sold, betrayed, and sacrificed,
Died guiltless on the bitter Cross,
To save us from eternal loss ! Amen.

¶ *At NONE of THE PASSION.*

Beata Christi Passio.



OW may Christ's blissful Passion ever
Our souls from guilt and woe deliver ;
Through this to us, His flock, be given
Eternal joys prepared in Heaven !

All Glory be to Him our King
Who on the Cross of suffering,
With thrilling cry breathed forth His soul
And made a lost Creation whole !

All Laud and Honour be to Christ
Who sold, betrayed, and sacrificed,
Died guiltless on the bitter Cross
To save us from eternal loss ! Amen.

¶ *At VESPERs of THE PASSION.*

Qui passura Mortis diræ.



THOU didst languish in Death's anguish,
Sin's galling chains in sunder break ;
Peace securing, it enduring
O Jesu ! Crown of Virgins, make.

Ah ! they scourge Thee, and they urge Thee
To drink that bitter cup of gall ;
Us relieving from sins grieving
Thee King Eternal ! Lord of all !

On us weeping here, and keeping
Memorial of Thy dying woe ;
Consolation and Salvation
Jesu ! our Ransomer bestow.

On the bitter Crofs's Altar

Rich streams of blood from Thee flowed down ;
King benigneſt ! Thou Who ſhineſt
His Conſort, on Thy Father's Throne !

Blood of Jeſus ! to releaſe us,
Thou didſt compel The Fiend to fly ;
Henceforth make us glad partakers
Of the ſlain Lamb's Repaſt on high ! Amen.

¶ *At COMPLINE of THE PASSION.*

Qui jacuiſti mortuus.



THOU ſinleſs King ! Who ſtark and dead
Within the rocky tomb waſt laid,
O grant us there with Thee to reſt !
With all Thy living graces bleſt.

In mercy ſuccour us O Lord !
And by Thy ſaving Blood reſtored,
O bring us to that bliſſful ſhore,
Where light and joy laſt evermore !

All Laud and Honour be to Chriſt,
Who ſold, betrayed, and ſacrificed,
Died guiltleſs on the bitter Croſs
To ſave us from eternal loſs ! Amen.

THE HOURS of THE CROSS.

¶ At MATINS.

Patris Sapientia Veritas Divina.



CRUCLED by His enemies,
By His own forsaken,
Christ, The Lord, at Matin Hour
For our sakes was taken ;
Very Wisdom, Very Truth,
Monarch long-expected,
In the garden by the Jews,
Bound, reviled, rejected !

¶ At PRIME.

See them at the Hour of Prime,
Unto Pilate leading,
Him 'gainst Whom with lying tongues,
Witnesses are pleading ;
There with spitting and with shame,
Ill for good they render,
Marring that bright Face which gives
Heaven eternal splendour !

¶ At TERCE.

“ Crucify Him ! ” for His love
Is their bitter payment,
When They lead Him forth at Terce,
Clad in purple raiment ;
Lo ! a crown of woven thorns
On His Head He weareth,
And The Cross to Calvary
On His shoulders beareth.

¶ *At SEXT.*

Him unto the Crofs at Sext
 Daftard hands are nailing,
 Numbered with transgressors vile,
 And defamed with railing ;
 Gall and Vinegar in jeft
 To His thirft they proffer ;
 To The Atoning Lamb of God,
 Such the taunts they offer.

¶ *At NONE.*

'Twas at None His holy life
 The Lord Jefus ended ;
 Cried “ Eloi ! ” and His Soul
 Unto God commended.
 Then His Side a foldier fierce
 With a fpear divideth,
 Nature trembles, and the Sun
 All his fplendour hideth.

¶ *At VESPERS.*

From the Crofs at Vefper-tide
 Foes His Corpfe are haling ;
 He within His Soul Divine
 All His Glory veiling.
 So for us in agony
 Life's Phyfician dieth,
 And on earth His glorious Crown
 Marred and fullied lieth.

¶ *At COMPLINE.*

At the filent Compline-tide,
 Holy hands array Him ;
 And, O hope of life to come !
 In the grave they lay Him.
 Myrrh and Spices have they brought ;
 Scripture is completed ;
 Deep for ever be that Death
 In my memory seated !

COMMENDATION.

Now these Hours Canonical
 Shall my tongue for ever,
 Unto Thee O Christ ! recite
 With devout endeavour ;
 May the love which for my sake
 Bore such tribulation,
 As Thy Passion I partake
 Crown me with Salvation ! Amen.

*HOURS of THE COMPASSION of THE BLESSE
 VIRGIN MARY.*

¶ *At MATINS.*

Matris cor Virgineum trina totum trivit.



KEEP the Virgin Mother's heart
 Was with anguish shaken,
 When she knew her Son that night
 By the Jews was taken ;
 And at dawn that He was led
 Unto judgment hearing,
 Many a scalding tear she shed,
 Sore distressed and fearing.

¶ *At PRIME.*

'Twas at Prime, her Only Child
 That most holy Virgin
 Saw, by Jews abused, reviled,
 And bound down for scourging ;
 With the stripes His Body torn,
 And defiled with spitting ;
 With clasped hands she sinks forlorn,
 For her Child intreating.

¶ *At TERCE.*

Ah ! The Queen of Virgins mourns,
 That Third Hour impending,
 When she saw the Crown of Thorns
 Her Son's forehead rending ;
 How to Calvary the Cross
 He was meekly bearing ;
 Down amid the dust she falls,
 Woe-struck and despairing.

¶ *At SEXT.*

On Him, at this Hour of Sext,
 That sad Mother gazeth,
 As the foe upon the Cross
 High His Person raiseth ;
 Thieves they place on either part
 Gall as drink is given ;
 Sore she walleth, for her heart
 Is with anguish riven.

¶ *At NONE.*

None ! Her tears in torrents roll
 To behold Him dying ;
 And to God yield up His Soul
 On Eloi crying ;
 Then a soldier pierced His Side,
 And that wound discerning
 Lo ! she swoons and sinks to earth
 Soul-stricken, deeply yearning.

¶ *At VESPERS.*

From the Cross, this Vesper Hour,
 Lifeless, they are taking
 That dear Son, for Whom her heart
 Is with anguish breaking ;
 At Heaven's pledge, upon His bier,
 See ! she fondly gazeth ;
 And with many a bitter tear
 That sweet Corpse embraceth.

¶ *At COMPLINE.*

At this Holy Compline Hour
 That sad Mother hurried,
 O'er the tomb her plaints to pour
 Where her Son was buried ;
 Fondly lingering there she waits,
 Nor the grave forsaketh,
 Till unto her arms once more
 Her risen Son she taketh.

COMMENDATION.

Mother ! may That Son Divine,
 Whom Thou waist lamenting,
 Promised Bloffom of The Vine !
 Pity us repenting ;
 Death repel, and sin and strife,
 And from Satan guard us,
 And with Crowns of endlefs life
 With All Saints reward us ! Amen.



HOLY SATURDAY.

¶ *At THE PROCESSION after VESPERS.*

Inventor rutili Dux bone luminis.



PRINCE of goodnefs ! Who
 Didft form the sparkling Light,
 And in fucceffion due
 Divideft Times aright ;
 Now finks the Sun, and o'er
 The Earth dark fhadows fpread ;
 O Chrift ! thy brightnefs pour
 On every faithful head.

Though Thou with stars untold
 Haft deck'd Thy fane on high,
 And hung—a lamp of gold—
 The Moon athwart the sky ;
 By Thee Thy flock are taught
 In flint to strike the vein
 With hidden lustre fraught,
 The kindling spark to obtain.

So man should bear in mind
 The hope of light and grace,
 Within His Body shrined,
 In Christ alone hath place ;
 Who willed Himself to make
 Th' unchanging Rock of Day,
 Whence we, frail tapers, take
 Our weak and glimmering ray.

Great Parent ! with thy gift
 Now glow thy Courts divine ;
 In cressets gleaming swift
 The waving splendours shine :
 With emulating light
 They rival absent day,
 And scatter paling night
 With tattered robe away.

So, Father ! tribute meet !
 Thy flock these firstling vows
 With dew of thanks replete,
 Present Thee in Thy house :
 Light, which of Thee has birth—
 Gift, ever rich and new—
 Light, whereby here on Earth
 Thine other gifts we view.

True Sight of every eye !
 Of every sense the Light !
 Thou Mirror inly nigh !
 Without Thou Mirror bright !
 Receive the offering due
 Thy servants bring to Thee,
 Rich with the peaceful hue
 And Chrism of Charity ;
 Through Christ, O Sire supreme !
 Thine Only Son Divine,
 In Whom with cloudless beam
 On Earth Thy glories shine :
 Who, Lord for ever blest,
 Thine own One Infinite,
 From Thy Paternal breast
 Breathes forth The Paraclete.
 By Whom in Dignity
 Praise, Wisdom, Splendour joined,
 With Goodness, Majesty,
 And Holiness combined,
 Thou dost Thy realm uphold
 In Triune Deity,
 Throughout the years untold
 Of Thine Eternity. Amen.





FOR EASTER-TIDE.

¶ *An ANCIENT HYMN.*

O Filii et Filiæ.



CHILDREN of men ! rejoice and sing !
The King of Heaven, the glorious King
O'er Death, to-day, rose triumphing !
Alleluya !

'Twas dawn, and scarce the Sabbath
When to the tomb and rock-hewn door [o'er]
The sad disciples came once more.

Alleluya !

For Magdalene, with loving care,
And Mary and Salome there,
To anoint the Holy Corse prepare.
Alleluya !

An Angel robed in white they see,
Who fate and spake unto the three,
"The Lord He is in Galilee."
Alleluya !

Now tow'rd the grave is Peter gone ;
More quickly ran the Apostle John,
First to the tomb he hasted on ;
Alleluya !

That night the brethren met in fear,
But Christ doth in the midst appear—
"My peace," He said, "be on all here."
Alleluya !

Then they to Didymus explain
How Jesus Christ had risen again,
But doubtful he doth still remain.
Alleluya !

"Behold My Side, O Thomas ! See
My Hands, My Feet I shew to thee,
Nor faithless but believing be."
Alleluya !

When Thomas, Christ, indeed descried,
His Hands, His Feet, His wounded Side,
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluya !

Blest they whose eyes do not perceive,
Yet in Him steadfastly believe ;
Immortal life they shall achieve.

Alleluya !

In this most Holy Feast, adored
With joyful praise in glad accord
Bless we for ever Christ The Lord!

Alleluya !

And now devoutly at His feet
For these His mercies, as is meet,
To God our heartfelt thanks repeat.

Alleluya !

AT FIRST VESPERS,

☪ *SUNDAY THE OCTAVE of EASTER*
every SUNDAY up to THE ASCENSION.

Chorus novæ Jerusalem.



E Choirs of new Jerufalem !
Begin a new and sweeter then
And let the Paschal Feast emp.
Your tongues with melodies of
When Christ, the Dragon F
Rose, Lion Victor, from the Tomb ; [o'erc
Far round His quickening Voice is spread
And unto life awakes the dead !

Hell, vanquished, from her ravenous jaws
Disgorged, her ancient prey restores ;
Her captives, freed, in glad array
Their Jesus follow in the way.

In glorious triumph o'er His foes,
 Auguft in Majefty He goes;
 And far as Heaven and Earth extends
 All in one Commonwealth He blends!

Meekly let us in fuppliant lay,
 His liegemen, to our Monarch pray,
 Within His Palace bright and vaft
 May He array us at the laft.

Through endless ages unto Thee,
 Father Supreme! all Glory be,
 And Honour meet unto The Son
 And Spirit Paraclete be done. Amen.

☞ *SUNDAY the OCTAVE of EASTER at FIRST VESPERS
 and DAILY.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Forti tegente brachio.



HELPED by the Almighty's arm at laft
 Behold the Red Sea's channel paft;
 Where He with matchlefs prowefs broke
 Th' infernal tyrant's hateful yoke.

O therefore joyful thanks this Day
 Let us to Chrift, our champion, pay!
 And round The Lamb's own board unite
 Arrayed in fhining robes of white.

There duly may His fared Flefh,
 And hallowed Blood, our fouls refresh;
 Enkindling there the fire of Love,
 That we may live with Him above.

Henceforth our Passover is Christ ;
Our Lamb, our Victim sacrificed ;
As sprinkled with His Blood we stand,
The Angel stays his vengeful hand.

O worthiest Victim ! born to reign ;
By Whom Death's very self is slain ;
And crushed before Whose potent sway
The gates of Hell disgorge their prey !

Christ, from the grave's departing gloom,
To light hath issued from the tomb ;
Down to the Abyss the Foe hath driven,
And oped the Sanctuaries of Heaven !

Christ Jesu ! may we die with Thee,
And sharers in Thy rising be ;
Earth's vain and fleeting shadows spurn,
And with celestial rapture burn.

Praise we The Father, Praise The Son,
Whose Death for us the Glory won,
With Him above the stars to shine ;
And Holy Ghost ! like Praise be Thine ! Am

At COMPLINE, the OCTAVE of EASTER.
DAILY to THE ASCENSION.

Jesu Salvator seculi.



ESU ! to Earth The Saviour given
Word of The Father ! Lord of He
Light of the light invisible !
True Shepherd of Thine Israel !

Thou mighty Framer of the Spheres !
Divider of the times and years !
Our bodies, worn with toil, once more
With night's soft quietude restore.

So while in these dull frames of clay,
Through life's short season here we stay,
The flesh its due repose may take,
The soul in Christ be e'er awake.

We pray Thee, now Thine aid bestow,
Preserve us from the ghostly foe ;
To him ne'er be the flock betrayed,
For which Thy Blood The Ransom paid.

All Glory, Lord and Saviour ! be
Arising from the grave, to Thee ;
The Father and The Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

¶ *At COMPLINE, the OCTAVE of EASTER and up
to THE ASCENSION.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Jesu Redemptor Seculi.



ESU ! Redeemer ! Thee we praise,
This Third and glorious Day of days
Whose rising Satan's power o'erthrew,
And Death, the fell destroyer, flew.

While night o'er Earth its shade extends,
And sleep on every eye descends,
Do Thou the foe's assaults repel,
And frustrate all the wiles of Hell.

Give sweet repose to soothe our care,
With rest our wasted frames repair,
And while the Body sinks to sleep,
The Soul from deadly stupor keep.

Christ Jesu ! may we die with Thee,
And sharers in Thy rising be ;
Earth's vain and fleeting shadows spurn,
And with celestial rapture burn !

Praise we The Father, Praise The Son,
Whose Death for us the Glory won,
With Him above the stars to shine ;
And Holy Ghost ! like Praise be Thine ! Amen.

AT MATINS,

☛ *SUNDAY the OCTAVE of EASTER and DAILY
up to THE ASCENSION.*

Aurora Lucis rutilat.



LIGHT'S very Morn its beams displays,
High Heaven resounds with echoing
praise,
Worlds joyful acclamation raise,
Hell waileth in distressed amaze !

For He, The King of boundless might,
Hath turned the infernal hosts to flight ;
Beneath Him Satan's empire trode,
And pardon on the lost bestowed.

He, in the rock Who prisoner lay,
Close guarded by an arm'd array,
See ! in triumphal pomp is come
Arising Victor from the tomb !

Now Hell's laments are hushed in peace,
Its sorrows shall for ever cease ;
For Lo ! " The Lord hath risen to-day ! "
Aloud the shining Angels say !

Now joy the Apostolic train
Who mourned their Lord, a Victim slain ;
By impious slaves condemned to die
A cruel death of agony.

O Maker of the world ! we pray
In this our joyful Easter Day,
Do Thou the assaults of Death and Hell,
From us Thine heritage repel.

All Glory Jesu Christ to Thee,
Who rose from death triumphant, be ;
The Father and The Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

[*At MATINS, SUNDAY the OCTAVE of EASTER and
up to THE ASCENSION.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Adeste cœlitum chori.



DESCEND from Heaven, ye Angel choirs !
And strike with joy your sounding lyres !
For free among the imprisoned dead,
Christ from the tomb hath Victor sped !

In vain around, a useless band,
In arms the baffled warders stand ;
In vain His unbelieving foes
With seal and stone the portal close.



O cease from that your needful care !
None hence that holy Corse shall bear !
Of His free will His life He gave
And freely shall He quit the grave !

With seal unbroken, sure He may
From that dark chamber speed His way,
Who issued in immortal bloom
Pure from a spotless Virgin's womb !

The Pagan cohorts mocked to see
Him hanging on the accursed Tree ;
“ Come down ” they cry in ribald tone,
“ And we Him Son of God will own.”

But Thou, Thy Heavenly Father's will
Dost, e'en to bitter death, fulfil ;
And, Priest and Victim, there alone
For all the guilt of Earth atone !

Thou from the Cross shalt not descend ;
But mightier far, The Sinner's Friend,
Though dead, Thyself to life restore ;
Ye nations ! God's own Son adore !

Christ Jesu ! may we die with Thee,
And sharers in Thy rising be ;
Earth's vain and fleeting shadows spurn,
And with celestial ardour burn.

Praise we The Father, Praise the Son
Whose Death for us the Glory won,
With Him above the Stars to shine ;
And Holy Ghost ! like Praise be Thine ! Amen.

*At LAUDS, the OCTAVE of EASTER and DAILY
up to THE ASCENSION.*

Sermone blando Angelus.



IN accents soft, the Angel blest
The holy women thus addressed ;
“ O haste your risen Lord to see,
For He hath gone to Galilee ! ”

Now anxious they with loving speed
To tell the Apostles straight proceed ;
When Lo ! their living Lord they meet,
And kifs with joy His sacred Feet !

When the disciples heard the same,
To Galilee they quickly came ;
They haste, with one accord, to gaze
Upon their Lord's beloved face.

With clear and joyous Paschal ray
The Sun shone fairly on that day,
When His Apostles Christ, once more
With their corporeal vision, saw.

To them His wondrous Wounds He shewed,
As radiant in His Flesh they glowed ;
Then loud with joyous voice they said,
“ The Lord hath risen from the dead ! ”

O King of Mercy ! Christ ! no less
Do Thou our longing hearts possess ;
So to Thy mercy all our days
We'll give the tribute of our praise.

All Glory Gracious Lord ! to Thee,
Who rose from death triumphant, be ;
To Father and to Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS, the OCTAVE of EASTER and up to THE ASCENSION.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Aurora Lucis dum novæ.



HE orient beams of Easter Morn
The glowing firmament adorn ;
Let Earth with joyous plaudits ring
The Lamb's victorious triumphs sing.

He with His Blood, pellucid tide !
This world from sin hath purified ;
The Veil He rends, the Holiest lies
Revealed unto our ravished eyes !

To Earth consigned, the noble Grain
Inert no longer may remain ;
Scarce dead, behold It, blooming fair
A rich and wondrous harvest bear !

No more shall death the flesh destroy
Sown in sure hope of future joy ;
Our God to life the way hath led,
Who rose, the First-fruits of the dead !

So on the Cross with Jesus slain,
With Him revived to life again,
Shall this frail body rise to rest
In His all-glorious image dressed.

Christ Jesu ! may we die with Thee,
And sharers in Thy rising be,
Earth's vain and fleeting shadows spurn,
And with celestial ardour burn.

Praise we The Father ; Praise The Son
Whose Death for us the Glory won,
With Him above the Stars to shine ;
And Holy Ghost like Praise be Thine ! Amen.

¶ *For SUNDAY at MATINS at EASTER-TIDE.*

(According to the Anglo-Saxon Hymnary.)

Rex Eterne Domine.



TERNAL Monarch ! Lord of all !
 Creator ! upon Thee we call ;
 Who, ere Time's being had begun,
 Waft with The Father, Equal Son !

Thy hand, when first the world had birth
 Formed Adam, living man, from earth ;
 And Thine own image, fair and blest,
 Upon his countenance impressed.

When Satan, of mankind the foe,
 Beguiled him into guilt and woe,
 His shape in flesh, with kindly care
 For us Thou didst vouchsafe to wear.

To Thee, The mighty Virgin-born,
 Awe-struck doth every spirit turn ;
 Through Thee devoutly we believe,
 That we shall rise again and live ;

Who hast by Thy baptismal leaven
 To us Thy pardoning mercy given,
 When by the bands of sin enthralled,
 And by accusing conscience galled.

Thou for lost man didst kindly deign
 To undergo the Cross of pain ;
 For him Thy precious Blood was shed,
 The price of our redemption paid.

Thou, when the Temple veil was rent,
And trembling Earth in terror bent—
When rising fairs their slumbers broke,
And from their tombs, O Lord ! awoke ;

The forces of the ancient foe
Didst by Thy Crofs of Death o'erthrow ;
The seal which on each brow impressed,
Shines, ensign of our faith confessed.

May'ft Thou that noisome Fiend repel,
And evermore his malice quell ;
O guard us ! that he injure naught
The Flock which Thine own Blood hath bought.

Thou, downward to the infernal gate,
Once for our sakes didst penetrate ;
Redemption from eternal woe
On death's doomed captives to bestow.

To Thee our morning hymn we raise
In mingled penitence and praise ;
Forgive Thy servants, Lord ! and bless
All who to Thee their sins confess.

Thou art The Witness we believe—
The Judge Whom man cannot deceive ;
Who dost the ways of conscience learn,
And all our secret steps discern.

Thou, too, of every human heart
The One Omniscient Searcher art ;
Benign Physician ! making whole
The hidden wounds which kill the soul.

Thou, at that hour decreed, shalt come—
To worlds assign their final doom ;
And unto every earthly deed
Award a just and changeless meed.

Most Holy ! we Thine aid implore
Our stricken souls to health restore,
Who with The Father, Mighty Son !
And Holy Ghost art ever One ! Amen.

[*At SECOND VESPERS, the OCTAVE of EASTER
and DAILY, except on SATURDAYS, up to THE
ASCENSION.*

Ad cœnam Agni providi.



T this High Feast The Lamb hath made,
In shining robes of white arrayed,
The passage of the Red Sea o'er,
To Christ our Prince we sing once more.

Whose sacred Body was for us,
Broken on the Altar of the Cross ;
And tasting of His roseate Blood
We live for evermore in God ;

Saved on this wondrous Paschal night
From the destroying Angel's might ;
And rescued, a rejoicing prey,
From ruthless Pharaoh's tyrant sway.

For Christ, The Lamb without a stain,
To be our Sacrifice is slain ;
And Very Truth's unleavened Bread
His Flesh, is our Oblation made.

O True, O worthy Sacrifice !
The infernal host defeated flies,
Thy captive people are set free,
Life's blessings all restored by Thee !

For Christ, arising from the tomb,
From Hell's Abyss hath Victor come ;
Abased in chains the tyrant holds,
The gates of Paradise unfolds !

All Glory Gracious Lord ! to Thee,
Who rose from death triumphant, be !
The Father and The Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.





AT LAUDS,

[*THE VIGIL of THE ASCENSION and DAILY*
up to *PENTECOST.*

Tu Christe nostrum Gaudium.



CHRIST ! Thou art our Joy alone,
Exalted on Thy glorious Throne ;
And ruling o'er the worlds below
In blifs beyond what they can know.

We therefore pray Thee, gracious
Forgiveness to our sins afford ; [Lord !
And to Thyself, with quickening grace,
Our minds and our affections raise ;

That when in clouds, the Judge of Doom,
Thy Glory shall this Earth illume,
Thou may'st, remitting guilt and pain,
Restore our long-lost crowns again.

May all our joys unite in Thee
Who then our great reward shalt be ;
In Thee may all our glorying rest,
O King through endless ages blest !

All Glory, Christ ! to Thee be given,
Ascending o'er the Stars of Heaven ;
To Father and to Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

¶ *At VESPERs in the VIGIL of THE ASCENSION,
and at MATINS in THE ASCENSION and so
DAILY up to PENTECOST.*

Eterne Rex ! Altissime !



TERNAL Monarch ! Lord Supreme !
Who us Thy people to redeem,
Didst vanquish Hell, and Death defeat ;
The triumph of Thy Grace complete ;
Thou, mounting to Thy Father's
Hast there, at His Right Hand, sat down ; [Throne,
Jesu ! to Whom all power in Heaven,
By Thee on earth put off, is given !

There all Creation, threefold birth
Of things celestial, things on earth,
And things beneath, Thy Word obey,
And bow beneath Thy Sovereign sway.

E'en gazing Angels as they hear,
Of man's estate exalted, fear ;
Flesh sinneth, Flesh blots out the stain ;
And God, in Flesh, a God doth reign !

Be Thou our only Joy O Lord !
 Who shalt be then our great reward ;
 Henceforth may all our glorying be
 Through endless ages placed in Thee.
 All Glory, Christ ! to Thee be given,
 Ascending o'er the Stars of Heaven ;
 To Father and to Holy Ghost,
 Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

¶ *At COMPLINE in the VIGIL of THE ASCENSION
 and DAILY up to PENTECOST.*

Jesu nostra Redemptio.



ESU ! Redeemer ! Thou Who art
 Desire and Joy of every heart ;
 God, Framers of the Earth and Sky,
 Man, when the end of Time was nigh !

What mighty love, what pitying care
 Constrained Thee all our guilt to bear !
 A death of pain and woe to endure
 From death Thy people to secure !

Hell's prison bars Thy might supreme
 Broke down, Thy captives to redeem ;
 Triumphant Victor ! seated high
 At God's Right Hand in Majesty.

O let that pity move Thee still
 Our sins and sicknesses to heal ;
 Forgive us, and our mental gloom
 With Thy kind countenance illumine !

Be Thou our only Joy, O Lord !
 Who shalt on High be our reward
 Henceforth, may all our glorying be
 Through endless ages placed in Thee !
 All Glory, Christ ! to Thee be given
 Ascending o'er the Stars of Heaven ;
 To Father and to Holy Ghost,
 Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

¶ *At FIRST VESPERS, ASCENSION DAY.—*
(According to the Parisian Breviary.)

Opus peregrini tui.



CHRIST ! Thy love its work hath done !
 Thy Death a boundless empire won !
 The glories which of old were Thine
 Recall Thee to Thy Courts Divine !

Upborne on gleaming clouds on high
 The realms of Earth beneath Thee lie ;
 Set free, Thy captives bound so long
 To attend their Royal Leader throng.

The Hosts of Heaven admiring stand,
 The everlasting gates expand,
 God Man ! Thy triumph now to end
 Thou dost Thy Father's throne ascend.

There now, our Advocate and Priest,
 The Refuge of Thine own released,
 The Blood Thou didst for them outpour
 To God Thou offerest evermore.

From thence Thou dost adorn and guide
The Church, Thine ever-cherished Bride ;
E'en as a Soul Her Body fill,
Her Life, through every member thrill.

From thence, in many a battle-field,
Thou shalt her sons from peril shield ;
In warfare on to victory bear ;
For Her the conqueror's palm prepare.

O Christ ! Who to Thyself, The Head,
Wouldst have Thy faithful members led,
Conduct us to Thy blest abode,
E'en in the path Thy feet have trode.

Jesu ! exalted high in Heaven,
To Thee be endless Glory given ;
Like Glory to The Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

¶ At MATINS, ASCENSION DAY.—(*Parisian Breviary.*)

Promissa tellus Concipe gaudia.



ARTH ! Thy face adorn
With promised joys and smiles ;
Thee this happy Morn
With Heaven reconciles ;

Thy God His ancient wrath has put away,
Thy Saviour enters the domains of Day !

O Christ ! Who Victor
Hast Death and Hell cast down ;
Won by Thine own Blood,
Put on Thy glorious Crown ;
Proceed and reign, Thy regal sceptre take,
The world unto Thee doth submission make.

Why, O disciples !
 Gaze ye thus up on high ;
 At your God rising
 Far far above the sky ?
 As your Redeemer doth now Heavenward soar,
 Thence shall He, dread Avenger ! come once more.

Christ ! Thou Who fittest
 Throned at Thy Father's side,
 To share Thy triumphs
 Us Thine own children guide ;
 Sore is the conflict ; all Thine aid bestow
 Thou Mighty Captain ! to defeat the foe !

Praise ye The Father,
 Who The Son to Heaven
 Raised, and for a pledge
 Of endless life hath given !
 Like Praises be to The triumphant Son,
 And Holy Ghost, uniting Three in One !

Amen.

¶ *At NOCTURNS, THE ASCENSION of THE LORD.*
(According to the Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries.)

Optatus votis omnium.



LONG-DESIRED ! O Festal Day !
 Which lights the world with hallowed ray ;
 When Christ of Earth, The Hope, The God,
 Returned to Heaven His blest abode !

Our God, ascending up on high,
 Seeks His own Throne of Majesty ;
 The exulting Heavens to His domain
 Welcome The Only Son again.

Victorious in the ghostly war
O'er this world's prince, He evermore
His conquering Flesh, with Glory bright,
Presents before His Father's fight.

High o'er the clouds The Saviour goes,
And Hope on all His flock bestows ;
To Adam closed, before our eyes
Unfolds the gates of Paradise.

O wondrous joy of all the Earth !
Man's Offspring by a Virgin birth
The Scorning, Stripes, and Cross o'erpass,
Mounts to His Father's throne at last.

Meet thanks henceforth let us renew,
To our Salvation's Champion due ;
For He that Flesh, which here He wore,
To Heaven's exalted mansions bore.

So, with the bright celestial Powers,
One common joy is theirs and ours ;
Himself He unto them imparts
Yet ne'er from us on earth departs.

May we in this our mortal state
On Christ in holy converse wait ;
So live this life, that it may prove,
A pathway to the realms above.

Perpetual Laud and Glory be
To Christ The King of Majesty ;
Who wends on high to Heaven His way,
Where Saints in bliss rejoice for aye ! Amen.

¶ *At MATINS in the VIGIL of THE ASCENSION and on the DAY of THE ASCENSION.—(According to the Ancient English Hymnaries.)*

Hymnum canamus gloriæ.



ING we triumphant hymns of praise,
New hymns to Heaven exulting raise;
Christ! by a new and wondrous road,
Ascends unto the Throne of God!

In regal pomp He sweepeth by
The lofty zenith of the sky,
Who late, o'er Death a Victor, died
By mortals scorned and crucified.

Behold! the Apostolic band
Upon the Mount of Olives stand,
And, with His Virgin Mother, see
Their Jesu's glorious Majesty.

Lo! how with glad and wondering fight
They gaze upon His Heavenward flight;
With hearts rejoicing onward bear
The King of Nature through the air!

To Whom the shining Angels cry;
"Why gaze ye on yon starry sky?
"'Tis Jesus, on this holy Morn
"Aloft in pomp triumphal borne;"

"Once more to Earth shall come" they say
"As ye have seen Him on this Day
"This Jesus, Who His bright ascent
"Speeds o'er the glittering firmament.

“ He hastes to mount His Heavenly Throne,
 “ He takes the Kingdom for His own,
 “ And thence again, at Time’s last end,
 “ To judge the nations shall descend.”

O ! in that hour of dread, we pray
 Jesu ! Redeemer ! be our stay ;
 With Thine who meet Thee in the air
 Unite us by Thy kindly care.

May we, that Kingdom to possess,
 With fond devotion onward press,
 Where Thou, at Thy great Father’s side,
 Dost in Thy Royal Court abide.

There to our hearts, with joy elate,
 With Thy sweet Spirit satiate,
 Shew us The Father ; to our eyes
 That only Vision shall suffice ! Amen.

¶ *At FIRST and SECOND VESPERS, the OCTAVE of
 THE ASCENSION.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Felix Dies mortalibus.



DAY with holy gladness fraught !
 When He, Whose Blood our ransom bought,
 God Man ! long closed to mortal sight,
 Unbarred the eternal doors of Light !

Let us, His members onward speed,
 Where He doth, as our Head, precede ;
 Knit in one bond of Union here,
 There in one Glory to appear !

In Spirit, though enthroned on high
He to His own is ever nigh ;
Within His Body still resides,
Its life, through every member glides.

But Ah ! that Day, that Day of dread
O'er sinners shall confusion shed,
When of their crimes, Avenger stern,
He shall from Heaven to Earth return !

Guiltless, by guilty mortals slain,
Behold Him at His bar arraign
His trembling judges, Judge Divine !
And to an endless doom consign.

From death despairing man to save,
Himself to death The Saviour gave ;
What ruin shall the wretch assail,
For whom that Death shall naught avail !

O then let mortals strive intent,
Their Saviour's anger to prevent !
And quench in tears of timely shame
The terrors of th' eternal Flame !

Jesu ! Who Judge of Earth shalt be,
All Glory we ascribe to Thee ;
So God The Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore ! Amen.



¶ *At MATINS, OCTAVE of THE ASCENSION.—*
(Paris Breviary.)

Sensus quis horror perculit.



WHAT terror every bosom shakes !
 The Vault of Heaven in sunder breaks !
 Around their Christ, enthroned in cloud,
 The bright celestial legions crowd ?

Awed by the trumpet's call, to-day
 Must haggard death restore its prey ;
 Before the Judge, Tribunal dread !
 The Angels drive th' awakened dead !

At His Right Hand the just are placed,
 And to the left the wicked chafed ;
 The Shepherd knows His flock ; the sheep
 He severed from the goats shall keep.

Lo ! seated at the Judge's side,
 They who their fleshly lusts denied ;
 And chose bleak poverty to endure,
 With Him Who was for them made poor.

The Crofs, offence to Jewifh eyes,
The Crofs, which heathen folk defpife,
Which finners dread, the righteous love,
Flames in the firmament above !

Whom to the Tree they dared to nail
Him trembling they behold, and wail !
His countenance His own fhall cheer,
But chill the reprobate with fear !

Redeemer ! Chrift ! Thine own elect
From Earth's polluting wiles protect ;
O fever from the unjuft our lot !
And with the loft confound us not !

Jefu ! Who Judge of Worlds fhalt be,
All Glory we afcribe to Thee ;
Whom with The Father we adore,
And Holy Ghofit for evermore ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS, the OCTAVE of THE ASCENSION.—*
(Paris Breviary.)

Nobis Olympto redditus.



GINTHRONED in Heaven, Thy manfions fair,
O Chrift ! for us Thou doft prepare ;
And draw with gentleft cords of love
Thine exiles to their homes above.

There rich in blessings Thou, O Lord !
Shalt be our wondrous rich reward ;
There for this brief and troublous ftate
Eternal joys the elect await !

With open face and ravished heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art ;
In ceaseless rapture on Thee gaze,
And ever all Thy goodness praise !

E'en now, O sure and steadfast Friend !
Thy gracious Spirit hither send
Pledge of Salvation, from Thy Throne,
To adopt and make us all Thine own !

Jesu ! Who Judge of Worlds shalt be,
All Glory we ascribe to Thee ;
Whom with The Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore ! Amen.



ON THE VIGIL OF PENTECOST

¶ *And throughout the OCTAVE.—(According to the Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries.*

Anni peractis mensibus.



YEAR'S swift months have passed away,
The joys of Pentecost are here ;
At length returns the wished-for day,
Again believing hearts to cheer.

'Twas then The Spirit of The Lord
Filled with celestial joys the Earth ;
His radiant glories all abroad
From Heaven throughout the world go forth.

For thus the Son of God Most High
 His promise to the Apostles made,
 Ascending o'er the lofty sky,
 To send His Holy Spirit's aid.
 Now He by surest proofs is here,
 Apostles' voices witness bear,
 And various nations far and near,
 In divers tongues His power declare.
 Saved by The Spirit's wondrous grace
 Of Father and of Son bestowed,
 May we pour forth continual praise
 Throughout Eternity to God! Amen.

¶ *At MATINS, SATURDAY the VIGIL of PENTECOST.—(Parisian Breviary.)*

O Christe Qui noster poli.



CHRIST! Who in Heaven Thy palace gate
 Hast entered now in Royal State,
 Our great Forerunner; hear our cries;
 Invite, exalt us to the skies!

With holy zeal our bosoms fire,
 And make us to those joys aspire,
 Which earth-bound souls cannot conceive,
 But quick-eyed Faith alone believe.

Where God, for all their toil and woe,
 Himself shall on His own bestow;
 With rapture every heart pervade,
 In all things All in all is made!

E'en now, from that Thy Throne of power,
 O Christ ! on us Thy people shower
 The Holy Spirit of Thy Grace,
 To lead us to that blissful place !
 At God's Right Hand enthroned in Heaven,
 Jesu ! to Thee be Glory given ;
 Whom with The Father we adore,
 And Holy Ghost for evermore !

¶ *At LAUDS in the VIGIL of PENTECOST.—*
(Parisian Breviary.)

Supreme Rex et Cœlitum.



CELESTIAL Monarch ! strong to quell
 The rebel powers of Death and Hell ;
 Who, marked with Thine own Blood, the way
 Hast oped unto the realms of Day ;

Now seated on Thy Father's Throne,
 From His Right Hand behold Thine own ;
 O cease not to regard and cheer
 Thine orphans left in exile here !

With whom, in pangs of grief and wrong,
 Thou travailedest in birth so long,
 From Thy Parental bosom born,
 When by the foldier's weapon torn.

Now won by that Thy toil and pain
 Thou dost in endless Glory reign ;
 This Hour on every faithful head
 We pray, The Father's promise shed !

Jesu ! to Thee be Glory given,
 Enthroned at God's Right Hand in Heaven,
 Whom with The Father we adore,
 And Holy Ghost for evermore ! Amen.

AT FIRST VESPER,

¶ On the *DAY* of *PENTECOST* and at *MATINS*.

Jam Christus Astra ascenderat.



OW! Christ above the starry skies
Ascended, whence to Earth He came,
His Father's promised gift supplies
The Holy Ghost's life-giving flame.

Behold the appointed Morn appear

In solemn Mystery sublime !

Seven times sevenfold this earthly sphere

Revolving, marked the blessed time.

'Twas the Third Hour that sacred Day,

When thunders sound o'er earth abroad ;

And to the Apostles, as they pray,

Announce the Advent of their God.

Then from The Father, Fount of Light !

Shone forth that fair and holy Fire ;

His Word in faithful hearts to write,

And with celestial warmth inspire.

Now glow their hearts with sacred joy,

Now with The Holy Ghost replete,

Their lips new languages employ,

God's wondrous doings to repeat.

Of every earthly nation known,

Of Greek, Barbarian, Latin race,

Doth every tongue admiring own,

The marvels of Redeeming Grace !

And as their breasts this festal tide
 O Spirit ! with Thy gifts o'erflowed,
 So may Thy flock be sanctified,
 And Peace in this our time bestowed.

Praise we The Father with The Son
 And with The Holy Paraclete ;
 O may The Son on us send down
 The Spirit's gifts and graces meet ! Amen.

At FIRST VESPERS, the DAY of PENTECOST.—
(The Parisian Breviary.)

Veni Superne Spiritus.



DESCEND, Celestial Spirit blest !
 Earth opes for Thee her thirsting breast,
 Made meet by Jesu's Blood to embrace
 The streams of Thy refreshing Grace.

From Christ, exalted o'er the sky,
 To us His promised gifts supply ;
 Be present, all our hearts inspire,
 And cleanse with Thy baptismal fire.

Thine orphans pity, here forlorn,
 Who their departed Parent mourn ;
 Soothe Thou our griefs, on human woe
 Who comfort canst alone bestow.

The Mysteries which by love impelled,
 In wisdom, He on Earth withheld,
 Great Teacher ! to His children grant,
 And in their opening minds implant.

May Truth, of old in types concealed,
To few and chosen Seers' revealed,
Be now through Thee, with blessings fraught,
To all the listening nations taught.

Thine Unction all Divine infill
To teach us ; and Thy holy will,
Which erst dead letters hid from light,
Deep in our quickened hearts indite.

Praise we The Father, Praise The Son ;
So to The Holy Ghost, in One
Uniting Three, like Honour be
Now and throughout Eternity ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS, DAY of PENTECOST.*

Audimur Almo Spiritus.



OUR prayers are heard ; The Spirit blest
Descendeth from the Father's breast ;
And, Salve for human ills and woes,
On Earth Heaven's promised blifs bestow:

What marvels herald forth abroad
The Advent of our present God !
A mighty wind, with rushing sound,
Careering fills the Courts around ;

Lo ! falling from the cloudless air
A glowing shower, with fiery glare,
On each disciple's faithful head
Like unto cloven tongues is shed !

The wondrous flames, with lambent ray,
On every brow innoxious play ;
Within by secret channels glide,
In every heart and breast abide.

Awe-struck, th' assembled Gentiles stand ;
They hear the tongues of every land ;
New oracles new priests inspire,
Each fervent word is holy fire.

E'en as they speak, on every breast
The Spirit's mighty portents rest ;
And Lo ! a throng of Heaven-taught Seers
To teach th' astonished world appears !

Praise we The Father and The Son,
Like Honour Holy Ghost ! be done
To Thee, Whose influence to our hearts
Celestial Light and Warmth imparts. Amen.

¶ *The DAY of PENTECOST.*

SEQUENCE.

Veni Sancte Spiritus.



OME ! O Holy Ghost ! inspire
Hallowed thought and pure desire
With Thy bright celestial Fire !

Come ! Thou Parent of the poor,
Come ! Thy blessed gifts assure,
Come ! Thou heart-enlightener pure !

Comforter ! with us condole,
Kind Host of the pilgrim soul !
Sweetest Refuge in our fears !

Thou, Who art in toil a Rest,
Shade when with the heat oppressed,
Solace in this vale of tears !

O Thou Very blessed Light !
Make our hearts' recesses bright,
Knowledge of Thyself bestow ;

For without Thy rays divine,
Naught can e'er unfulfilled shine,
Naught escape from guilt and woe.

Wash all that is vile away,
With soft dews our drought allay,
Heal the wounds of Satan's fray,

Bend the stubborn to obey,
Warm these icy frames of clay,
Guide the erring lest they stray.

Grant Thou to the pure and just,
Who in Thy protection trust,
Of Thy sevenfold gifts the store ;

O'er them Grace and Virtue pour,
Open wide Salvation's door,
Give us joys for evermore ! Amen,

¶ *At TERCE on the DAY of PENTECOST.*

Veni Creator Spiritus.



REATOR Spirit ! Power Divine !
Come visit all the souls of Thine !
With Heaven-descending grace pervade
The breasts which Thou Thyself hast made.

Thou who art named The Paraclete !
 Rich gift from God's own mercy seat !
 O Fount of Life and Fire of Love !
 Soul-quickenng unction from above !

Thou in Thy sevenfold glories bright !
 Thou Finger of God's Hand of might !
 Who dost o'er lips the timely store
 Of God The Father's promise pour !

Thy Light to every sense impart.
 Diffuse Thy love through every heart,
 The weakness of our mortal flesh
 With Thine unfailing strength refresh.

Drive far away the affailing foe,
 And all Thy holy peace bestow,
 If Thou be our preventing Guide,
 No mischief can our steps betide.

Through Thee may we The Father learn,
 And know the ever blessed Son,
 Sweet Spirit ! and of both receive
 Thee, as we evermore believe.

Praise to The Father as is meet,
 The Son and Holy Paraclete ;
 O may The Son to every heart
 The Holy Spirit's gifts impart ! Amen.

¶ *At SECOND VESPERS, the DAY of PENTECOST.**Beata nobis gaudia.*

LEST season ! which with gladness fraug
 Again the circling year hath brought,
 When bright o'er each disciple's head,
 The Spirit Paraclete was shed.

The lambent flames with flickering ray,
 The shape of tongue-like forms display ;
 That eloquent their speech may be,
 And fervent they in charity.

God in all languages they praise,
 The Gentiles listen in amaze,
 And mock, as if new wine had fired
 The breasts His Spirit had inspired.

'Tis here all mystic figures meet ;
 The Paschal days are now complete ;
 That sacred number which set free
 The debtor, by the law's decree.

O God of love ! before Thee now
 Thy flock in supplication bow ;
 On us from Heaven, in plenteous store,
 The graces of Thy Spirit pour.

And as their breasts, this festal tide,
 By Thy sweet gifts were sanctified ;
 Do Thou our sins, O Lord ! forgive,
 And grant us in Thy peace to live.

Praise to The Father as is meet
 The Son and Holy Paraclete,
 And may The Son to every heart
 The Holy Spirit's Grace impart ! Amen.

¶ *At SECOND VESPERs, the DAY of PENTECOST.—*

(Parifian Breviary.)

Quoniam Magiftri gloria quo falas.



ERALDS of your God !
 Hafte, where every nation
 Calls ye to proclaim
 All His glad falvation,
 Your Mafter's Glory o'er the world to bear ;
 The Firft fruits of the brethren afk your care.

O what rich return
 Straight the good feed maketh !
 In three thoufand hearts
 Root it firmly taketh ;
 And God matures the crop ; each teeming field
 Doth to His praife a wondrous harveft yield.

Lo ! in anguiſh deep
 Multitudes repenting
 Tears of sorrow weep,
 For their fins lamenting ;
 They long in Baptifm's cleaning fountain laved,
 From all their paſt tranfgreffions to be ſaved.

Nor on Judah's ſhore
 Doth this Fire tranſcendent
 Light alone outpour ;
 But where'er reſplendent
 The circling Sun diſplays his quickening beams,
 Each region with their peaceful triumphs teems.

Every idol shrine
 Fast to ruin crumbleth ;
 Christ with power divine
 Human wisdom humbleth ;
 Tyrants abashed give way, and e'en, dismayed,
 The persecutor's furious arm is stayed.

Lo ! the Spirit's grace
 Forms a new Creation ;
 Look from Thy Holy Place,
 God of our Salvation !
 And light within us also from above,
 Thy bright and renovating flame of love.

Father ! Son ! to Thee
 Be Praise from Earth and Heaven,
 To Thee, Holy Ghost !
 Equal Praise be given ;
 Who softenest stony hearts with influence sweet,
 Enkindling in the soul divinest heat. Amen,



AT FIRST VESPERS,

☩ *TRINITY SUNDAY, and at MATINS and VESPERS
to CORPUS CHRISTI DAY.*

Adeste Sancta Trinitas.



BE with us Holy Trinity !
Coequal Light ! One Deity !
Of all the creatures of Thy Hand,
Supreme beginning without end.

Heaven's armies, with devout acclaim,
Adore and Laud Thy glorious Name ;
And Nature's threefold fabric Thee,
Doth bleſs throughout eternity.

With heavenward gaze Thy ſervants now
To Thee in adoration bow ;
O ! with the hymns of ſaints in light,
Do Thou our ſuppliant vows unite.

One Brightneſs we acknowledge Thee,
The Same we worship wondrous Three ;
Alpha and Omega we laud,
And every Spirit hails Thee God !

Praise we The Father, born of none ;
Like Praise unto His Only Son ;
And Praise, O Holy Ghoſt ! to Thee
God Triune, yet One, ever be ! Amen.

☩ *At FIRST VESPERS, TRINITY SUNDAY.—(Parisian
Breviary.)*

Ter Sancte Ter potens Deus.



THRICE bleſt, Thrice mighty Deity !
Infinite Holy Trinity !
O everlaſting Fount of Light !
Thrice pure, in Whom all joys unite ;

True Unity ! Eternal Name !
 One Truth for evermore The Same !
 O Sacred Love ! Who boundless store
 Of bliss dost o'er creation pour.

Around Thee densest clouds are spread,
 Approachless splendour veils Thy Head ;
 Adoring Angels long to gaze,
 Yet fear, on that terrific blaze.

We too, Thy new-born flock proclaim,
 Thy One and ever glorious Name ;
 With constant faith and fond desire
 To those Thy high rewards aspire !

Help Father ! give to do Thy will,
 O Son ! Thy precepts to fulfil ;
 O Spirit ! draw our hearts to embrace
 With eager love Thy gifts of Grace. Amen.

¶ *At MATINS, TRINITY SUNDAY.—(Parisian
 Breviary.)*

Sublime Numen Ter potens term aximum.



ODDHEAD sublimest !
 Thrice great, thrice omnipotent !
 O comprehendless
 Light ! vast and pre-eminent ;
 One only Being !
 God of Three incorporate !
 All Thy creation
 Thee with praises celebrate !

Father! Exhaustless
 Fountain of The Trinity!
 Son! of The Father
 Born, Supreme Divinity!
 Holy Ghost flowing
 From Them Both; All uncreate,
 Are One in substance;
 Naught Them e'er can separate.

Threefold in Person
 In One Unity They meet:
 Son in The Father,
 Father in The Son complete;
 And Both for ever
 In The Holy Ghost abide,
 In Son and Father
 Which doth evermore reside.

None of these Persons
 Is in degree inferior;
 None of them greater,
 Or in power superior;
 Three, like in empire,
 Coequal in Majesty,
 None aught the other
 Excelleth in dignity.

Maker of all things!
 Living Father! Praise to Thee!
 To The Redeemer,
 Son of God, like Honour be;
 And to The Spirit
 Who into our hearts doth pour
 Ardours celestial,
 Glory be for evermore! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS in the DAY of THE HOLY TRINITY.*

O Pater Sancte mitis atque pie.



HOLY Father! Gracious and benign!
O Jesu Christ The Venerable Son!
And Spirit Paraclete! all Praise be Thine!
Eternal One!

O Holy Trinity! firm Unity!

True Deity! Thou Goodness unconfined!
The Light of Angels and the orphan's stay,
Hope of Mankind!

All things serve Thee which Thy Right Hand hath made;
Thee laudeth all Thy whole creation fair;
And we Thy praise devoutly celebrate,
O hear our prayer!

Glory to Thee, Almighty God of Heaven!
Triune yet One, Infinite, and Most High!
To Thee be Hymns, Laud, Honour, Glory, given
Eternally! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS, THE HOLY TRINITY.—(From the Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries.)*

Ave colenda Trinitas.



ALL hail! Adored Trinity!
All hail! Eternal Unity
The Father God! and God The Son,
And God Fair Spirit! Ever One!

Behold to Thee this festal Day
We utter forth a thankful lay,
For all Thy gifts of priceless worth,
The saving health of all the earth.

Thee, Triune ! praise we evermore ;
Thee the Eternal One adore ;
So Thy sweet mercy, ever kind,
May we our sure protection find.

O Trinity ! O Unity !
Be with us as we worship Thee ;
And to the Angels' songs in light
Our prayers and praises now unite ! Amen.

[[*HYMN of THE HOLY TRINITY.*—(From the
Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries.)

O veneranda Trinitas laudanda.



Trinity revered ! O worthy praise !
Ineffably benign ! Of Glory King !
Regard the prayers we make, the
To Thee we sing. [thankful lays

Thee we invoke, devoutly Thee adore,
Thee we exalt, O Trinity most blest !
From all our sins grant us for evermore
Pardon and rest.

O may we learn, with minds devout and pure
Meet praise to give Thee ; so with grateful voice
By day by night, each moment of each hour
In Thee rejoice.

Glory unbounded from all Earth and Heaven,
Unchanging Trinity ! Sublimest Deity !
Throughout all ages with one voice be given
By all to Thee ! Amen.





AT MATINS,
 ¶ *In THE FEAST of CORPUS CHRISTI.*

Pange linguâ Gloriosi Corporis.



PEAK, my tongue ! the mystic gle
 Of that wondrous Body sing ;
 And of that rich Blood the story,
 Which for this world's ransom
 Of noble womb and lineage bred,
 He The King of nations shed !
 Given to save us, and born for us
 Of a Virgin without stain,
 Meek in this world was His converse,
 Sowing pure the Gospel grain ;
 And in a wondrous form disposed,
 He His earthly sojourn closed.
 That last Eve at Supper seated,
 With His brethren twelve reclined,
 He, the Law's commands completed
 In food which the Law assigned,
 For Food to the Apostolic band
Himself gave with His own hand.

The Word in flesh, by word, The Bread
 There to His True Flesh doth turn ;
 The wine The Blood of Christ is made,
 And if Sense cannot discern,
 To assure each heart sincere,
 Faith alone sufficeth here.

May we this wondrous Sacrament
 Venerate in reverent awe ;
 And let the ancient Testament
 Yield unto the new-made law ;
 And Faith enlightening aid dispense
 To the dulness of the sense.

Now to The Father and The Son
 Be Laud and Jubilation,
 Power ascribed, and Honour done,
 Blessing and Salvation ;
 And unto Him Who doth proceed
 From Both, equal Praise concede ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS, FEAST of CORPUS CHRISTI.*

Verbum supernum prodiens Nec Patris.



HE Word Supernal forth proceeds,
 Yet leaveth not His Father's side ;
 Unto His glorious work He speeds
 And cometh in life's eventide !

By that disciple false betrayed
 To impious foes, and to the grave,
 He first, life's sustenance and aid,
 Himself to His disciples gave,

On them in twofold form enshrined,
Bestowing Flesh and Blood indeed,
He of the entire man designed
The twofold substance thus to feed.

Himself at birth our Friend He made,
Our Food at this His festal board ;
Himself in death our ransom paid,
Himself in Glory our Reward.

O healthful, saving Sacrifice !
Which openest wide the gate of Heaven ;
When warring foes against us rise,
May health and strength by Thee be given.

To The Triune and Only Lord
All Glory everlasting be,
May He to us true life accord
In Heaven's blest home eternally ! Amen.

☞ SEQUENCE, THE FEAST of CORPUS CHRISTI.

Lauda Syon Salvatorem.



LAUD O Syon ! thy Salvation
Shepherd ! Prince ! of Israel's nation ;
High thy choral anthems raise ;
All thy might and joy it needeth,
For He all thy praise exceedeth,
Thou canst ne'er express His praise !

A rich theme of glad thanksgiving,
Bread of Life bread everliving
Is to-day before thee set,
From His hands with faith unshaken
By the twelve, we know, partaken
In the Holy Supper met.

Here our new King's table gracing,
 The new Passover's new blessing
 Hath the ancient forms effaced,
 Youth decrepid age excelleth,
 Truth uncertain shades dispelleth,
 Darkness is by light replaced.

What Christ in that Feast completed,
 He ordained to be repeated,
 His Memorial to our eyes
 Taught in This Great Rite He gave us,
 We The Bread of Life to save us
 Hallow, a true Sacrifice !

This the truth each Christian learneth,
 Bread into His Flesh He turneth,
 Wine to His Most Holy Blood ;
 What nor sense nor sight descrieth,
 That a living Faith supplieth,
 In Divine and wondrous mode.

Under diverse species hidden,
 In signs to which we are bidden,
 Noble mysteries reside ;
 Blood made drink, and flesh there broken
 To our meat ; yet in each token
 Christ doth e'er entire abide.

Severed not by him that taketh,
 None divideth Him nor breaketh,
 Whole His blessed Self they take ;
 One, yet thousands are receivers,
 What one, thousands of believers
 Eat, yet Him they cannot waste.

Good and bad the Feast are sharing,
 Yet a doom unlike preparing,
 Life or everlasting woe ;
 Sinners death, the righteous making
 Safe their own ; from that same taking
 Ah ! what different ends shall flow !

Now the Sacrament is broken ;
 Doubt not ; but think, of the token
 Every part, as He hath spoken,
 So much as the whole doth hide ;
 In the Gift there is no scission,
 Of the Sign alone division,
 Nor in stature or condition
 Changeth The Thing signified.

Lo ! the Bread which Angels feedeth,
 Made that Food the Pilgrim needeth :
 Children's Bread, which He concedeth,
 And to dogs must ne'er be given ;
 Which each ancient type conveyeth,
 Isaac's sacrifice displayeth,
 And the Paschal Lamb pourtrayeth,
 Manna rained of old from Heaven !

Good Shepherd ! Bread our souls sustaining !
 Jesu ! pity our complaining,
 And Thine aid Thy nurture deigning
 Grant, that Life's bright land attaining,
 We may all Thy Goodness view !
 Who all things Almighty hearest,
 And with Food us mortals cheereft,
 May we there when Thou appearest,
 Fellow heirs in friendship dearest,
 With Thy Saints the Feast renew ! Amen.

[*At VESPERS, FEAST of CORPUS CHRISTI.*

Sacris Solemnis juncta sint gaudia.



ET this our Solemn Feast
With holy joys be crowned ;
And from each loving breast
The voice of gladness found ;

Let ancient things depart,
And all be new around,
In every act and voice and heart.

Remember we that Eve,
That Supper last and dread,
When Christ, as we believe,
The lamb and leavenless bread
Unto His brethren brought,
And thus the Law obeyed,
Of old time to the Fathers taught.

But when the Law's repast
Was o'er, the Type complete,
To His disciples last
The Lord His Flesh to eat,
The Whole to all, no less
The Whole to each, doth mete,
With His own Hand as we confess.

He gave the weak and frail,
His Body for their Food ;
The sad for their regale,
The Chalice of His Blood ;
And said, " Take ye of This,
My Cup with life imbued,
O drink ye all this draught of bliss."

That Sacrifice fo He
 To institute did will,
 And by a fure decree
 That Office to fulfil,
 To Priests alone confide,
 To whom pertaineth ftill
 To take, and to the reft divide.

Lo ! Angels' Bread is made
 The Bread of mortal man ;
 Shows forth this Heavenly Bread
 The end which types began ;
 O wondrous boon indeed !
 Upon His Lord now can
 A poor and humble fervant feed !

Thee, Deity Triune
 Yet One ! we meekly pray
 O vifit us right foon,
 As we our homage pay ;
 And in Thy footsteps bright,
 Conduct us on our way,
 To where Thou dwell'ft in cloudlefs light ! Ame

Before HOLY COMMUNION.

Eia, dulcis anima.



ASTE my foul ! Thou Sifter sweet
 Who all my being fharest,
 For Thy Spoufe a chamber meet
 Now fee that thou prepareft ;
 For a kind and gentle Gueft
 To vifit thee intendeth ;
 All that Heaven hath fair and beft
 To greet thee condefcendeth.

He whose presence e'er imparts
 A Joy which passeth measure,
 He whose friendship on all hearts
 Bestoweth boundless pleasure,
 Would possess this breast of thine,
 With thee His sojourn making,
 With thee at thy board recline,
 With thee His Supper taking.
 Arise and run to meet thy Lord,
 E'en now His steps are near thee ;
 Thine heart a hallowed shrine afford
 For Him to dwell and cheer thee.
 O hold Him fast in thine embrace !
 Let Him go from thee never,
 Till with the fulness of His Grace
 He bless thee here and ever ! Amen.



*RHYTHM of S. THOMAS AQUINAS before THE
 BLESSED SACRAMENT.*

Adoro Te devote, latens Deitas.



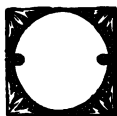
DEVOUTLY I adore Thee, unseen Deity !
 Here beneath these dread Symbols shrined
 in Mystery ;
 Prostrate before Thee all my spirit sinks
 subdued,

Lost in the contemplation of 'Thy plenitude !

In Thee the Sight, the Touch, entirely are deceived,
 Only the Hearing may securely be believed.
 This, I believe whate'er The Son of God declared ;
 Naught verily is truer than God's very Word.
 Upon The Crofs was veiled The Deity alone ;
 But here the Manhood alfo is to fenfe unknown ;
 Yet BORN believing and confeffing, at Thy Feet
 What the repentant thief intreated, I intreat ! [see,
 Now thofe Thy Wounds, like Thomas, though I cannot
 Like him, my Lord and Saviour, I acknowledge Thee !
 O make my Faith in Thee for evermore increafe !
 Give me unfailing Hope and Love that ne'er fhall ceafe ;
 Divine Memorial of my kind and dying Lord,
 Thou Living Bread ! Who doft to man true Life afford,
 Grant that my foul for evermore on Thee may live
 And all the eternal favour of Thy fweetnefs give.
 Lord Jefu ! loving Pelican ! Thy children's Food !
 O cleanfe Thou me, the unclean, in Thine atoning Blood,
 One drop of which a ruined univerfe could fave,
 And pure from all pollution, all creation lave.
 Jefu ! Whom here beneath a veil I dimly view,
 O with one bleffed gift my thirfting foul bedew ;
 For me within the veil do Thou prepare a place,
 There to behold Thee in Thy Glory face to face ! Amen.

¶ HYMN for THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Chriftus ! Lux indeficiens.



HRIST ! Light unfailing ! with Thy Flefh
 Thine earthly children fweetly feed,
 And, draught Divine ! our fouls refrefh
 With Thy dear Blood in all our need !

O Glory of the Courts of Heaven !
 O Joy of every faithful heart !
 The Ransom for Thy people given,
 The Pasture of Thy sheep Thou art !

True Flesh Which verily we take
 The Virgin-born, of priceless worth ;
 True Blood, wherewith our thirst we slake
 Shed for the heinous sins of earth.

True Word ! Whose Body here we eat,
 In this high Mystery sublime ;
 And made in holiness complete
 E'en unto Heaven itself may climb.

How sweet is this Supernal Bread !
 How rich in Heavenly grace and love !
 Man, of a spotless Virgin made !
 King, of the glorious hosts above !

On This, as if on Angels' Food,
 We banquet, O celestial Fare !
 And, pilgrims on earth's weary road,
 In a Divine Provision share !

And Thou, Who that Third Hour wast led
 A Victim on The Cross to die,
 In anguish there Thy Blood to shed
 For us immortal life to buy ;

For that unwearied love of Thine,
 By this atoning Sacrifice,
 O help us to those joys Divine,
 Our hallowed Heavenly home, to rise !

There with Thy holy ones to reign
 In blissful Peace and endless day ;
 And in that bright, serene domain
 The offerings of our love to pay.

O let our hymns transcend the sky
 This festal day unto The Lord ;
 May He His Eucharist on high
 For our Eternal Food afford ! Amen.

❧ *PREPARATORY HYMN for THE HOLY
 MUNION.*

Salve saluberrima.



AIL ! Thou Who from Heaven
 Health to all sickness bearest !
 Hail ! unto the darkened eye
 Thou of all light the fairest !

Hail ! Desire which life transcends
 Of all Thy Saints departed ;
 Hail ! Who to Thy loving friends
 Art e'er The loving-hearted.

Hail ! Thou Bread of Angels blest !
 Most sweet, and ever precious ;
 Hail ! Who with divinest taste
 Dost in Thy paths refresh us.

Thou in very truth art He
 Whom my whole soul desireth ;
 God and Man I worship Thee !
 To Thee my faith aspireth.

When in conscience or in thought
 Guilt or dark error dwelleth,
 Faith, by Thy dear presence brought,
 All gloom and woe dispelleth.

Make me all the fervour feel
 Of that Thy fire divineſt !
 Now Thyſelf unſeen reveal,
 Who e'er in ſecret ſhineſt.

Let the clouds, which dim my ſoul,
 Before Thy genial ſplendour
 Hence away far diſtant roll,
 And leave it pure and tender.

Come, O Chriſt ! King ever bleſt !
 Come Thou our Conſolation !
 In my heart a welcome gueſt
 Fix Thy glad habitation.

May that golden ſhaft of love
 Which once ſo deeply ſmote Thee,
 And from Heaven Thy Throne above
 Into this ſad world brought Thee,

Wound anew Thy tender heart,
 That Thou in Glory reigning,
 May'ſt to me Thyſelf impart,
 From all Thy wrath refraining.

Here Thy bleſſed ſojourn make,
 Fragrance and joy diffuſing ;
 Reſt in my ſad boſom take,
 Therein Thy manſion chooſing.

God of Love and Clemency !
 Now to Thyself unite me ;
 And, transgressor though I be,
 Ne'er in displeasure flight me.

Lord ! of Thee this gift I claim,
 For this one mercy pleading ;
 For Thine ever blessed Name,
 For that Thy love exceeding,

Which erst made Thee deign to be
 Of our frail flesh partaker ;
 With grace and kindness visit me
 Thy servant, O my Maker !

Choose me for Thy dwelling-place
 O God of my Salvation !
 Fold my heart in Thine embrace,
 Sweet Guest, take here Thy station !

Think not how I am with Thee
 A vile and weak transgressor,
 Rather how, made Man, for me
 Thou art an Intercessor !

By that mighty love which moved
 Thee on that Cross ascending ;
 When thereon Thy limbs beloved
 Thou wast meekly bending ;

So with loving kind embrace
 Cast now Thine arms around me,
 And by the bounties of Thy Grace
 Give proof that I have found Thee !

Hither come with joyful speed !
 O haste Thou here to meet me !
 Give Thyself to me indeed
 A finner, I entreat Thee ! Amen

☞ *HYMN after HOLY COMMUNION.*

Saturatus ferculis Et cibis.



ED with dainties from above,
 With holiest viands fated,
 Nourished by this Feast of love,
 With Heavenly joys elated ;

With what fitting gratitude
 Can this cold heart be glowing ;
 To Thee, Who art here my Food,
 On me Thyself bestowing.

Now and every hour of time
 Let all Creation bless Thee ;
 For this Festival sublime
 Shall my whole heart confess Thee,

Who dost thus my spirit cheer,
 My earthly portion sweeten,
 Life revive and darkness clear,
 By Thy dear Body eaten.

This through all my quickening veins
 Its sacred vigour poureth,
 And unto my heart and reins
 Immortal youth restoreth.

O ! on what sweet Bread to-day
 Hath my rapt soul been feeding !
 How with thanks can I repay,
 Such love all thanks exceeding !

Now to embrace Thy sacred Feet
 I turn with deep affection ;
 And with streaming tears to greet
 The Spouse of mine election.

Firm in faith Thy Wounds adored,
 I reckon with devotion ;
 And Thy precious Death, O Lord !
 Partake with deep emotion.

Feet and Knees, Thy Hands, Thy Face,
 Heart, Eyes, Side, Bosom, viewing ;
 There for pardon and for grace
 Bowed down and prostrate suing.

May they to my heart and eyes
 For evermore be present ;
 From my breast responsive sighs
 To Thee draw forth incessant.

For these and thine other gifts
 Whereof I am partaker,
 Tokens of Thy grace, I lift
 My soul to Thee, my Maker !

When in my last earthly day,
 From hence my spirit flitteth ;
 And this failing frame of clay
 For aye departing quitteth ;

With that sacred Flesh of Thine,
And Blood, my soul deliver ;
Wherein Thou, O Boon Divine !
Of Thine own Self art Giver !

May It save from Satan's hate,
My shield and rampart hide me ;
And to the Heavenly City's gate
In peace and safety guide me. Amen.



¶ *In the FEAST of the DEDICATION of
THE CHURCH.*

Urbs beata Jerusalem.



BLESSED City ! Holy Salem !
Vision fair of Peace on high !
Which, of living stones resplendent
Built above yon starry sky,
With angelic hosts attendant,
Crowned, in bridal pomp is nigh !

Haste Thee to Thy nuptial chamber,
O Thou beauteous Spouse Divine !
Decked and gloriously apparelled
There Thy promised Lord to join ;
Lo ! her glittering streets and bulwarks
With pure gold refulgent shine ;

Bright with pearls her portals glisten,
 And her courts lie open wide ;
 Saints find ever there admiffion,
 And in endlefs peace abide,
 On this earth who with affliction,
 For the Name of Chrift were tried.

Sculptured fair, divinely moulded,
 All her ftones, a fhining band,
 Each in its fit place adjusted,
 By The Almighty Workman's hand,
 In that holy Pile compacted,
 Fixed in changelefs order ftand !

Now the great and fure Foundation,
 Chrift, The Corner Stone, is laid ;
 Who both walls of feparation
 Hath, One Whole uniting, made ;
 Holy Syon is His ftation,
 In Him all her truft is ftayed.

All that fair and noble City,
 Loved and favoured of her Lord,
 Rings with ftains of glad rejoicing,
 Echoing His renown abroad ;
 And her God, Triune and Only,
 Greets, in jubilant accord !

In Thy Temple, God Supremeft !
 Now at thefe our prayers appear ;
 Of Thy wonted lovingkindnefs
 Here unto our vows give ear ;
 With the riches of Thy goodnefs
 This our earthly fojourn cheer !

Here with sure and constant favour
 Grant us each devout request ;
 Of Thy gifts, in plenteous measure,
 Make us with Thy saints possessed ;
 Till in Thy Paradise of pleasure
 We attain our final rest !

Blessing, Glory, Might, and Honour
 In the Highest, as is meet,
 Be unto the Son and Father,
 And The Holy Paraclete ;
 Whose is boundless praise and power
 Throughout ages infinite ! Amen.

For the FEAST of the DEDICATION of THE CHURCH.
(From the Anglo-Saxon Hymnaries.)



CHRIST ! Thou Ruler of The Universe !
 Eternal Word ! The Father's Offspring dear !
 Receive our vows, the anthems we rehearse
 With favouring ear.

Behold, O God ! how, thankful in Thy praise,
 Thy suppliants here within Thy Courts rejoice ;
 And at the yearly Feast adoring raise
 Their gladfome voice.

Alight hallowed is this sacred House of Thine !
 Wherein Thy Church Thy Holy Body take ;
 And with Thy Blood their thirst, O draught Divine !
 Devoutly flake !

Here renovating streams the ancient stain
 Of sin wash out, and set the guilty free ;
 And christen a new race of Christian men
 Newborn to Thee.

Here health to sick, to wearied souls relief,
 Light to the blind, to sin is pardon given ;
 Fear fleeth, and despair and pallid grief
 Far hence are driven.

Here Satan's ravening insolence is quelled,
 The treacherous Fiend quails trembling, and dismayed
 Flies from the bodies he possessed, expelled
 To outer shade !

This holy place is named the Royal Fane,
 Of Him The infinite Monarch ; Heaven's own door ;
 Life's Haven, unto all that seek to gain
 That blissful shore ;

Which tempests ne'er can shake, no wandering blasts
 Shall wreck, nor sadden clouds of evil doom ;
 O'er which dark Hell shall ne'er appalling cast
 Its deadly gloom.

O God ! we pray Thee, hearken to our prayer
 With gracious ear, and us Thy servants guide
 Who celebrate with joy and holy care
 This festal tide.

From life's sharp cares be all our path secure,
 Our days be glad, and peaceful nights bestow ;
 When Earth shall perish, O may none endure
 Eternal woe !

So shall this Morn, when hallowed to Thy praise
 This Altar was erected, be the source
 Of lasting joys, and flourish long as days
 Shall hold their course ! Amen.



AT FIRST VESPER,
 ¶ THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Cœlestis formam Gloriæ.



GLORIOUS scene, and passing fair,
 The Church triumphant hopes to share !
 Which Christ above the solar blaze
 Resplendent, on the Mount displays !

O wonder every age shall hear !

When He to three disciples dear,
 With Moses and Elias, thence
 Speaks words of gracious eloquence !

The witnesses of grace at hand,
 Of Law and Prophets wondering stand ;
 The Father's mandate from the cloud
 Proclaims His Only Son aloud.

With glistening face and shining robe
 Christ teacheth this terrestrial globe,
 What honour shall reward the just,
 Who in their God devoutly trust.

Lo ! the mysterious Vision nigh,
Lifts every faithful heart on high ;
And we with voice exulting raise
To Heaven our festal hymns of praise.

O Father ! with Thine Only Son
And Spirit Paraclete in One,
By that Thy blissful presence now
On us those glorious gifts bestow. Amen.

¶ *At MATINS, THE TRANSFIGURATION.*

O Sator rerum.



RAMER of worlds ! Restorer of our days !
Christ, King of kings ! dread Cenfor and
severe !

With favour to our mingling prayer and praise
Incline thine ear.

Now night is o'er, to Thee our thankful vows
We pour, make them accepted in thy fight ;
Refresh us with these strains in this Thine House,
Author of light !

With Moses and Elias, Chiefest Seer,
And face resplendent as the solar ray,
Thou robed in snow-white vesture dost appear
In bright array.

Thou God The Father's Offspring by His word
And Honour of the holy Angels, art !
Thou to the world health, way, life, strength, O Lord !
Wilt e'er impart.

All Glory, Power, Creator ! be to Thee,
Of all things Only Governor and Guide ;
Who reigning on Thy Throne dost endlessly
Triune abide. Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS and SECOND VESPERS, THE TRANS-
FIGURATION.*

O nata Lux de Lumine.



LIGHT Which from The Light hast birth!
Jesu, Redeemer of the Earth!
E'er wont Thy suppliant flock to spare,
Vouchsafe to accept our praise and prayer.

Thou Who for man's salvation's sake,
Thyself hast deigned our flesh to take;
O make us members true and sure
Of that Thy Body blest and pure!

Beyond the Sun Thine aspect bright,
Thy garments as the snowdrift white,
Creator! on the Mountain shewn,
Thou wast to chosen few made known.

The Prophets, wondrous Seer! with Thine,
Thou didst as meet disciples join;
On both with matchless power bestow,
Thee as The Eternal God to know.

The Father from His Heavenly Throne,
Proclaims aloud The Only Son;
And we with faithful hearts no less,
Thee, glorious King of Saints, confess.

O may Thy servants day by day
Thy virtues in their lives display;
So unto joys beyond the skies,
In holy converse heavenward rise!

We speak Thy glorious praise abroad,
Eternal King of Kings, O God!
Who, Threefold Deity, alone
Dost reign through endless ages, One! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS, TRANSFIGURATION.—(Parisian
Breviary.)*

Jesu ! Dulcedo cordium.



ESU ! delight of every heart, [art ;
Life's Fountain, Lamp of souls, Thou
Who dost all other joys exceed,
Contenting every wish and need !

Be with us Lord ! our mental gloom
With all Thy Holy Light illumine ;
Disperse the oppressive shades of ill,
Creation with Thy sweetness fill !

When Thou unto the ravished heart,
Dost Thy celestial Truth impart,
How mean Earth's vanities appear,
But loving Charity, how dear !

O Jesus ! cause us here below
The riches of that Truth to know ;
Then in Thy blissful presence place
To see Thy Glory face to face.

Thy sweetness they alone discern
Who with Thy love celestial burn ;
Blest ! who are kindled with that fire,
And naught beyond that bliss desire !

Light of our promised Paradise !
Jesu ! Thou Sun of Grace ! arise !
Chase all our clouds of grief away
And cheer us with Thy glorious Day ! Amen.



AT FIRST VESPERS,

❁ *FEAST of THE MOST SWEET NAME of JESUS.*

Exultet cor precordiis.



ET every heart exulting beat
With joy at Jesu's Name of blifs ;
With every pure delight replete,
And passing sweet its music is.

Jesus the comfortless consoles,

Jesus each sinful fever quells ;
Jesus the power of Hell controls,
Jesus each deadly foe repels.

Jesus ! how sweetly doth it sound
In prose, in verse, in every measure ;
And makes each quickening bosom bound,
And soothes us with divinest pleasure.

O speak His lofty Name abroad !
Jesus, let every tongue confess,
Let every heart and voice accord,
That health our maladies may bless.

Jesus ! the sinners' Friend, abide
With us, and hearken to our prayer ;
Thy frail and erring wanderers guide,
And all our dread transgressions spare.

Be Thy dear Name our sure defence,
From peril all our path assure ;
Perfection to our walk dispense,
From every stain preserve us pure.

O Christ! all Glory be to Thee,
 Refulgent with this Name Divine ;
 All Honour, Worship, Majesty,
 Jesu ! for evermore be Thine.
 All Glory, Lord, by Earth and Heaven,
 To Thee the mighty Virgin-born,
 Father and Holy Ghost, be given,
 Who reign through endless ages One ! Amen.

¶ *At MATINS, FEAST of THE MOST SWEET NAME
 of JESUS.*

Jesu dulcis Memoria.



JESU ! how sweet Thy memory is !
 To every heart imparting bliss ;
 But O ! than honey sweeter far,
 The raptures of Thy presence are.
 No melody so soft and clear,
 No word so grateful to the ear,
 No thought such pleasure can impart,
 As Jesus, to the ravished heart.
 Jesu ! of penitents the stay,
 How good to them that ask the way !
 To those that seek Thee, O how kind !
 But what ! O what ! to them that find.
 Jesu ! of every heart delight ;
 Life's Fountain, Lamp of mental night !
 Who dost all other joys exceed,
 Supplying every human need ;

No eloquence can e'er express,
 No writing tell its blessedness,
 Experience only can believe,
 What 'tis in Jesu's love to live.

Jesu ! Thou King of wondrous might,
 Thou Prince triumphant in the fight ;
 Sweetness beyond all thought and word,
 Before all else to be preferred,

In us, O gracious Lord ! abide,
 With all thy holy gifts supplied ;
 O bid the glooms of night recede !
 Our Spirits with Thy sweetness feed !

Lord ! Holy Virgin-born ! by Heaven
 And Earth to Thee be Glory given ;
 To Father, and to Holy Ghost,
 Long as Eternity shall last ! Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS, FEAST of THE MOST SWEET NAME
 of JESUS.*

Jesu Auctor clementiæ.



JESU ! Thou Fount of mercy, hail !
 Thou Hope of joys that ne'er can fail !
 O Stream of beauty ! Source of grace !
 Delight of every heart and place !

O Jesu ! Light to Angels dear !
 O dulcet strain to every ear !
 Pure honey to each mouth Thou art,
 And Heavenly Nectar to the heart !

Jesu ! Thy Virgin Mother's bloom,
 Of very sweetness, honeycomb ;
 Of man The Honour and The Head ;
 Thy Light of lights upon us shed !

Jesu! Thou Sun serenely calm,
More fragrant than the scented balm;
Sweeter than sweetness' self can be,
And lovelier than all else we see!

Jesu! Supreme Benignity!
To every heart Hilarity!
Of Goodness The Infinity,
Constrain us with Thy Charity!

O King of virtues! King renowned!
With Glory and with Victory crowned!
Jesu! by Whom all grace is given,
Thou Honour of the Courts of Heaven;

The Choirs above Thy Praise proclaim,
And echo all Thy matchless fame;
Jesus on joyful Earth hath smiled,
And us with God hath reconciled!

Lord! Holy Virgin-born! by Heaven
And Earth to Thee be Glory given;
To Father and to Holy Ghost,
Long as Eternity shall last! Amen.



END OF PART I.

PART II., containing the Hymns for Saints' Days, and Occasional Poetry, will, it is hoped, appear early in the Summer, with the Index.

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TRANSLATED.

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1866.





AT FIRST VESPERS,

¶ *On the DAY of An APOSTLE.—(Paris Breviary).*

Lætare Cælum plaufibus.



ET Heaven with acclamations ring,

The world re-echoing anthems sing :

The Apostles' deeds, their high estate,

To-day with joy we celebrate.

Who, trumpet tongued, o'er earth abroad

Proclaimed The Name of Christ their Lord ;

Whom Prophet Seers, inspired of old,

The future lights of *man* foretold.

Empowered by Christ's eternal laws
To close and ope the heavenly doors,
From sin's corroding chains may ye
Our captive souls for ever free !

Who once on earth with potent art
Could make the pains of flesh depart ;
May Heaven bestow, at your appeal,
The balm our mental wounds to heal !

That when with you The Judge of men,
Shall, throned in clouds, return again,
Our Shepherd Christ at His right hand,
May bid us with His sheep to stand.

To God, for aye, Triune and One,
Be Praise, and ceaseless Honour done ;
Who from the gloom of heathen night,
Hath called us to His glorious light. Amen.

AT MATINS,

¶ *On the DAY of An APOSTLE.—(York Breviary).*

Æterna Christi munera, Apostolorum.



HE eternal gifts of Christ, our King,
The Apostles' glorious deeds to sing,
Let us to-day our voices raise
In meet and joyful hymns of praise.

Princes who gave the churches law,
Triumphant chieftains skilled in war,
And champions of the Court of Heaven,
True lamps for earth's enlightening given,

Their steadfast Faith devout and pure,
Their constant Hope for ever sure,
The Love of Christ which in them reigned
O'er this world's prince the victory gained.

On them The Father's glories rest,
In them The Son His will expressed;
In them delights The Holy Ghost,
With them rejoice the Heavenly host.

Redeemer! we Thine aid beseech
Their blest society to reach;
With them Thy supplicants unite,
In mansions of eternal Light! Amen.

¶ *At MATINS, on the DAY of An APOSTLE.—(Paris
Breviary).*

Supreme quales Arbiter.



IMPERIAL Monarch! Judge Divine!
What wondrous ministers are Thine!
Who unto lowliest vessels doft
The treasures of Thy grace intruft.

From them, with inward radiance bright,
Flame forth the beams of Gospel light ;
As flashed from Gideon's lamps the rays,
Through severed clouds as lightnings blaze.

O'er earth, swift messengers, they fly,
Like storms across the wintry sky ;
Charged with the Word, the Word of God,
Light, thunder, rain, disperse abroad.

Christ they proclaim ; though proud and tall
Hell's towers before that summons fall ;
As down the heathen walls were cast,
At circling Israel's trumpet blast.

With these Thy heavenly clarions, break
O Christ ! our sleep, our souls awake ;
And cause Thy Light with healthful beam
O'er our reviving hearts to stream. Amen !

AT LAUDS,

¶ *On the DAY of An APOSTLE.—(Paris Breviary).*

Cœlestis aulæ Principes.



E Princes of the Courts on high !
And chieftains of Heaven's chivalry !
Twelve lamps to all the world are ye,
And shall at last its judges be.

When men in heathen darkness lay,
O'er them ye poured the Gospel Day ;
To lost ones, who in error strayed,
The beams of saving truth displayed !

Ye, not by sword, nor scourging war,
Nor arts of speech, nor learned lore,
But by the Cross, a lowly Name,
To Christ rebellious hearts reclaim.

E'en now behold ! the fetters burst
Wherewith this captive world was cursed ;
It joys, from Egypt's bondage free,
Beneath God's laws in liberty !

By you to men, with blessing fraught,
Were God's eternal Mysteries taught ;
And e'en to earth's remotest bound,
Are these your noble deeds renowned.

To God, for aye, Triune and One,
Be Praise, and ceaseless Honour done ;
Who from the gloom of heathen night
Hath called us to His glorious light. Amen.



¶ On the DAY of An APOSTLE OR EVANGELIST not A MARTYR, or of a CONFESSOR.
(MS. Ashmolean Library).

O Christe! Splendor Gloriæ.



SUN of Glory ! Christ our King!
To Thee our meed of praise we bring,
Who with Thy miracles of love
Dost crown the fainted Choirs above.

They, when the Church had rest from care,
As blooming lilies, sweet and fair,
Preached to the world their Maker's will,
Once more His Paradise to fill.

Against the infernal foe, to war
A sacred panoply they bore ;
Of Faith the broad and sevenfold shield,
The Spirit's two-edged sword they wield ;

Their mouths proclaim the Name of God,
And in their hearts is Christ's abode ;
Within their minds His love abides,
And Truth and Righteousness resides.

Raised from the dust, a noble band
Shall they in faultless garments stand ;
And like to Angels made, possess
The Joys of Light and Holiness !

Now in the tomb their limbs repose,
Yet still their Saviour's Glory grows ;
They make His wondrous mercies known,
For us they pray before the Throne.

Health o'er our languid souls they shed,
To life divine awake the dead ;
Light on the darkened eyeball pour,
And vigour to the lame restore.

With them Thy flock, O Lord of Grace !
Safe in Thy sheltering arms embrace ;
From every ill our steps defend ;
Grant us the life that hath no end. Amen.





AT FIRST VESPERS,

¶ *On the DAY of a MARTYR.—(Paris Breviary).*

Ex quo Salus mortalium.



SINCE Christ His precious Life Blood
gave
Mankind from endless death to save,
His Saints in turn, for Jesu's sake,
To God their blood an offering make.

The Cross, no more a badge of shame,
To them is e'en a glorious name;
They in a dying God confide,
And die again for Him that died.

So, Spirit taught, Thy Martyr smiled
At death, though menaced and reviled ;
On Thee he leans, O Christ ! and wars
Intrepid in Thy sacred cause.

He views on high the destined prize,
And fearless to the conflict flies,
In death his triumph to complete,
And death by dying to defeat.

O wonder ! in the mortal fray,
He singly keepeth hosts at bay ;
Though fallen and tortured on the field,
Compels his torturers to yield.

May we such deeds of high renown
Achieve, and win the warrior's crown ;
O Christ ! and for Thy Name's sake dare
With Thee and him the Cross to bear !

Eternal Father of The Word !
Eternal Son ! Coequal Lord !
O Holy Ghost ! alike Divine !
All Glory, Only God ! be Thine. Amen.

AT MATINS,

¶ *On the DAY of a MARTYR.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Felix morte tuâ.



HAPPY is thy death
Who hast with torments striven,
And, by a rugged path
To win thy way to Heaven,

Sealed with thy blood the faith which thou
Didst unto Christ, thy Master, vow.

What menaces or pain
Could make thy courage fail?
Unmoved thou dost remain,
With joy each trial hail;
Dying once to thee is naught;
Thou many martyrdoms dost court.

Thee, for the holy laws
Of Christ resolved to die,
He, champion of His cause,
Regarded from on high;
Thou to foes couldst never yield,
For He fought with thee in the field.

Yet, faithless, we delight
In worldly joys and ease;
Our God and Saviour flight,
And seek ourselves to please.
Slumberers rise! your sloth forsake,
Roused by a martyr's blood, awake!

To God be chiefest Praise,
 The Father born of none ;
 With highest Laud our lays
 Extol The Only Son ;
 Holy Ghost ! like Honour we,
 Sweet Bond of Love ! ascribe to Thee. Amen.

AT LAUDS.

¶ On the DAY of a MARTYR.—(*Paris Breviary.*)

Jam non te lacerant.



O more thy limbs are rent
 By murderers malign ;
 Amid Heaven's choirs content,
 Thou dost in peace recline ;
 Raised from Thy drear dungeon cell,
 In God's resplendent courts to dwell.

No galling fetters now
 Thy hands or feet restrain ;
 In joyful freedom thou
 Dost range o'er Christ's domain ;
 Radiant beams each wound adorn,
 Wherewith thy suffering flesh was torn.

Thy famine and distrefs,
 And thirft and pain are o'er ;
 Nor cold nor nakednefs
 Nor shame fhall vex thee more ;
 For with light divinely fair
 Jefus feeds and clothes thee there.

So to Thy Martyrs, Lord,
 Art Thou for ever nigh,
 With Glory to reward
 Their victories when they die ;
 Baffing thus their tyrant foe,
 Exalting thofe he would o'erthrow.

To God be chiefeft Praise,
 The Father born of none ;
 With higheft Laud our lays
 Extol The Only Son ;
 Holy Ghof! like Honour we,
 Sweet Bond of Love ! afcribe to Thee. Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS, on the DAY of a MARTYR.*

Deus tuorum militum.



¶ All Thy warrior Saints, O Lord !
 The portion, crown, and great reward,
 As we Thy Martyr's praises chant,
 Forgiveness to our errors grant.

From earth and its delusive joys,
 Its hurtful blandishments and toys,
 As transient all, he turned away,
 And reached the heavenly realms of Day.

By him the painful course was run,
 The shame endured, the glory won ;
 For Thy dear sake his blood was shed,
 And gifts eternal crown his head.

To Thee we therefore make our prayer,
 Most merciful ! Thy people spare ;
 That we, in this Thy Martyr's Feast,
 May joy from every sin released.

O Christ ! The King of Grace, to Thee,
 With God The Father, Glory be ;
 So to Thee, Spirit Paraclete !
 Now, and through ages infinite. Amen.



AT FIRST AND SECOND VESPERS,

¶ *On a DAY of Many MARTYRS.—(Paris Breviary).*

Christi Martyribus.



ET us their meed of praise
 To Christ's own Martyrs bring;
 Their faintly deeds in lays
 Of fond remembrance sing;
 Whom never from His ways
 Could menaces beguile,
 Nor e'en the world's delusive smile.

Each for his country sighs,
 For Heavenly joys they yearn;
 The wealth of earth despise,
 Its fleeting pleasures spurn;
 Their lives a sacrifice
 With willing hearts they make,
 And lay them down for Jesu's sake.

No cowardice they feel
 At e'en the murderer's fowl;
 They scorn the piercing steel,
 The torturer's weapons foul;
 Sword, scourge, the rack, the wheel,
 All things prepared to endure,
 Through faith of victory secure!

For this in mansions fair,
 With shining robes arrayed,
 They reign with Christ, and bear
 The palms which never fade;
 As conquerors, Lo! they wear,
 With their own blood bedewed,
 The laurel crowns of fortitude!

Praise to The Father yield,
 And Praise O Son! to Thee;
 To The Holy Ghost revealed
 From Both, like Honour be;
 Protected by Whose shield
 Thy Martyrs death disdained,
 And all the foe's assaults sustained. Amen.

AT MATINS,

On a DAY of Many MARTYRS.—(York
Breviary.)

Æterna Christi munera et Martyrum.



HE eternal gifts of Christ our King,
 The Martyrs' victories let us sing;
 And high to-day our voices raise,
 In meet and joyful songs of praise.

They vanquished every worldly fear,
Made light of pain and anguish here ;
And, death's brief struggle o'er, possess
The life of perfect blessedness.

To flames, behold ! the sufferers haled,
By teeth of savage beasts assailed ;
Before them armed, with ruthless hand
And iron fangs, the torturers stand ;

They bare their bosoms to the blade,
On earth their sacred blood is shed ;
Yet firm and dauntless they remain,
The prize of endless life to gain.

Redeemer ! we Thine aid beseech
Their holy fellowship to reach ;
With them Thy supplicants unite,
For ever in the realms of light. Amen.

¶ *At MATINS on a DAY of Many MARTYRS.—*

(Paris Breviary.)

Fortes cadendo Martyres.



HE valiant Martyr hoſt to praiſe
O brethren ! all your anthems raiſe ;
Who bought their crowns with blood, and
reſt
In robes of Heavenly purple dreſt.

Across tempestuous seas forlorn
 With their own blood enfanguined, borne,
 Them Christ, their Pilot, o'er the tides,
 Safe to the blissful harbour guides.

Though tyrants frown and smile in turn,
 They scorn their bribes, their threatenings spurn;
 The God of grace alone they fear,
 His word, His promises revere.

With scourge and steel, the unpitying foe
 In torrents makes their blood to flow;
 But priestlike, they for Jesu's sake,
 To Him that blood an offering make,

Whose limbs upon the Tree outspread
 The mingling Blood and Water shed;
 And e'en for those who made Him bleed,
 With God for ever deigns to plead.

His Martyrs thus, in pains and ill,
 The sufferings of their Lord fulfil;
 To God, like Him to death betrayed,
 A perfect sacrifice are made.

Eternal Father of The Word!
 Eternal Son! Coequal Lord!
 O Holy Ghost of Both! to Thee
 One God! Eternal Glory be. Amen.

AT LAUDS,

¶ On a DAY of MANY MARTYRS.—(*Paris Breviary.*)

Quam Christe signasti viam.



CHRIST ! along the narrow road
Whereon Thy Blood, a waymark, flowed,
Thy warriors, after Thee their Head,
With calm and dauntless valour tread.

With nails Thy Feet, Thy Hands, were riven,
Thou'rt borne above the stars to Heaven ;
And, maimed and pierced, Thy Martyrs strive,
At that same glorious goal to arrive.

In purple raiment laurel crowned,
Their countless hosts Thy throne surround ;
They shew their wounds, therewith on high
As if with thousand mouths they cry.

O now, if to our guilt severe
Thou dost from us avert Thine ear,
Yet at Thy Martyrs' prayers relent,
Who for Thy sake their lifeblood spent.

The oppressor's tyranny is o'er ;
Let Satan vex our hearts no more ;
Nor Sin again Thy fold invade,
More fearful than the tyrant's blade. Amen.

A HYMN

Of THE MARTYRS.

O Beata Beatorum Martyrum certamina.



LESSED Acts of Blessed Martyrs!

Valiant conquerors! Saintly Men!

With devotion's deep emotions,

Keep we this their Feast again.

Nobly noble wonders working

Decked with virtue's flowers were they;

Therefore meetly, singing sweetly

We will honour them for aye.

Faith unbending, Hope ne'er ending,

Hearts which clave to Christ were there;

And unshaken they were taken,

Cruel martyrdom to bear.

Racked with torture, haled to slaughter,

Flames and axe and prison chain,

Though they languish pierced with anguish,

Yet they yielded not to pain.

Till the flesh by foes tormented

Sank at last in death to rest;

Then perfected they elected

Gained rewards among the blest.

So, despising worldly pleasures
And by deeds of valour done
Victory gaining, they are reigning
Knit with Angel hosts in one.

Made co-heirs with Christ, triumphant
In celestial bliss ye share ;
As He listened to your weeping,
Oh ! that He may hear our prayer !
That this weary life completed,
And its fleeting sorrows past,
We may joy for ever feated
In your glorious home at last. Amen.





AT FIRST VESPERS,

¶ On the *DAY* of a *BISHOP* and *CONFESSOR*.

Iste Confessor Domini sacratus.



HIS Thy Confessor Lord! of fame sublime,
Whose Feast throughout the world this
sacred Day

Thy people keep, with joy prevailed to
climb

The Heavenly way.

He pious, prudent, humble, modest, chaste,
Sober and wise was found ; a peaceful man ;
While through His mortal frame, in this world placed,
Life's current ran.

Oft by His ministry were souls diseased,
The maimed and languishing, to health restored ;
And from their guilt and wretchedness released
Gave praise to God.

And now our loving Choir, in honour meet,
Pour forth this thankful hymn with festal lay ;
And with Him of The Eternal God intreat,
To be our stay.

All Hail to Him! all Honour, Virtue, yield,
 Who high in Heaven enthroned in Majesty,
 The Sceptre of the Universe doth wield,
 One, and yet Three! Amen.

AT FIRST VESPER,

¶ *On the DAY of a BISHOP.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Christe Pastorum Caput atque Princeps.



CHRIST! the Prince of pastors and their
 Head;
 On this Thy Bishop's Feast Day to Thy
 Court,

With vow and prayer, by holy ardour led,
 Thy flock resort.

That office He with no vain spirit sought,
 Nor dared to assume it of His own mere will;
 But called of God, at His behest was brought
 That seat to fill.

A valiant warrior, nobly hath He striven,
 With inward unction filled, that charge to keep;
 Which by The Holy Ghost to Him was given
 To feed the sheep.

True Shepherd of the flock, to great and small
 He counsel gave and never failing aid ;
 Servant of all, He bore their griefs, to all
 All things was made.

He prayed for sinners, mourners He consoled,
 Raised up the fallen and relieved their woe ;
 With mighty speech, deep doctrine, from the fold
 Drove far the foe.

He shewed the path to Life, a guide well skilled,
 His precepts He enforced by actions meet ;
 And so the House of Christ with perfume filled
 And odours sweet.

Christ ! Who of Shepherds The Good Shepherd art,
 Who dost with Thine own Blood Thy people feed,
 Vouchsafe in living pastures to have part
 Thy flock to lead. Amen.

AT LAUDS,

☞ *On the DAY of a BISHOP and CONFESSOR.*

Jesu ! Redemptor omnium.



ESU ! Redeemer ! the renown
 Of prelates, and their deathless crown,
 To-day, O Lord ! an ear benign
 To these our orisons incline.

This great Confessor of Thy Name
Therein attained a glorious fame,
Whose sacred Feast in solemn state,
Thy flock devoutly celebrate.

The world's delusive joys He spurned
From all its false allurements turned ;
And now with Angel hosts above,
Enjoys rewards of peace and love.

In mercy Lord ! our souls endue
With strength His footsteps to pursue ;
Dispense Thy pardon at His prayer !
The guilt of our offences spare !

O Christ ! The King of Grace, to Thee
With God The Father Glory be ;
And to The Spirit Paraclete,
Now and through Ages Infinite. Amen.

AT LAUDS,

¶ *On the DAY of a BISHOP and CONFESSOR.*

(Paris Breviary.)

Jesu ! Sacerdotum decus.



JESUS ! Honour of Thy Priests !
Who dost to-day, with joyful feasts,
Thy Bishop's holy memory crown ;
On us, Thy supplicants, look down.

From Thee Thy lambs, the dear reward,
The pledges of Thy Love, O Lord!
Thy Father's gift, he, guide elect,
Received to nourish and protect.

He knows them, and their steps precedes,
And forth to quiet pastures leads;
Sweet food supplies, they hear his voice,
They follow, live, in him rejoice.

If any on the mountains stray,
He seeks the wanderers, night and day;
He finds, and hastes, with joyful care,
Them back unto the fold to bear.

The rage of savage beasts he quells,
The assaults of ravening wolves repels;
Their wiles confounds, with watchful eye,
E'en for his flock prepared to die.

Oft, blameless shepherd, is he bent
To God, an offering to present;
And with his sheep, for their dear sakes,
Himself a sacrifice he makes.

O Prince of Bishops! Christ! To Thee
Eternal Praise and Glory be;
Whom with The Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.





AT FIRST VESPERS,

¶ *On the DAY of a DOCTOR.—(Paris Breviary.)*

O Qui perpetuus.



THOU! Who every hour,
 Our kind instructor art,
 The Father's Word of Power,
 Who knowledge dost impart;
 O Christ! and ever nigh,
 Though far above the sky,
 Dost Teachers in Thy stead supply.

They watch, that guardian band,
 Left e'er adulterous guile,
 With foul debasing brand,
 Our virgin Faith defile;
 That Faith, unstained and pure,
 Shall not a spot endure,
 Beneath their vigilance secure.

They haste the remnants vile
 Of idols to destroy ;
 They free from error's guile
 From sin's polluting joy ;
 To Christ's victorious Name
 The wanderers they reclaim
 Whom heresy had lured to shame.

The Fathers' furrowed brows,
 Their hoary hair revered,
 Our filial love arouse,
 By them our faith is cheered ;
 Of ancient truth they tell,
 All novelties dispel,
 And God's deposit keep they well.

Supremest Glory, Lord !
 Great Verity ! be Thine ;
 The Fathers' books record
 Through Thee Thy Truths Divine.
 By that deep voiceless sound,
 Thou, stirring hearts around,
 Thyself dost in our bosoms ground. Amen.

AT MATINS,

¶ *On the DAY of a DOCTOR.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Jam nunc quæ numeras.



HAT champions stand enrolled,
Thine honour to protect
Religion! High and bold
Thy starlit brow erect.

What vast achievements thine!
How fair the laurels shine
Which round thine head illustrious twine!

When fierce and impious foes
Would vent in blood their wrath,
Thou send'st their rage to oppose
Thy dauntless Martyrs forth;
If heresy prepare,
With thousand wiles its snare,
Thy Teachers faultless Truth declare.

When wickedness abroad
Extends its poisonous stain,
Their keen and trenchant sword
Cuts out the deadly bane;
When spiritual night
Broods o'er the mental fight
They herald back full Gospel Light.

The unstable they exhort
 The doubting waverers guide ;
 Point to the peaceful port
 Beyond the turbid tide ;
 They ever, while we mourn
 O'er life's dark ocean borne,
 As Beacons light our course forlorn.

Whate'er Thy saints declare
 Agreeably to Thy will
 O God ! with gracious care
 Into our hearts instil ;
 With them whom we revere,
 Whose steps we follow here
 May we in holiness appear ! Amen.

AT LAUDS,

¶ On the *DAY* of a *DOCTOR*.—(*Paris Breviary*.)

Vos succensa Deo.



Ye Beacons who on high
 By God enkindled burn !
 Ye salt of earth whereby
 Mankind His sweetness learn !
 Ye souls, who meek and pure
 The sons of earth inure,
 E'en to the next world to endure !

In you doth Faith Divine
 And ever steadfast Truth,
 With virgin beauty shine
 Decked in immortal youth ;
 Through you in thousand ways
 Christ to our wondering gaze,
 His wisdom's treasury displays.

Along your conduits borne
 Pellucid waters flow ;
 To make His fields of corn
 And whitening harvests grow ;
 Sweet milk his babes receive,
 And strengthening meat ye give,
 Whereby the man of God may live.

For Thee, O Lord ! they dare,
 A holy war to wage ;
 They raise the mansions fair
 Which last from age to age ;
 Some well in combat skilled
 The Gospel weapons wield ;
 And some the walls of Syon build.

These weapons wherewith ye
 Put heresy to flight,
 Received from you will we
 Gird on us for the fight ;
 With them confront the foe ;
 Like you resistless, so
 Hell and its myrmidons o'erthrow.
 Supreme! Glory.



AT FIRST VESPERS,

☞ *On the DAY of An ABBOT or MONK.—Paris Breviary.)*

Felicis nemorum pangimus incolas.



ESsing the blest and pure,
Who dwelt in forest shades,
Whom God with counsel sure
Secluded in their glades,
Left the lures of earth or sense
Should mar their spotless innocence.

Thyself, O Lord! to win,
For Whom their spirits sigh,
From their own homes and kin
Their very selves they fly;
Seeking Heaven, to them this earth,
With all its charms seemed little worth.

Lo! cumberless and light,
From every shackle freed,
As champions to the fight,
With rapid pace they speed;
O'er life's stormy strait to swim
They strip the bands from every limb.

True riches to possess,
 Securing endless joys,
 With valour on they press,
 And sublunary toys
 With unwavering hearts despise,
 To combat for a nobler prize.

Their glory this they deemed,
 Contempt and scorn to endure ;
 Vast wealth to them it seemed,
 To be on earth made poor ;
 For this privilege they fight
 In one long martyrdom to die.

O teach us, God of Heaven !
 The chastisements and pain,
 To scourge our vices given,
 With patience to sustain ;
 And from earth to take our flight,
 Far as th' immortal realms of light.

To God The Father be
 Perpetual Honour done ;
 Like Glory unto Thee,
 Only Begotten Son !
 Equal Praise, O Bond of Love !
 Be Thine, sweet Spirit ! Heavenly Dove.

Amen.

AT LAUDS

[*On the DAY of An ABBOT or MONK.—(Paris
Breviary.)*

O pulcras acies, castraque fortia !



HOSTS so fair and bright !
O Camps in strong array !
Who in one Hope unite,
One Love one Faith obey ;

And ruled by one changeless law,
One dauntless Captain, march to war.

What exploits do they dare
To make the Heavens their prize !
With what perpetual prayer
Assault the lofty skies !
How by constant abstinence
They tame the pride of flesh and sense ?

They vow with one accord,
They weep, they sigh, they groan ;
In one vast torrent poured,
Resistless prayer intone ;
Close allied in ferried mail
Heaven's very battlements assail.

O violence so dear
 To God ! Who most is pleased,
 When vanquished by a tear,
 And with our sighs appeased ;
 Though than adamant more hard,
 Thus shall Heaven's portals be unbarred.

These, when the works of day
 This earth with tumult fill,
 In quiet silence stay ;
 But when the world is still,
 With sweet canticles, awake
 The silence of each night-watch break.

Now with assiduous toil
 To till the field they fly,
 And to the yielding soil
 Industrious bands apply ;
 Cultured earth her fruit affords,
 With grateful food their work rewards.

Queen of itself, the soul
 Is to subjection brought ;
 And loves, with kind control
 By rulers to be taught ;
 Longing for no liberty,
 But this its sweet captivity.

To God The Father.

¶ For the DAY of An ANCHORITE.—(Paris
Breviary.)

Quid tu reliſtis urbibus.

WHY from the City turn thy feet?
From men why timidly retreat?
What ſcenes before thy viſion roll?
What lonely muſings fill thy ſoul?

Thy ſpirit wings its raptured flight
Far as the eternal Courts of Light;
No more with earth, but looſed and free
Thou communeſt with Deity!

Amid the cohorts of the bleſt
Entranced in ſweet and ſacred reſt,
And all on adoration bent,
Thou'rt wholly on thy God intent.

O Chriſt! what bleſſedneſs they taſte,
Whoſe love on Thee alone is placed;
For thus, ſecluded in their cells,
Each in Thy ſheltering boſom dwells.

Eternal Father of The Word!
Eternal Son! Coequal Lord!
O Spirit! like to Both! to Thee
O God! perpetual Glory be. Amen.





AT FIRST VESPERS

¶ *On the DAY of a JUST MAN.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Summi pusillus grex Patris.



O God, your mightiest Father, dear
O cease, ye little flock, to fear ;
His children He delights to own,
And make them partners of His
Throne.

On earth, a pilgrim, once he trode,
Who now 'mid Angels reigns with God ;
Content, unknown, despised, and poor,
With patience hardness here to endure.

Through straitened Penitence, his course
Pursued the pathway of the Cross ;
With Christ, his Captain gone before,
He braved distress and ghostly war.

His flesh with abstinence he ruled,
His tongue in holy silence schooled ;
Self he denied, yet bounteous store
Reserved, and scattered to the poor.

On God's sweet Word he daily fed,
And all His law devoutly read ;
He prayed, he watched, and rapt on high
In spirit dwelt beyond the sky !

By this ascent he climbed to Heaven ;
Be it to us, O Father ! given
O Son ! O Holy Ghost ! that we
By that same path attain to Thee ! Amen.

AT MATINS

On the DAY of a JUST MAN.—(Paris Breviary.)

Non parva solo sanguine.



NOT always earned by wounds and pain
The blest their robes of purple gain ;
The toils of many a bloodless field,
Full oft a glorious triumph yield.

For this Thy Saint escaped the cross,
The flame, the torturer's ruthless force ;
Though ever towards his body here
By dying to himself, severe.

Pure chastity his flesh subdued,
And Faith his guileless soul imbued,
Till love with heavenly fires supplied
The victim wholly sanctified.

Grant us, O Christ! the time to spend
Like him preparing for its end;
And when this fleeting life is o'er,
To live with Thee for evermore! Amen.

AT LAUDS

¶ *On the DAY of a JUST MAN.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Qui Te Deus sub intimo.



GOD! The man whose inmost breast
Is of Thy quickening love possessed,
Forgetting self, no longer fights
For worldly toys and vanities.

O wherefore, then, this long delay?
Why thus our pining hearts dismay?
Thine exiles here on earth detain
Predestined o'er the skies to reign?

See, day by day, their love increase,
They vow, they plead, for quick release;
While, mourning, o'er life's weary waste
They on their Heavenward journey haste.

So while on earth Thy Saint abode
He scarce endured his fleshly load;
For his departure ever yearned,
For union with his Saviour burned. Amen.



AT FIRST VESPERS

¶ On the *DAY* of a *VIRGIN MARTYR*.—(*Paris Breviary*.)

Virginis Proles Opifexque Matris.



VIRGIN born! That Mother's Framer
Thou!

Who, Virgin Thee conceived and Virgin
bare;

This Virgin's Festal Day receive our vow,
And mingling prayer!

For this thy Virgin Saint was doubly blest,
Who strove to o'ercome the frailty of her frame;
And through it, by a cruel world oppressed,
That world o'ercame.

So death she feared not, yea e'en as a friend
Beheld the savage torturer without dread;
And thus to Heaven triumphantly to ascend
Her life-blood shed.

Like her, we pray O God of mercy ! free
 Our souls from guilt and put our sins away ;
 That so our hearts, in thankful hymns, to Thee
 May homage pay.

All Glory to The Father and The Son,
 Likewise to Thee, coequal Paraclete !
 Who art, while endless years their courses run
 One Infinite ! Amen.

¶ *At FIRST VESPER, on the DAY of a VIRGIN
 MARTYR.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Festis læta sonent.



ET now the joyous air
 With festal anthems ring ;
 The trumpet's blast prepare,
 The clanging cymbals bring !
 Ye Angels fair and great
 A Virgin's fame relate,
 Christ's Martyr join to celebrate !

For she has right to claim
 Within your choir a place,
 Who in her mortal frame,
 So rivalled all your grace.
 Your dignity to gain
 Who could her sex disdain,
 And cared not for her body's pain.

What power O Love ! is Thine ;
 With dauntless soul she sped,
 For this her Spouse Divine
 Her virgin blood to shed ;
 For her own flesh concerned,
 Then only, when she earned
 That glorious death for which she yearned.

Thus in her feeble part
 Your virtues she excelled,
 Immortal race ! whose heart
 The dread of death repelled ;
 And by that body maimed
 Unshaken, unashamed
 Her perfect faith in Christ proclaimed.

Praise to The Father be,
 Like Praise unto The Son,
 And, Holy Ghost ! to Thee
 Of Both, due homage done.
 Through Whom the Virgin train
 With fearless hearts sustain
 The battle's shock, and death disdain. Amen.



AT LAUDS

¶ On the DAY of a VIRGIN MARTYR.

Jesu corona Virginum.



ESU ! the Crown of Virgins, Whom
That only Mother's sacred womb
Virgin conceived, and Virgin bare,
In mercy listen to our prayer !

Who dost 'mid lilies feed ; around
To guard Thee virgin choirs are found ;
Thy Glories all Thy brides endow ;
Thou dost The Bridegroom's gifts bestow.

Where'er Thou goest, virgin throngs
Escort Thee jubilant with songs ;
With laud Thy gladfome progress greet,
To Thee melodious hymns repeat.

We suppliant at Thy feet implore
That we may love Thee more and more ;
And so may ne'er endure the pain
Of sin's corrupting wounds again.

To God, The Father, Glory be,
Like Glory Only Son ! to Thee
And to The Spirit Paraclete
Now and through ages infinite. Amen.

AT FIRST VESPERS

¶ On the *DAY* of a *VIRGIN* not a *MARTYR*.—

(*Paris Breviary*.)

Vos O virginei.



E virgin choirs rejoice !

Your thousand harps unite ;

Of His own flock the choice

Ye are The Lamb's delight ;

With pure and ardent lays

The First-begotten praise,

To hail The Spouse your anthems raise !

The Sacred Morn is here,

When she with willing feet,

And lamp well-trimmed and clear,

The Bridegroom went to meet.

Then stationed next His throne

Sang in exulting tone,

Virgin to Virgin, as His own.

Betrothed a fitting bride

To God Himself, she flung

All mortal vows aside,

To Him alone she clung ;

With Love's eternal cord,

As to her Spouse adored

She bound herself to Christ her Lord.

The flesh her spirit loads,
 From earthly food she turned ;
 To die in thousand modes
 Before her hour she yearned ;
 All joys that know decay
 She hastes to cast away ;
 On God alone she made her stay.

Let this Thy Virgin Saint
 O Christ ! our model be ;
 Left in the path we faint,
 By which she climbed to Thee ;
 That we Thy chosen race
 Through Thine all hallowing grace
 May Thee alone our Life embrace. Amen.

—

AT MATINS

¶ *On The DAY of a VIRGIN not a MARTYR.—*
(Paris Breviary.)

Cælestis aula panditur.



HE Palace Gates of Heaven expand !
 Behold ! The Bridegroom is at hand ;
 Go virgin brides ! with honour meet,
 Go forth your Virgin Spouse to greet.

This is your glorious nuptial day ;
Your night of sighs hath passed away ;
Now all, now each, hath her reward ;
Complete fruition of her Lord.

O say ! what chaste and sacred fires,
What hallowed joy his sight inspires !
Whose mouth more pure than sunless snows
With streams of endless pleasure flows.

For His dear sake, compared with Him,
Imperial purple waxeth dim ;
Betrothed to God, what virgin longs
For earthly bridals, earthly songs ?

Blest virgin nuptials ! Happy state
Which flesh to spirit doth translate !
Sweet bonds ! which knit in fast accord
God to the soul, the soul to God ! Amen.



AT SECOND VESPERS

¶ On the *DAY* of a *VIRGIN* not a *MARTYR*.—(*Paris Breviary*.)

O Virgo pectus cui sacrum.



VIRGIN ! in whose hallowed breast
No carnal passion e'er could rest,
In whom the Spirit from above
Lit up the furnace of His love ;

No pleasure with seducing smile
And poisoned cup, could thee beguile ;
Who for that only blessing sighed
To be The Lamb's celestial bride.

For He of Virgin Mother born,
Deigned thee with His own grace to adorn ;
That kindled with that sacred flame,
Thou should'st all earthly joys disclaim.

Now 'mid the shining Seraph throng
To rapture Thou attun'st Thy song ;
And nigh Thy Heavenly Bridegroom placed,
Dost His perpetual pleasures taste !

Of Virgin Saints O Spouse Divine !
All Glory Jesus Christ ! be Thine ;
With God The Father, and with Thee,
O Holy Ghost ! eternally ! Amen.



AT FIRST VESPERS

¶ On the *DAY* of a *HOLY WOMAN*.—(*Paris Breviary*.)

Ad nuptias Agni Pater.



O share The Lamb's high marriage rites
The Father matron guests invites,
And maidens; with th' espoused of
Heaven
Blest thou to whom a part is given.

Love was thy wedlock's ruling power,
And poverty Thy precious dower;
'Twas thine, deceitful wealth to spurn,
Away from fleeting joys to turn.

Thou loved'st godly toil and care,
And fast and penitential prayer;
To shed the meek and contrite tear,
The poor and comfortless to cheer.

Whene'er thy Master, in thy course
Bade thee with Him partake the cross,
'Thou wast content, through shame and woe,
As His betrothed for Him to go.

Supremely blest ! to God thy Spouse
So linked in chaste and constant vows ;
O may we all one body be,
One spirit with The Lord like thee !

Grant this, O Father ! with The Son,
And Holy Spirit, Glorious One ;
Whom we in Trinity adore,
Who reignest God for evermore ! Amen.

AT MATINS

¶ *On the DAY of a HOLY WOMAN.—(Paris
Breviary.)*

Adeste sanctæ conjuges !



RAW now, ye holy matrons, near ;
Behold, the Virtuous Woman here !
With saintliness and beauty graced,
'Mid Heaven's triumphant daughters
placed.

She all seducing foes subdued,
Girt with the mail of fortitude ;
Delight of every eye, she glowed
With comeliness, by Heaven bestowed.

No pomps of earth, so vainly gay,
 Could lead her steadfast heart astray ;
 Nor sensual pleasure's stealthy wile
 Her firm and manly heart beguile.

Not with ornate apparel fair,
 Nor costly gems, nor braided hair :
 Adorned with neatness was her dress,
 Pure manners formed her loveliness.

Beneath sereneſt features veiled
 In ſtern virtue ne'er ſhe failed ;
 From ſight retiring, leſt diſplayed
 Aught chance her excellence to ſhade.

On Heavenly manna ſo to feed,
 The Book of God ſhe loved to read ;
 Much in His temple, and yet ne'er
 Neglected for her home to care.

To the indigent ſhe gave her aid ;
 A mother was to orphans made ;
 And Chriſt diſguiſed, in tatters dreſt,
 Oft ſuccoured in the ſtranger gueſt.

Sweet peace ſhe kept at home, abroad,
 In prudent ſilence, kind accord :
 To appeaſe all ſtrife was her delight,
 In mind, in faith, the world to unite. Amen.



A HYMN

Of the JOYS OF THE SAINTS.

O gens beata cœlitum !



LEST dwellers in the Heavenly land
Of Saints and Kings, a glorious band
What grace in that exalted state
Doth your whole being inundate !
Where God for all His chosen care:

For you ecstatic blifs prepares,
And each the priceless bounty shares.

Oh how ye glisten ! radiant far
Beyond each lustre darting star ;
Before the sun's refulgent blaze,
And every constellation's rays.
Could e'en some brilliant orb to fight
Excel the golden solar light,
Ye would be more intensely bright.

Through flesh, like crystal, pure and fine,
Your sunlike souls illumined shine ;
Your pearly veins as amber clear,
Like threads of liquid gold appear ;
Wherein the blood translucent goes,
And rich in fragrance as the rose,
An odorous stream of balsam flows.

In Paradise ye pass your hours ;
 Ye weave new coronets of flowers ;
 The lily with the rose entwine,
 Narcissus with the amaranth join ;
 One choicest Bloom on those sweet hills,
 A thousand thousand scents distils,
 And every breast with rapture fills.

Here evermore the Feast is spread
 Whereat Heaven's citizens are fed ;
 With Jesus at the banquet placed,
 Ye of celestial viands taste ;
 Ye want not for delightful fare,
 No dainty is deficient there,
 For all abundantly to share.

O here what peerless joys are found !
 How sweet the tones of music sound !
 What tuneful concord voices make !
 What harmonies the lutes awake !
 What softly mingling airs ye sing !
 Your harps, how pleasantly they ring !
 Naught e'er was heard so ravishing.

Your gracious God and King of old
 Ye now with open face behold ;
 That blissful vision glads your sight ;
 Wherein transcendant joys unite,
 Beyond what eye hath ever seen,
 Or hath to ear related been ;
 Where earth to all seems vile and mean.

Amen.



HYMNS

FOR THE

PROPER OF THE SAINTS & ANGELS.

Of *ST. ANDREW, APOSTLE and MARTYR.*

(*MS. Asbmole.*)



KING Supreme of boundless might !
 Who orderest nature's laws aright,
 And dost Thy truths, divinely
 bright,
 Within believing bosoms write.

We pray Thee hear our suppliant vows,
 Our dull and slothful hearts arouse ;
 And fit them so with joy to embrace
 The gifts of Thy Supernal Grace.

With these, as precious gems elect,
 A diadem of beauty, decked,
 We would with praise and honour meet
 Thy holy Martyr, Andrew, greet ;

Who on the cross of suffering slain
 Hath won a rest in Heaven's domain ;
 Nigh God's Imperial Throne to reign,
 A fellow with the saintly train.

O Christ ! for this Thy servant's sake,
Our cry into Thy bosom take ;
O hear his prayer ! Thy flock relieve
From sins which so the conscience grieve.

So may we in Thy Light Divine
With soul-illuming virtues shine ;
Our hearts devout and sober be,
Our flesh from all pollution free.

Now unto us, like him, be given
To climb the steep ascent of Heaven ;
There with enraptured eyes to gaze
For evermore on Jesu's face.

Laud, Honour, Virtue, Glory be
To God The Father, Son ! to Thee ;
And to the Holy Paraclete
Now and through ages infinite ! Amen.





AT FIRST AND SECOND VESPERS

¶ On FEASTS of the BLESSED VIRGIN.

Ave Maris Stella.



MAIL! Star of Ocean, Mary!
God's fair Mother were ye!
Virgin thou! Immortal!
Heaven's own happy portal!
When that blifsful *Ave*

Gabriel's meſſage gave thee,
Peace was ſtabliſhed ever,
Reverſed the name of Eva;
Guilt was looſed in kindneſs,
Light ſhone o'er our blindneſs,
All our ſickneſs curing
And all good aſſuring.
A Son's love diſplaying,
He will hear thy praying;
Who for us deigned ſurely
To be Thine Offspring purely.

Virgin all excelling !
 Meek beyond all telling !
 Ask Him chaste and tender,
 All our hearts to render ;
 Thus our life protecting,
 And our way directing,
 Till the sight of Jesus,
 E'er with Thee shall please us.
 Praise to God The Father,
 To The Son all Honour ;
 And to The Holy Spirit,
 Three, yet One, all merit. Amen.

AT MATINS

¶ *On the FEASTS of the BLESSED VIRGIN
 MARY.*

(Durham Hymnal.)

Quem Terra, Pontus, Æthera.



HE God Whom Earth and Sea and Sky
 Revere, adore, and magnify,
 Who o'er the threefold system reigns
 The Virgin Mary's womb contains.

The King, Whom Sun and Moon obey,
 Submissive to His sovereign sway,
 A maiden, filled with grace Divine,
 Doth in her spotless bosom shrine.

The nations of the world admire,
An Angel's words the germ inspire;
A Virgin by her ear conceives,
And brings forth that her heart believes.

O Mother! Thou with honour decked
Didst Heaven's eternal Architect,
Whose hands creation's course dispose,
E'en as a sacred Ark enclose.

By Heaven's Ambassador thou'rt blest,
The Holy Ghost hath filled thy breast,
The long desired of earth hath come
And with thee finds a faintly home. Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS in the SAME.*

O gloriosa Femina.



OW glorious Lady! is thy fame;
Sublimar than the stars thy name;
Who, greatly favoured, didst indeed
Thy Maker at thy bosom feed.

What Eve in sorrow rent away,
Thine Offspring doth to us repay;
That mourners may to rest attain,
Thou'rt made Heaven's window unto men.

Gate of The eternal King of Might!
 Refulgent portal of The Light!
 Life through a Virgin is bestowed,
 Ye ransomed nations hail your God!

Lord! Holy Virgin born! to Thee,
 Eternal Praise and Glory be,
 To Father and to Holy Ghost
 Long as Eternity shall last. Amen.



AT LAUDS

☞ *On the DAY of ST. VINCENT MARTYR.*

Christi Miles gloriosus.



GLORIOUS was the Christian warrior
 Deacon Vincent, as with tread
 Firm and free, the pile ascending
 To that fiery doom he sped;
 Where the salt shower fiercely crackling
 O'er his tortured flesh was spread;

While the furnace flamed around him,
 Crimsoned with his gushing blood;
 Yet he still endured intrepid
 Faithful ever to his Lord;
 And with eyes to Heaven uplifted
 Christ upon His Throne adored!

Glory be to God and Honour
 In the highest, as is meet ;
 To The Son as to The Father,
 And The Eternal Paraclete ;
 Whose is boundless Praise and Power
 Throughout ages infinite ! Amen.



AT FIRST VESPER.

*The CONVERSION of ST. PAUL.—(Paris
 Breviary.)*

Pastore percusso minas.



HEY smite the Shepherd ! fired with wrath,
 To slay, the ravening wolf breaks forth ;
 Alien from Christ, His flock to rend,
 Behold ! the cruel Saul descend.

E'en now his hands with savage air,
 biting chains, the cross prepare ;
 n see ! with one resistless blow,
 voice of Christ hath laid him low.

! Saul ! He spake, " What dost thou here ?
 n this my conquering arm to fear ;
 Heaven no longer wage a war,
 persecute thy Jesus more."

And lo ! he drops his listless hands,
Submits to Jesu's gentle bands ;
A spoiler spoiled, and captive led,
Doth first His glorious triumph head.

O God ! Who canst the mountains shake,
And e'en the lofty cedars break :
Whose Grace with all transcendant sway,
Compels the proudest hearts to obey,
Great Shepherd ! crush the ravenous foes
Who would Thy Sacred Fold enclose ;
And if from Thee our hearts should roam
O bring again Thy wanderers home !

O God ! Triune and One ! To Thee
Supremest Praise, High Honour be ;
Who from the gloom of heathen night,
Hath called us to Thy Glorious Light ! Amen.



AT FIRST VESPERS

¶ On the *DAY* of the *PRESENTATION* and
PURIFICATION.

Quod chorus vatum.



O ! what the reverend Prophet Seers of
old
Sang prescient, with The Holy Ghost
replete,
In Mary and her Son Divine, Behold !
Revealed complete.

She Heaven's own God, The Lord of earth's domain,
 Virgin conceived and Virgin surely bore ;
 Yet from that birth doth undefiled remain
 For evermore.

Him in his arms the righteous Symeon took,
 In The Lord's House, inspired with sacred joy
 That he on Christ was worthy deemed to look
 With mortal eye.

To these our prayers a favouring ear incline,
 Thou Offspring of The Eternal King ! we pray ;
 Who, with Thy Mother, glory decked dost shine
 In realms of Day ! Amen.

AT FIRST VESPER

☞ *On the FEAST of the PRESENTATION and
 PURIFICATION.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Templi sacratas, Pande Syon fores.



SYON ! open fling
 Thy sacred Temple gates ;
 Victim, Priest, and King,
 The Christ before them waits ;

Let remote and empty figures yield,
 Truth's very Self is now to man revealed.

For our sins no more
 Shall harmless flocks be slain ;
 Nor shall streaming gore
 The smoking altars stain ;
 Lo ! at His own Altar, God Alone,
 Doth to His Father for our guilt atone.

Conscious of her God
 The Virgin draweth nigh ;
 And, her Son and Lord
 With meek and down-cast eye,
 Bearing in her arms, in worship bent,
 Doth gentle doves, her humble gift present.

At that Glorious Shrine
 Each age and sex appear ;
 Filled with Grace Divine,
 As He their God draws near ;
 All for which their prayer so long had striven,
 Now to reward their yearning faith is given.

'Mid the wondering throng,
 Within that holy House,
 In meek virtue strong,
 That Mother thankful vows,
 Now to Thee O God ! in silence pays ;
 And in her heart the mighty Mystery weighs.

Highest Glory be
 To Father and to Son ;
 Holy Ghost ! to Thee
 Be equal Honour done ;
 Here let us our thankful tribute pay
 Worshipping The Holy Trinity for aye. Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS in the SAME.*

Fumant Sabæis, Templâ vaporibus.



O the Temple's heights
Sabæan odours rise;
Lo! The Feast invites;
Proceeds the Sacrifice;

Let us follow and to greet our King
Each with devotion purest offerings bring.

Brilliant light to thee
Let glowing Faith supply;
Burning Charity
The fire of Love bring nigh;
So shall all the scented air be rife
With heavenly perfumes of a holy life.

Let us not through sin
Or sloth our steps delay;
But God's House within
With blessed Symeon stay;
There of Him upon that altar slain
Complete fruition henceforth e'er to attain.

Highest Glory be

¶ *At VESPERs in the SAME.—(Sarum Breviary.)*

O Dei Sapientia.



WISDOM of The God of Grace !
Pervading all things mightily ;
The frailties of man's fallen race,
Restoring with sweet clemency ;

Thou deignedst human flesh to assume
And e'en a death of pain to endure,
Proceeding from a Virgin's womb,
From all our guilt for ever pure ;

Thou didst with joy that mother crown
Her holy inmate ere Thy birth ;
Then bright with blessings and renown
Arise a Star upon the earth.

And O ! what gifts of love are Thine !
So sure, so blissful, and so free,
Whereby with sweetness all divine,
Thou drawest every heart to Thee.

All Glory Lord ! to Thee be given
Who waft of Virgin mother born ;
And with The Father high in Heaven
And Holy Ghost art ever One ! Amen.

¶ *At SECOND VESPERS in the SAME*

Lætabundus.



WITH hallowed mirth,
Sing all ye faithful choirs on earth
Alleluya !
The King of kings
From a maiden's bosom springs,
O wonder rare !
Wisdom's Angel, He is come
Issuing from a Virgin's womb ;
Sun from a Star !
Sun which no evening knowing,
Star which ceaselessly glowing,
Bright ever are.
As a Planet shoots its ray,
So her mighty Son to-day
That Virgin bare.
Neither Planet by its beam,
Nor by Son defiled we deem
That Mother fair.
Substance of The Higheft, He
Girt with human flesh to be,
For us, doth bear.
Lebanon's tall Cedar bends,
Like to hyffop made, descends
Our vale to share.

Isaiah sung the strain,
Which Judæa's sons again
Oft repeat, and yet remain
In blindness e'er.

Ah ! if they will not believe
Prophets, let them still receive
Oracles which Sybils weave,
Gentiles declare.

O hapless Israel ! haste ;
Now believe ! for why abased
Should ye thus in ruin waste,
Race of despair !

Him, Whom Holy Writ of old
God, The Eternal Son, foretold,
In His Mother's arms, behold !
Before you there ! Amen.

—

AT FIRST VESPERS

¶ On the DAY of the ANNUNCIATION.—(*Par
Breviary.*)

Hæc illa solemnus Dies.



AIL ! Festal Morn, whose sacred ray
Announced Salvation's opening Day ;
Wherein to assuage creation's grief,
Came heavenly joy and brought relief.

We, led by Adam's crime astray,
Forlorn in helpless ruin lay ;
To raise the fallen, Very God
This lower earth descending trode.

He, in the Father's bosom born
Before the worlds, Eternal Son,
Submits to time and nature's laws
Nor e'en the Virgin's womb abhors.

Our mortal flesh he makes His own
A Victim for the world to atone ;
And sheds His guiltless Blood, the mean
To wash the guilty conscience clean.

His Godhead fills creation's bound,
And yet with flesh is girt around ;
To lead us back to God again,
The Deity conforsts with men.

Our erring steps He homeward guides,
To fainting pilgrims strength provides ;
Himself the Way where He precedes,
The Goal whereto our steps He leads.

O God ! O Truth ! Who here revealed
Art, though in mortal flesh concealed,
Discerned by every purer heart,
To us Thy blessed Light impart.

Redeemer ! Thou who cam'st to free
The world, O Son ! High Praise to Thee !
With God Thy Father, and no less
Thee Holy Ghost, of Both, we blefs. Amen.

AT MATINS

¶ On the *FEAST* of the *ANNUNCIATION*.
(*Paris Breviary*.)

Cœlestis ales nuntiat.



HE swift-winged herald from on hi
Announced the perfect Mystery nig
Her God, sublime and quickenir
Guest,
Descending fills the Virgin's breast.

That birth, so wondrous, with renown
O Virgin ! shall thy memory crown ;
For in thy womb this Child Divine
Conceived, is Son of God, yet thine !

Of virgin substance framed is He
From all polluting influence free ;
Framed by The Holy Spirit's aid
The flesh of Jesus Christ is made.

'Tis thus that mortals are with bread
With milk celestial richly fed ;
The Man His children's wants supplies,
As God His angels satisfies !

Redeemer ! Thou.

Amen.

AT MATINS AND VESPERS

¶ On the DAY of ST. PHILIP and ST. JAMES.—
(Paris Breviary.)

Dum morte, Victor, obrutâ.



OW, Death's destroyer, from the tomb
Arising, Christ hath Victor come,
Be you our theme; who loved to know
His holy life, His dying woe.

'Twas yours, by your dear Master's side,

In favoured confidence to abide;

To you the future He unrolled,

The secrets of His Glory told.

Your brother in this fleshly frame,

Who death in that same flesh o'ercame,

Ennobling gift! made you to be

Associates of His Deity.

To you He gave His precious sheep,

Dear pledges of His love, to keep;

To bind and loose the power assigned

What God in Heaven doth loose and bind.

Though to The Father He ascends,

The Son forgets not you His friends;

A flaming shower, upon your heads,

E'en now The Holy Ghost He sheds.

Filled with The Godhead, now shall ye
In every land with utterance free,
As heavenly clarions, Christ proclaim,
Christ God to all the Gentiles name.

O Thou! Who still their Master art,
O Christ! to us Thy truths impart;
Shed light on what is dark, and deign
To make us love whate'er is plain.

Praise we The Father, praise The Son
Our Prince, Whose death the Victory won;
And calls us with Himself to Heaven;
Like Praise be to The Spirit given. Amen.





¶ *For the DAY of ST. ETHELBERT, (May 20,)
KING and MARTYR.—(Hereford Breviary.)*

Sanctorum meritis jungat preconia.



AMONG the white-robed saints
With glad memorial lay,
The Church devoutly paints
Her Martyr King to-day ;
Who from his childhood strove
His Maker to obey
Supremely, in each word and way.

Scion of Royal race !
King of illustrious line !
Thou dost with modest grace
A peerless lily shine ;
On earth's wide teeming space,
Fruit hundredfold was thine,
Thou Rose of Martyrs, bloom divine !

O worthy of all praise !
 Is thy remembrance fair,
 Who with Heaven's citizens
 Dost endless glory share,
 When amaranthine crowns
 To each are given to wear,
 Twain thou art privileged to bear.

The Lamb thou dost attend
 With all His virgin train ;
 And with the Martyr band,
 A glorious rest obtain ;
 Of innocence the friend
 With Innocents to reign,
 And taste of joys which never wane.

All Praise and Glory be
 To Father and to Son ;
 And Holy Ghost ! to Thee
 Let Honour meet be done.
 So Peace and Empire we
 Ascribe to Three in One
 Who reign whilst endless ages run ! Amen.



¶ For the DAY of S. BARNABAS, APOSTLE
and CONFESSOR.—(*Paris Breviary.*)

Cælo datur quiescere.



O thee O Barnabas! is given
To quit this world and rest in
Heaven;
This Festal Day thy crown was
won,

And all thine earthly labours done.

For this thy lands were sold and left,
Thyself of earthly wealth bereft;
A boundless profit so to gain
Th' eternal heritage to attain.

Thee solemn sacred fasts prepare;
For Thee the Church with public prayer
Invokes The Holy Spirit's aid;
Thou Christ's ambassador art made.

What distant climes, what foreign soils,
With Paul, the comrade of thy toils
Thou visitedst! One Spirit Thee
With him knit in One Charity.

The Faith of Christ when Israel spurned
And from the Light rebellious turned,
O precious boon! with zealous care
Thou didst to teach the Gentiles bear.

O Christ! whene'er Thy Light Divine
Seeks into these dark hearts to shine,
Illume us, lest the night we choose,
And that Thy Heavenly gift refuse.

Praise we The Father, Praise The Son
Whose death for us the Glory won,
With Him above the stars to shine;
And Holy Ghost! like Praise be Thine.

Amen.



AT FIRST VESPERS

¶ On the DAY of ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

Ut quæant laxis resonare fibris.



N flowing measures worthily
sing

The wonders which of old b
thee were done,

To lips unclean let Heave

remission bring,

O Holy John!

From highest Heaven a herald sent to earth
Thy future greatness to thy father told ;
Thy name and life in order from thy birth
Entire unrolled.

Yet doubting of the promise of His Lord
His palsied tongue of language lost the power ;
By thee was all his faltering speech restored
Thy natal hour.

Thou didst within the narrow womb discern
Thy King in that His chamber lie concealed ;
Each parent her Son's dignity in turn
To each revealed.

Now whilst Heaven's citizens proclaim thy praise
God ever One and yet Coequal Three
For pardon we our suppliant voices raise,
Redeemed by Thee !

AT MATINS.

Autra deserti teneris sub annis.



THOU in the desert caves thy tender youth
Didst hide, and fly the crowded haunts of
men,
And not the slightest taint thy soul's pure
truth
Might ever stain.

For raiment to thy sacred limbs his hair
The Camel gave, the Steer thy cincture rude,
The spring thy drink ; wild honey, locusts, were
Thy simple food.

The Prophets of old time in mystic strain
Presaged alone the Dayspring that should be,
But thou dost preach His Advent Who from stain
Mankind sets free.

Nor was there in the wide world's peopled space
Holier than John more wondrous in his birth ;
Who Him baptized Whose baptism doth efface
The guilt of Earth !

Now whilst Heaven's citizens.

AT LAUDS

O nimis felix meritique celsi.



MOST blest, most excellent in holiness,
Of snow-white purity, unstained and
clear,
Great Martyr ! Dweller in the wilderness !
Thou matchless Seer !

With thrice ten circlets, diadems may crown
Some prophets, others doubly more ; but thou
Hast triply decked with hundredfold renown
Thy sacred brow.

O may Thy mighty voice our passions soothe ;
 Cast forth the rocks which mar our hearts' abode :
 Make straight the crooked paths, and kindly smooth
 Each rugged road !

So shall earth's Maker and Redeemer chafe
 From our repentant souls all guilt away,
 And by His coming deign our feet to place
 Within His way !

Now whilst Heaven's citizens proclaim thy praise
 God ever One, and yet coequal Three,
 For pardon we our suppliant voices raise,
 Redeemed by Thee !



AT MATINS

¶ *On the FEAST of S. PETER and S. PAUL.*

Felix per omnes Festum mundi cardines.



WITH joy to-day throughout the con-
 fines of the earth,
 The Feast is of The Apostles held
 with hallowed mirth ;
 Of Peter ever blest and Paul his holy
 mate,

Whom Christ with His anointing Blood made consecrate,
 And o'er His Churches set to rule in priestly state.

Twain beauteous olive trees they stand before The Lord ;
 Resplendent lamps which shed celestial light abroad ;
 Each in the firmament a chief and glorious star ;
 Deliverers from the galling chains of sin they are,
 And unto faithful men the gates of Heaven unbar.

Theirs is the wondrous power by their decree severe
 To close the realms supernal ; o'er the starry sphere
 They ope the radiant splendours of the Heavenly floors ;
 Their tongues are mighty keys of the celestial doors,
 The demons they expel from earth's disburthened shores.

The blessed Peter from his chain and prison yoke
 Through Christ's resistless prowess marvellously broke ;
 The guardian of the Fold, the Church's teacher deep,
 The shepherd of the flock, defender of the sheep ;
 Who doth from raging wolves the faithful safely keep.

Whate'er is in the world by him in bonds confined
 That shall the Powers above indissolubly bind ;
 And what below he looseth with upright intent
 Shall be released above the radiant firmament ;
 When Time is o'er a judge of men shall he be sent.

Like him doth Paul, the Teacher of the Gentiles, shine,
Of God's election the thrice consecrated shrine ;
Fellows in martyrdom, as valiant comrades crowned,
Twin lamps in honour through the Church renowned,
They o'er the globe disperse their brilliant beams around.

O happy Rome ! empurpled with the precious blood
Of these the Princes of the Church so great and good ;
Thou'rt fairer than aught else the world can e'er contain,
Not for thy merit, but for all the sainted train
By thee with bloodstained weapons mercilessly slain.

We hail you glorious Martyrs ! from this earthly ball,
Blest Peter ! and thou lily of creation, Paul !
Triumphant warriors seated in the Heavenly hall !
O may your prayers, when dark and evil days befall,
Assist us, until Christ His own to Heaven shall call !

All Glory to The Father throughout endless ages be,
Like Honour, Empire, blessed Son belong to Thee ;
So to The Holy Ghost ascribing Grace and Power,
Let us The undivided Trinity adore,
World without end for ever and for evermore ! Amen.

¶ *At VESPERS and MATINS in the SAME.*

Aurêa luce et decore roseo.



WITH golden splendour bright
 With roseate beauty crown'd
 Behold ! refulgent Light
 Illumes the world around,
 And decks Heaven's azure heighth
 With martyrdoms renowned ;
 This morn of pure delight
 When sinners pardon found.

Thou Door-keeper of Heaven ;
 Thou earth's Instructor art ;
 To worlds who judges given
 True light to man impart.
 The cross his triumph bought ;
 He vanquish'd by the sword ;
 And each in Life's own Court
 Is crowned with his reward.

Good Shepherd Peter ! now
 May thy petitions win
 Of Christ, to hear our vow
 And break the chains of sin.
 By those enabling powers
 Which He conferred on thee,
 To close the Heavenly doors,
 The same to us set free.

O matchless Teacher Paul !
 Our converse sanctify ;
 Each soul exalting call
 To realms beyond the sky ;
 Till plentifully on all
 Perfection is bestowed ;
 And we shall quit the thrall
 Of this corporeal load.

Twain Olive trees, yet one
 In perfect sanctity ;
 In Faith your race was run,
 In Hope built up were ye.
 From Charity's own source
 Fulfilled, like you, may we
 When flesh shall end its course,
 Rejoice eternally !

Glory Great Trinity !
 Be Thine, enthroned in Heaven ;
 Honour and Majesty
 And Praise to Thee be given ;
 In Whose dread Unity,
 Abides Supreme Power,
 Now and unchangeably,
 Henceforth for evermore. ' Amen.

¶ *In the COMMEMORATION of S. PAUL—
June 30.—(Paris Breviary.)*

Sat Paule ! Sat terris datum.



NOUGH O Paul ! on earth no more
Remain ; thy conflicts all are o'er ;
In Heaven, now this thy course is run,
Awaits the crown that thou hast won.

What perils on the boisterous main,
On land what ills thou didst sustain !
What stonings, scourges, bonds malign
What losses, griefs, what deaths were thine !

But Christ, Who with a loving force
Had nailed and held thee to His Cross,
Now calls thee to the life on high :
And 'tis thy greatest gain to die.

Though Charity's enthralling chains
Thy heart with fondest links constrains,
And sons, which thou to Christ hast borne,
This parting with their father mourn,

Yet now at last, prepared on high,
The Goal of all thy toils is nigh ;
Among the Twelve a throne is stored
As Israel's judge, for thy reward.

To God The One, yet blessed Three,
Supremest Praise and Honour be ;
Who from the gloom of heathen night,
Hath called us to His glorious Light ! Amen.

AT FIRST AND SECOND VESPERS

¶ *On the FEAST of the VISITATION.*

Festum Matris gloriæ.



SAINTS! The glorious Mother
greeting,
Keep the Feast in glad array;
And with glowing hearts intreating
For the grace devoutly pray;
Which Elizabeth, in meeting
With her Cousin, found to-day.

Fruitful Parent! She that seeming
Childless and age stricken one
Visits, who in secret teeming
With her own prophetic son
Greets her; for in our redeeming
Is their fellowship begun.

Lo! that Voice, yet mute, exulteth
As The Mighty Word draws nigh;
And Elizabeth confesseth
All that Matron's dignity,
Whom she passing blest declareth
In her Fruit eternally.

"What can this congratulation,"
Meek she asks, "forebode to me?
What this gracious salutation
Of The King's own Mother be?
And the unwonted exultation
Of mine unborn progeny?"

Then The Virgin so commended
 Uttered forth a song of praise ;
 And her Psalm of triumph chanted
 For the love of this sweet grace,
 So herself pronouncing Blessed
 Thenceforth to the end of days.

Triune God ! Supreme and gracious,
 Everlasting is Thy reign ;
 Grant the Virgin's intercession
 May for us Thy help obtain ;
 That when this brief life is ended
 Life eternal we may gain. Amen.

¶ *At MATINS in the SAME.*

Mundi Salus affutura.



O ! The Fount of earth's Salvation
 Virgin Mother far renowned,
 Chaste in gesture, pure in spirit,
 With surpassing beauty crowned,
 Her celestial Offspring bearing
 Journieth to the mountains bound.

She, the Serpent's head who bruifeth,
 She, the Bush which ne'er consumes ;
 Gideon's Fleece which dew suffuseth,
 Aaron's wondrous Rod which blooms ;
 Spotless Bride The Bridegroom chooseth,
 Blissful garden of perfumes !

Lo ! Emmanuel's holy parent !
 Jesse's Branch with blossoms bright ;
 Clofed to man, yet now expanding,
 See Ezekiel's Door of light ;
 Mountain Rock of Daniel's vision
 The image crushing in its might.

So to men The Lord of nature
 Came, as none e'er came before ;
 And a Mother her Creator
 In her bosom chafely bore ;
 Earth brings forth The promised Saviour ;
 Skies exhaustless blessings pour !

Soon that home the Virgin reacheth,
 Filled with longings fond and sure ;
 Loving ministry receiveth
 From her cousin chaste and pure ;
 In that strange child-bearing tasteth
 Joys which ever shall endure.

Happy house of Zechariah
 Which received so dear a guest !
 Happy cousin of Maria
 With that sweet companion blest !
 Happy John who so Messiah
 In that unborn Babe confessed !

Praise to God The Eternal Father
 Who o'er all Creation reigns ;
 Praise unto The slain Redeemer,
 Who for us His Grace obtains ;
 And to Thee, Spirit Creator !
 Equal Glory e'er remains. Amen.

¶ *At SECOND VESPERS in the SAME.*

O salutaris fulgens Stella Maris !



THOU health-bearing brilliant Star of
Ocean !

Parent of Him Who is 'Truth's very Sun ;
Mother of God ! we greet thee with

devotion

Thou meekest one !

We hail thee ; fain to sing thy noble praise

Who dost with God in happiness rejoice ;

To celebrate thee how infirm our lays,

How weak our voice !

Thou who upon the ancient mountain's heighth,

Didst with quick step prevent the dewy dawn,

We joy with thee, and welcome with delight

Thy Festal Morn.

O hearken ! Rachel's voice ascends the sky ;

A suppliant she her children slain deplores ;

And asks thy prayer with Him Whose Grace on high

The lost restores.

Parent of Peace Which failing earth upheld !

Who, Angel's Praise, didst Health on man bestow ;

Of women Flower ; by Him e'er be repelled

The ghostly Foe.

Now be The Holy Trinity for ever blest

In boundless might, with Whom O Virgin fair !

Thou of Thine Offspring dost the eternal rest

And Glory share ! Amen.

AT VESPERS

¶ *On the FEASTS of the BLESSED VIRGIN
MARY.*

O Quam glorificâ luce coruscas !



WITH what glorious lustre resplendent
Shineſt thou, David's own Royal
Descendant !

Mary ! The Virgin who loftily dwelleſt,
And in God's favour all women excelleſt.

Mother ! yet all honour virginal bearing
For The Lord of All Angels a chamber preparing,
Him in thy boſom thou chaſtely enſhrineſt ;
And from thy womb cometh Chriſt The Divineſt,

Whom all earth with veneration adoreth
Every knee bowing for ever imploreth,
From Whom we ſeek, to us thou thine aid lending,
Light in our darkneſs, and joy never ending.

Father of lights ! Thou theſe bleſſings beſtowing,
Grant for Thy Son, from The Holy Ghoſt flowing ;
Who as with Thee He in Glory abideth
All things for ever diſpoſeth and guideth. Amen.





AT FIRST VESPERS

¶ On the FEAST of S. MARY MAGDALENE.

Collaudemus Magdalene lacrymas.



MARY Magdalene praifing

All her tears and joy and love,
High in laud our voices raifing
Let our hearts accordant move,
So the nightingale's fong gracing
With the mourning of the dove.

Jefus feeks ſhe ; nor complaineth
Of the crowd of feaſters rude ;
O'er His feet her tears ſhe raineth
Which with ointment ſhe bedewed,
Drying with her hair, and gaineth
Pardon for her fins ſubdued.

She her dear Redeemer laving
 Makes the stream its source rejoin ;
 Holy Dew the flower distilling
 Renders back its bloom Divine ;
 Heaven with moisture earth is filling,
 Earth returns the shower benign.

Now in fragrant mixture meetest
 Nard and spices see her bear ;
 Laden with the unguent sweetest
 Thus a mystic type declare ;
 She to make her cure completest
 Anoints her physician there.

Thus did Christ's benign election
 Choose her with especial grace ;
 And since fond was her affection
 All her heinous sins efface ;
 So His wondrous Resurrection
 She announced before His face.

Glory be to God and Honour,
 Who, true Paschal Sacrifice,
 Lamb in Death, a Lion Warrior
 Did the Third Day Conqueror rise ;
 And the spoils of Hell, a Victor,
 Bear triumphant to the skies. Amen.

AT VESPERS

¶ *On the FEAST of S. MARY MAGDALENE.*

(York Hymnal.)

Lauda Mater Ecclesiæ.



CHURCH our Mother ! speak His praise,
 Pour forth to Christ the thankful lay,
 Who by His sevenfold gifts of grace
 Can purge a sevenfold guilt away.

Mary, of Lazarus sister, who
 In many and deep transgressions fell,
 Regains the path of life anew,
 Saved from the very jaws of Hell.

Sick to the Healer she repairs,
 Of spikenard was her offering pure ;
 All her disease and withering cares,
 The great Physician's counsels cure.

The unction of the contrite breast
 Her tears which fast as rivers flow,
 Her pious deeds by Heaven are blest,
 With medicine for her guilt and woe.

Her carnal lusts are past and gone,
 Fair chalice cleansed, no longer vile ;
 A vessel freed from shame and scorn,
 And changed, in glorious sheen to smile.

Victorious from Death's dark domains
 Her Jesus she beheld return ;
 And matchless gifts of Him obtains,
 Who doth with love transcendent burn.
 To God alone all Glory be
 Who boundless gifts of grace affords,
 From sin and pain His flock sets free
 And crowns them with divine rewards. Amen.



¶ *At LAUDS in the SAME.*

(York Hymnal.)

Æterni Patris Unice.



ON of The Eternal Sire on high !
 Regard us with a gracious eye
 Who weeping Magdalene dost own
 And call unto Thy glorious throne.

Lo ! in the royal coffers laid
Again the long-lost coin displayed ;
The noble gem of sparkling sheen,
From mire recovered, glows serene.

Jesus ! our refuge sure and sweet
Thee, Hope of penitents ! we greet ;
For that dear sinner's sake, release
Our souls from guilt and grant us peace.

The assaults of sin with ceaseless spite
And galling sting the conscience smite ;
The world's vain blandishments impure
And harlot smiles the sense allure ;

Fain unto Thee our thankful lays
We would, yet may not, freely raise,
While here on earth our souls forlorn
Beneath this fleshly burthen mourn.

O Mother ! penitent and meek,
Our nature is but frail and weak ;
So may thy prayer help us to guide
Our bark o'er life's uncertain tide.

To God Supreme all Glory be,
Who in His bounties vast and free,
Release from guilt and pain affords,
And crowns us with Divine rewards. Amen.

¶ On the *FEAST* of *S. MARY MAGDALENE*.

(*Asbmole MSS.*)

Laudes Christi cum canticis.



HE praise of Christ in sacred song
Let us with tuneful hearts prolong,
Who heard repentant Mary's vows,
And chose her for His glorious spouse.

Seven demons fled her cleansed breast,
There doth The Sevenfold Spirit rest;
The Eternal Father with The Son,
The Godhead, Trinity yet One.

Six days before the Paschal Feast
Came Christ to Bethany in haste;
Though dead three days, before her eyes
He bade reviving Lazarus rise.

Then Mary full of loving thought
A pound of precious spikenard brought;
The Lord's blest feet with ointment cheers
And laves them with her grateful tears.

And so while thus in anguish deep
Her streaming eyes o'er Jesus weep,
She Him without anoints and laves
Whom He with inward unction saves.

The Lord goes forth unto The Crofs,
And forrowing Mary tracks His courfe ;
She fees Him fuffer, fees Him die ;
And in the grave beholds Him lie ;

Spice to the Sepulchre ſhe brings,
And haftes to embalm the King of kings ;
So firſt with glad and favoured eyes,
Beholds Him from the tomb ariſe.

Now Mary from Thy riſen Lord,
Thou loved one of The Son of God !
Beſeech that finners, we may gain
What thou didſt by thy tears obtain.

All Honour, Empire, Majeſty
Aſcribe unto The Trinity ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Long as eternity ſhall laſt !



OF THE HOLY ANGELS.



T FIRST VESPERS AND MATINS

☛ *The FEAST of S. MICHAEL and ALL ANGELS.*

Tibi Chrifte ! Splendor Patris.



CHRIST! The Father's mirroured
Brightness,

Life and strength of souls Thou
art!

And to Thee before the Angels

Sing we laud with voice and

heart;

In alternate modulation

Bearing each our tuneful part.

Praise we with meet veneration

All the Warriors of the sky;

Before all, the Princely Chieftain

Of The Heavenly Chivalry

Michael; who in battle victor

Hurled Abaddon from on high.

By his prowess all excelling
 Christ ! Thou King of boundless grace,
 All the foe's assaults repelling,
 Pure in heart before Thy face
 Us in Paradise Thy dwelling,
 Of Thine only mercy place.

Glory to The Father giving
 Him with anthems let us greet ;
 Glory unto Christ ascribing
 Glory to The Paraclete ;
 Triune yet One God existing,
 Throughout ages infinite. Amen.

¶ *At LAUDS in the SAME.*

Christe sanctorum decus Angelorum.



CHRIST ! Who of Holy Angels Honour art ;
 Maker and Ruler of the human race !
 Give us for aye with them in Heaven a part,
 Of Thy sweet grace.

Michael Thine Angel, Messenger of peace,
 Earthward from thence command Thou here to roam ;
 Oft may his visits every good increase,
 In this our home.

Angel of might, let valiant Gabriel speed,
 With rapid wing to rout the ancient foe ;
 Oft to our temple from Thy courts proceed,
 And help bestow.

Angel of health, great Raphael hither send
 Down from Thy throne of Majesty to heal
 Our cares and ills, our footsteps to defend
 And guard our weal.

Let Mary, Virgin Mother of our God,
 The Angelic Choirs our supplication join,
 The Assembly of the Saints with one accord
 One voice combine.

The Almighty Trinity perform our prayer,
 Father and Son and Holy Ghost Most High,
 Whose Glory all creation doth declare
 Eternally. Amen.

AT VESPERS

¶ *On the FEAST of S. RAPHAEL and on other
 FEASTS of the ANGELS.—(Hereford Breviary.)*

Exultet cælum gaudiis.



ET Heaven resound with joyful lays,
 Each heart in tones of rapturous praise,
 Extol the Angels' might and love
 In God's eternal Courts above.

We would on earth that strain prolong
Of Heavenly and Seraphic song
"THRICE HOLY!" Mystic Anthem! meet
The princely Hierarchy to greet.

And all the warrior hosts on high,
The illustrious chieftains of the sky,
Those names adorned with sacred fame,
Demand our hymns of glad acclaim.

Michael "the Godlike Prince" we laud,
Gabriel "the Mighty Strength of God,"
Raphael who "Healing Gifts doth bear;"
As they Emmanuel's praise declare.

Before them trembles earth, and all
The lures of sense defeated fall;
With wondrous and excelling might,
They turn the infernal hosts to flight.

To Nature's Lord of boundless sway
The Courts celestial homage pay,
And Angels bow; whose joy and peace
And love and glory ne'er shall cease.

Amen.

[*At LAUDS and SECOND VESPERS in the SAME.*
(Hereford Breviary.)

Excelsorum civium inclita gaudia.



HE exalted Heavenly Choirs
 Their joys beyond compare,
 Their prowess on our lyres
 O friends ! let us declare ;
 My raptured soul aspires
 With you in sweetest lays,
 Heaven's Princes worthily to praise.

Chiefs of surpassing might,
 Viceroys o'er God's domain,
 Unweariedly the spite
 Of demons they restrain ;
 Invincible in fight
 The infernal foe they quell ;
 Giants of race imperial !

Great captains of the war
 And stalwart champions they
 Foul spirits chasten sore,
 Undaunted in the fray ;
 Fast forth their legions pour
 The upright soul to free
 And give him a glad victory.

Whose voice can e'er relate,
 What writing can make known,
 The gifts and glorious state,
 Which Holy Angels crown ?
 As warrior guards who wait
 Their allies to protect
 And Heavenward in right paths direct.

O Deity Supreme !
 To Thee we meekly pray
 From pain our souls redeem
 And purge our guilt away ;
 That decked with glory's beam
 We may Thy Name adore
 With Holy Angels evermore. Amen.

☞ TO THY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Angele ! Qui meus es custos pietate supernâ.



DEAR Angel Guardian given by Heaven's
 kind care for my direction,
 O succour, shield and guide me, thus
 consigned to thy protection !
 Cleanse thou my soul from guilt and
 shame, all stain of sin expelling,
 Be e'er my comrade and life's lamp in this mine earthly
 dwelling.

O thou sweet Angel friend ! Who ever nigh me stayest,
 Yet never aught unto mine outward senses sayest,
 In soul and body I beseech thee to defend me,
 For 'tis thy gracious task thus lovingly to tend me.
 Kind Angel, Herald of my God on high Who reigneth !
 Rule all mine words and actions as His will ordaineth.
 Intreat for me, thou Angel blest, of God my Maker
 That I of Christ's sweet promises may be a meet partaker.
 Amen.

¶ *TO THY GUARDIAN ANGEL.*

Salve mi Angelice !



HAIL, mine Angel, pure and bright !
 Hail, thou blessed Spirit !
 Fulness of celestial light
 Thou who dost inherit ;
 Viewing e'er in perfect joy
 God's unclouded vision,
 And of Him without alloy
 Hast complete fruition.
 When thy brethren, proud of will
 Were to ruin driven,
 Grace Divine preserved thee still
 Loyal unto Heaven ;
 And with virtues firm and free
 Wondrously anointed,
 And a guardian unto me
 Frail and weak appointed.

Now I bend my knees and haste
 Reverently to greet thee,
 And with suppliant hands upraised
 Fervently intreat thee
 That this day, with keeping sure,
 Thou wouldst be my warder,
 And from ghostly foes secure
 All my doings order.

From all perils be my frame
 By thy prowess guarded,
 Blemishes of sin and shame
 From my soul discarded ;
 In each place and time of need
 From the foe protect me,
 And in thought and word and deed
 And in act direct me.

For my welfare kindly pray,
 Let not sloth enslave me,
 O restore me when I stray,
 And from falling save me,
 All rebellions of the sense
 Past and present quelling,
 And from heart and flesh offence
 Now and e'er expelling.

Aid and cheer me, and condole
 With me, when in sadness ;
 Kindle, cleanse, illumine my soul
 With all holy gladness ;
 Teach, assist me, and incite
 To endure temptation,
 Guide me in life's path aright
 Till I reach salvation.

Grace ask for me when I stray
For forgiveness yearning,
And joy with me in the way
When from error turning;
So shall I till life's last close
Be God's faithful servant,
And a trust in him repose
Ever sure and fervent.

When I die to soothe me speed
Sweetest comfort giving;
And from every peril freed,
Bring me with the living
Heavenward to the Courts of Day,
Where without cessation
God is praised; and where for aye
Is true consolation! Amen.



AT FIRST VESPERS AND MATINS

¶ *On the FEAST of ALL SAINTS.*

(Durham Hymnal).

Festiva sæclis colitur.



O-DAY on earth The Feast in
state
Of All the Saints we celebrate,
Who in celestial glory reign,
O Christ! within Thy blest
domain.

With them, on Thee we reverent call,
Before Thee, man's Redeemer, fall,
And fellow suppliants at Thy feet
With tears for pardoning grace entreat.

Jesu! of worlds the Saviour dear,
To help Thine own redeemed appear!
Mother of God! O may'st thou plead
For us in every hour of need!

Let all the bright Angelic Choirs,
The ranks of Patriarchal Sires
And Prophet Saints, devout and meek,
Forgiveness for our errors seek.

The Baptist, Thy great Harbinger
And Heaven's appointed Keybearer,
And all the Apostles strive to win
From God remission of our sin.

So may the sacred Martyr band,
Confessors, Priests, adoring stand,
And every virgin chastely pray
That He would purge our guilt away.

Your suffrages, ye Clergy! join,
With all Heaven's citizens combine
To speed our vows; so may your prayer
For us a crown of life prepare.

Laud, Honour, Virtue, Glory be
To God The Father, Son! to Thee,
And to The Holy Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite. Amen.

AT LAUDS AND SECOND VESPERS

¶ *On the FEAST of ALL SAINTS.*

Christe Redemptor omnium.



CHRIST! the world's Redeemer
dear,
Protect Thy servants exiled here;
With favour Who regardest e'er
The Blessed Virgin's holy prayer.

Let all the Angelic Hosts on high, .
Celestial Spirits, camping nigh,
Our past and present ills dispel,
From future dangers guard us well.

The Prophets of The eternal King
The Lord's Apostles succour bring;
For us their ceaseless prayer outpour,
Salvation for our souls implore.

Martyrs of God! renowned for aye,
Confessors, ranged in bright array,
Let all your orisons unite
To exalt us to the realms of light!

O sacred Virgin Choir! may ye
And Clergy! our assistants be;
And every Saint of Christ beseech
That we His fellowship may reach.

So from the realms of faith abased
Far shall the traitorous foe be chased;
And we to Christ due hymns of praise
Henceforth with hearts exulting raise.

To God The Father, born of none,
To That His blest and only Son,
With Holy Ghost, all Glory be
From age to age eternally. Amen.





A SACRAMENTAL HYMN

(FROM THE GERMAN).

Guter Hirte mich zu weiden.



RACIOUS Shepherd ! me Who
feeding,
And for me with gladness
pleading,
Freely diedst, in anguish bleeding,
On The Cross of Pain.

Who new birth once more to give me,
Didst within Thy Fold receive me ;
Bear my sins, wash and relieve me
In Thy Blood from stain !

I was thankless for Thy warning,
I repaid Thy care with scorning ;
Naught my worthless soul adorning,
Could Thy wrath restrain.

Yet with Sacraments supernal,
 With The Spirit's gifts eternal,
 Thou by Thine own hand paternal,
 Mad'ft me whole again.

Crushed beneath fin's dread oppreffion
 When to Thee I made confeffion,
 Thou didft pardon my tranfgreffion,
 And to hear me deign ;

And that naught thenceforth fhould hurt me,
 And I never more defert Thee,
 Didft with Thine own Flefh convert me,
 With Thy Blood fustain ;

Sevenfold gifts of kind affection
 Giving, for my foul's perfection,
 Thence, from birth to death, protection
 Strength and hope to gain.

Yet feduced, Thy way forfaken,
 In the foe's devices taken,
 Naught my foolifh heart could waken,
 From his lures refrain.

Fount of Love ! Hear my petition,
 Save Thy fheep from this perdition,
 O regard my true contrition !
 Spare when I complain !

Plunged in guilt, remorseful lying,
Pardon grant me at my crying,
Pastor ! prove Thy truth undying,
Mitigate my pain !

Let within my breast o'erflowing
Thine enkindling love be glowing,
Freedom from all guilt bestowing ;
Me with bands e'er closer growing
To Thyself retain.

Till by Thee hence liberated,
From this vale of tears translated,
Will and senses subjugated,
I, to Thy Praise new created,
Kindest Pastor ! consecrated
Only shall remain.

On that Day of tribulation,
When to judgment every nation
Shall awake in trepidation,
Hear O Christ ! my supplication,
Shew me all Thy sweet salvation,
And at Thine own Right Hand station
With Thy Flock to reign. Amen.

SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

O Esca viatorum.



MEAT the Pilgrim needeth !

O Bread which Angels feedeth !

O Manna dropt from Heaven !

The hungry fill ! Thy sweetness

Be in Divine completeness

To hearts that seek Thee given.

O Wellspring ! Love's own Fountain,
From Jesu's heart which mounting,

Dost purely gushing flow ;

Give drink our thirst allaying,

True answer to our praying

Thou canst alone bestow !

Jesu ! Thy Face endearing

We now adore, revering

Beneath this form of bread ;

Grant that to full fruition

Of Thine unveiled Vision

In Heaven we may be led. Amen.

SEQUENCE FOR ADVENT.

Regnantem Sempiterna.



IM Who ruleth Creation

Time endless in duration

Praise devoutly, O congregation !

In sweet tones unto your Maker giving
due laudation !

Him Heaven's hosts adore with jubilation,

Filled by His Face with exultation ;
 Him all earth awaits with expectation
 And His searching examination,
 In the last strict judgment station.
 In all sweet kindness mightily,
 Deliver us O Christ ! by Thy clemency,
 For whom Thou sufferedst cruelly ;
 Raise us o'er the skies bright and heavenly,
 Who cleanest earth's impurity !
 Shed on us Thy true and saving health from peril
 guarding ;
 Grant that all things be pure, Thy peaceful joys awarding ;
 So here by Thy compassion saved from misery,
 Joyful may we attain Thy Throne of Majesty,
 Where Thou reign'st for ages everlastingly. Amen.

SEQUENCE FOR CHRISTMAS.

Nato canunt omnia.



INTO the new-born Deity
 Now sing Heaven's choirs joy-
 fully,
 Each on their harps thankfully
 Pouring forth a sweet melody
 This Morn of sanctity,
 Wherein is all felicity,
 Bestowed on earth plenteously.
 This great Night wondrously

Pealed forth in loud harmony
 Angels' lauds sonorously ;
 And light shone forth resplendently
 At midnight brightly.
 To the shepherd's company
 While they kept their flocks watchfully,
 From on high suddenly
 Echoed Divine minstrelsy ;
 Born of Virgin pure is He
 Who was before eternity,
 From Heaven shines forth glory refulgently,
 On earth peace shall be.
 Thus then all Heaven's bright chivalry
 Rejoiceth exultingly ;
 And with vast gladness refounds Heaven's lofty
 canopy,
 Uttering universally, Glory this day blissfully, with
 loud voices joyously.
 Proclaim ye ! man and things earthly,
 Our God born on earth verily,
 O'erthrown is Satan's dynasty,
 That foe, dread in cruelty ;
 Peace on earth established see ;
 Now with gladness welcome ye,
 This the new-born Progeny,
 Alone upholding all things mightily,
 Alone Who framed the worlds marvellously.
 May He in His benignity
 The fetters loose of our iniquity ! Amen.

SEQUENCE AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Salus eterna; indeficiens mundi vita !



TERNAL Health! Creation's evernew
vitality!

Light everlasting! our Redemption in all
verity!

Who filled with deep compassion that
mankind should perish, didst intreat

The Deity,

Not leaving Majesty, and visit lowly things of Thine own
clemency;

Then of Thine own spontaneous grace didst put on our
humanity;

And of all earthly realms in ruin lost didst save the
entirety;

Bringing to the world delight

Christ! by Thine immortal might,

Our souls and bodies purge aright;

And us, Thy dwelling pure and bright,

Unto Thine own blest self unite.

Just through Thy first advent may we be, and by Thy
second make us free;

So when in glorious Majesty Thou Judge of all shalt be,
Clad in the robe of immortality, Thy blessed footsteps we
may follow wheresoe'er their prints we see. Amen.

SEQUENCE AT EASTER.

Jubilemus omnes una.



LET us all rejoice together
 Before One God of all things The Creator,
 By Whom was formed the entire realm of
 Nature ;
 The radiant host of Heaven ; lights which never wane, and
 stars which stud the æthereal plain ;
 The Sun, Earth's fabric, and the bright Moon's noxious
 reign ; the brilliant lights the skies contain ;
 The land, the main, the wide champaign ; rivers deep
 which their course retain ;
 Of air the boundless wide domain, wherein are borne the
 birds, the winds, the clouds, the rain ;
 Which all in One O Father ! Thee The Only God to serve
 are fain ;
 Now and for ever without end through endless ages they
 do praise the glories of Thy reign ;
 Who sent down Thine Only Son, saving us the undone.
 Who guiltless suffered here on earth, a pure Oblation, of
 our sins the purgation ;
 To Thee O Trinity ! for our hearts and bodies we make
 supplication ;
 O keep and govern us, and of our guilt remit the con-
 demnation ! Amen.

¶ *OF THE SACRED COUNTENANCE OF OUR LORD
JESUS CHRIST.*



ALL hail ! my kind Redeemer's consecrated
Face,
Whence stream divinest rays of Glory
and of Grace ;
Once on a handkerchief of glittering
white imprest,

And on Veronica bestowed, love's token blest.

All hail ! Thou Honour of the worlds ! Thou Mirror of
the Saints !

Whose Vision to enjoy each Heavenly spirit fains ;

O do Thou purge us free from every sinful stain,

And join us to the choirs on high, in endless joy to reign !

Hail ! my Lord's Countenance ! O blissful Image, hail !

Bright with Deific radiance, which never shall grow pale.

Richly into our hearts Thy peerless splendours pour ;

The darkling veils which blind our sense cast off for ever-
more.

Hail ! mighty Rock ! which doth our Christian Faith
sustain,

And crushest heretics of minds elate and vain ;

Increase our merits who believe with surest faith in Thee,

Image of Him Who here of bread our King is made to be !

All hail ! our Joy and Crown in this life's dreary way,

So frail and fleeting, and so soon to pass away ;
 O guide us, lovely Portraiture ! unto Thine own blest
 place,
 Unto th' entrancing Vision of Christ's own unclouded
 Face.
 Hail ! noblest Gem ! true Pearl serene ! how lustrous and
 how pure,
 Decked with celestial gifts in faultless ornatue !
 By mortal hands depicted not, nor wrought by human
 skill,
 That knoweth He, the Chief of Priests, Who formed
 Thee by His will.
 That Heavenly beauty wherein glistening Thou'rt arrayed
 Changeless abideth, nor for evermore shall fade.
 From age to age enduring, its brilliance ne'er shall pale ;
 The King of Glory made Thee ! Whose works can never
 fail.
 Thou ne'er shalt know decay, Thou corruptless shalt abide,
 Christ's likeness by Himself unto His worshippers supplied
 Thou turnest into gladness our mourning and our woe ;
 Of Thy sweet Vision on our hearts the healthful fruit
 bestow !
 Be Thou to us Thy faithful ones a rampart and a shield,
 All kindly consolation and sweet refreshment yield ;
 So freed from ghostly foes, and every conflict o'er,
 Shall we find rest in Heaven with Thee for evermore.

Amen.



POSTSCRIPT.


The translator, with all humility, commends this volume to the attention of those who are engaged in the laudable task of compiling Hymnals in the vernacular language for the public use of the Church. To those who are acquainted with the subject, the vast superiority of ancient over nine-tenths of modern hymnody, is sufficiently apparent.

The compositions of the early and middle age of Christianity, are mostly couched in majestic and solemn language — dignified, yet flowing metres, and always embody and express deep and catholic truths, conjoined with earnest and fervid prayer and ascriptions of praise.

To this excellence the sentimental effusions of more modern times scarcely ever attain, although often superior in mere poetical and imaginative feeling.

The translator may further be permitted to remark, that the ballad metre (eights and sixes) never occurs in any of the approved ancient or mediæval hymns, and to express his great regret that so secular and slovenly a measure should ever have been adopted for setting forth the majestic praises of the Holy Trinity, and of celebrating the glorious memories of the Saints departed.

May, 1866.



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